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in this
ISSUE:

HALLS of HORROR
The ZOMBIE SUMMONS
PHANTOM PIRATE
...and other
THRILLERS!



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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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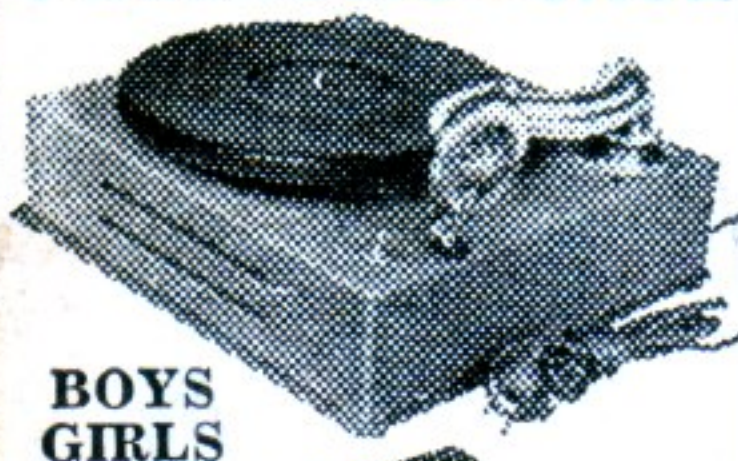
In this
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HALLS of HORROR
The ZOMBIE SUMMONS
PHANTOM PIRATE
...and other
THRILLERS!



GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



BOYS
GIRLS

ACT
NOW

MAIL
Coupon

Electric Record Players, Candid Cameras with carrying cases (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN - GIVEN

PREMIUMS OR CASH

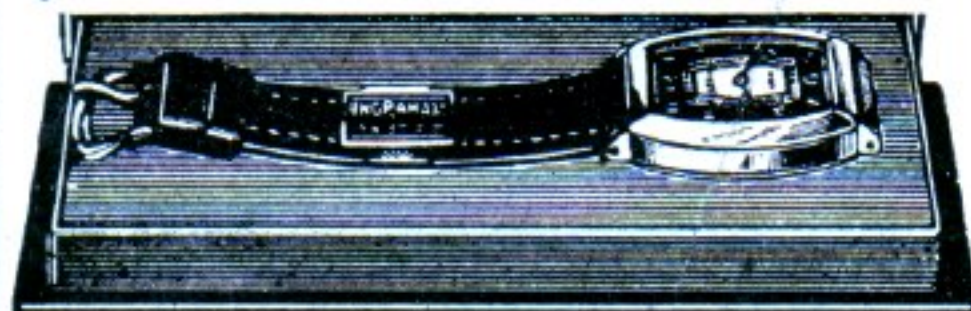


OUR
56th YEAR

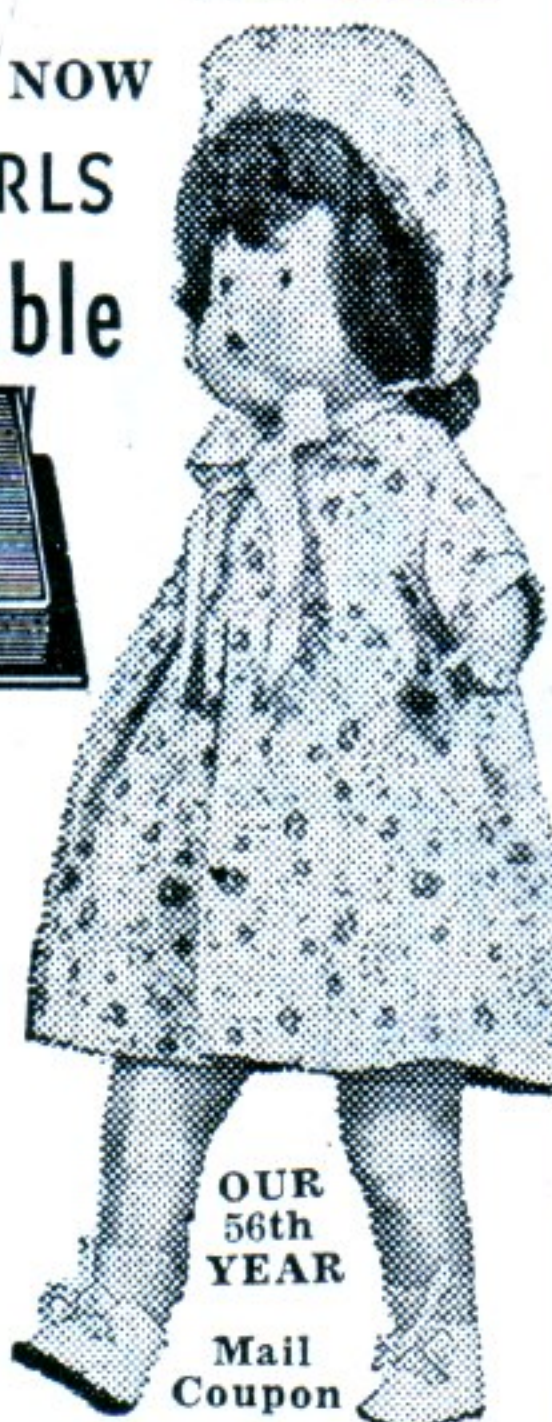
ACT NOW

BOYS - GIRLS

We Are Reliable



Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. C-27, Tyrone, Pa.

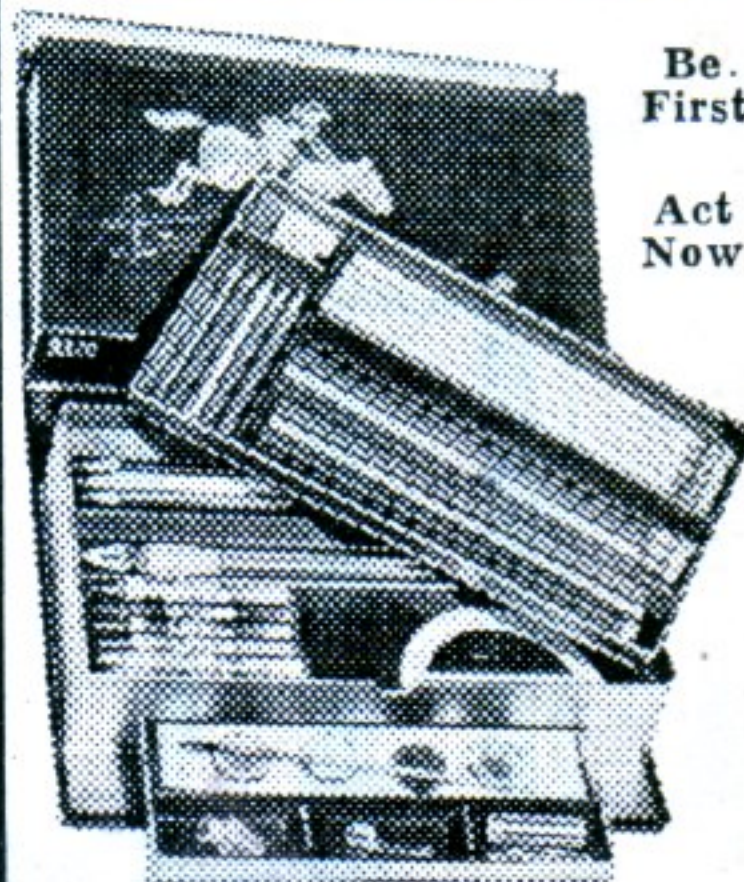


OUR
56th
YEAR

Mail
Coupon

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



Be
First

Act
Now

Girls! Boys! Send No Money Now. We Trust You. School Boxes, 3 P. Pen & Pencil Sets, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-27 Tyrone, Pa.

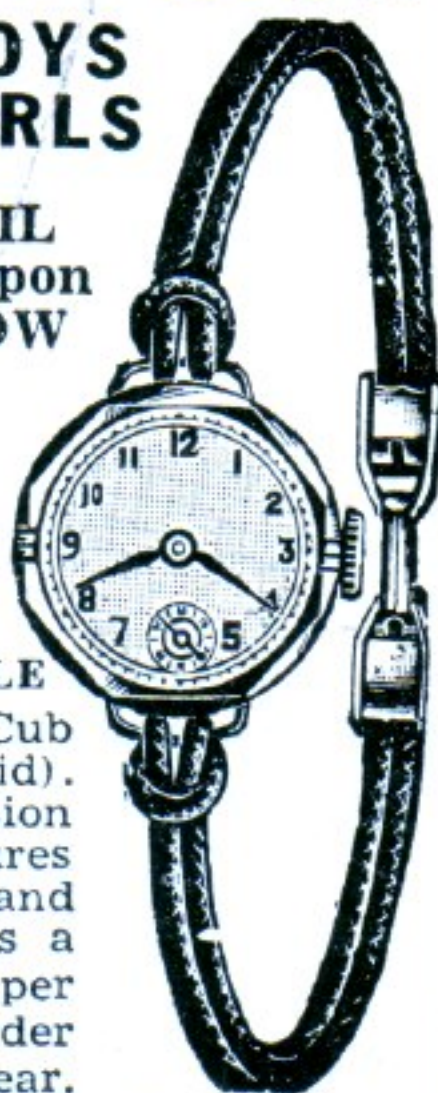
PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



BOYS
GIRLS

MAIL
Coupon
NOW

Our
56th
Year



WE ARE RELIABLE

Radios, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Cub Fishing Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 56th year.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. F-27, Tyrone, Pa.



LADIES

MEN

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-AM, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name _____ Age _____
St. _____ R.D. _____ Box _____
Town _____ Zone _____
No. _____ State _____

Print LAST Name Here

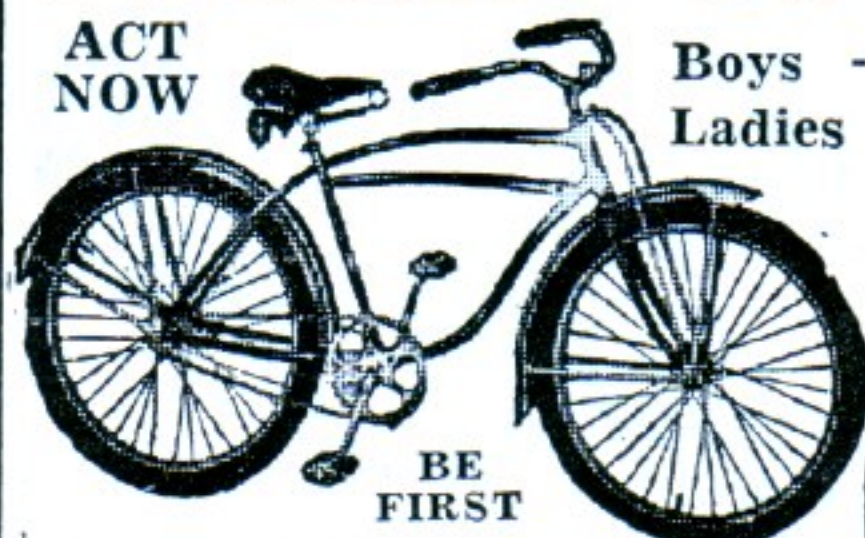
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

Premiums - GIVEN - Cash

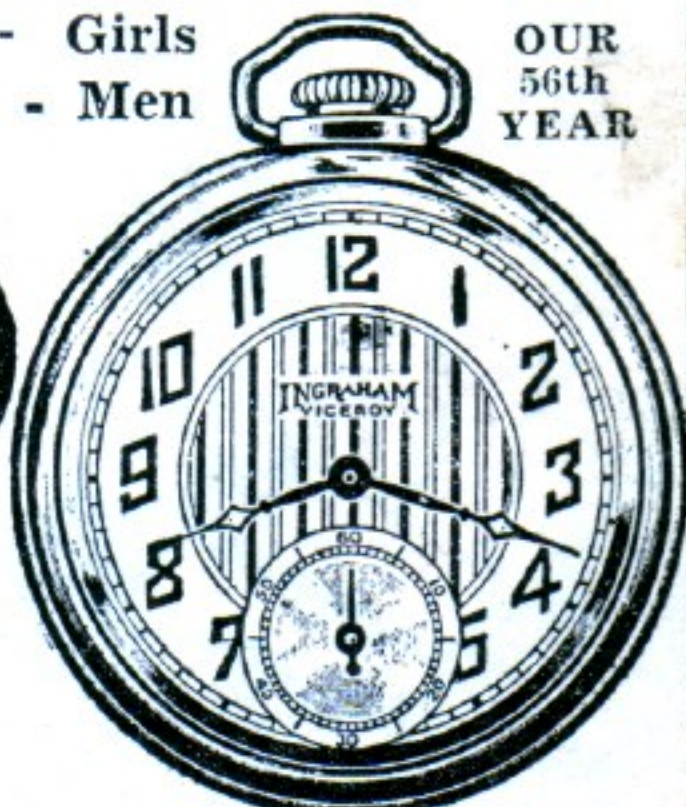
ACT
NOW

Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

OUR
56th
YEAR



BE
FIRST



Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Latest model Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-27, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



Mail Coupon

BOYS
GIRLS

ACT NOW

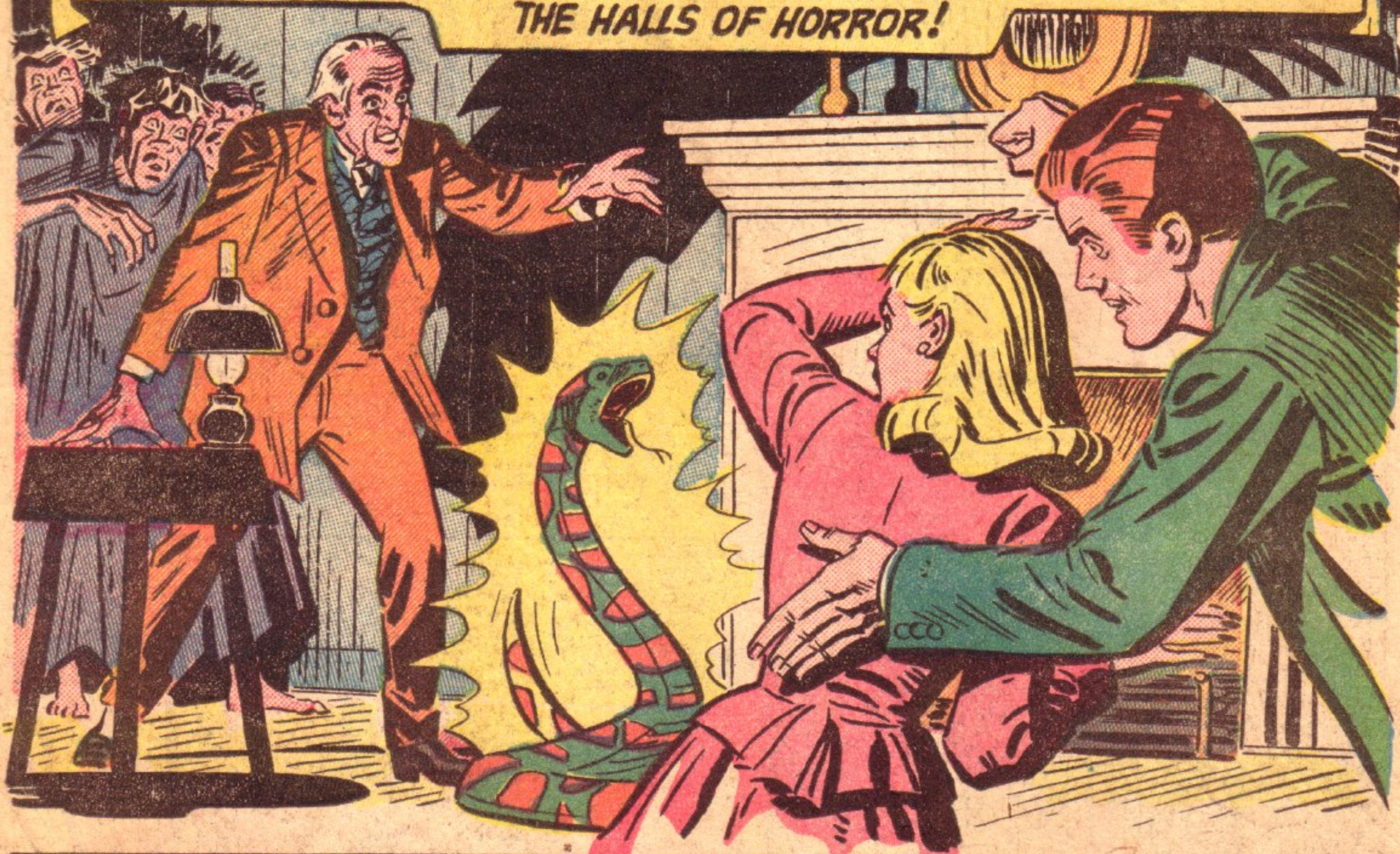
Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Regulation Footballs, Flashlights, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. G-27, Tyrone, Pa.



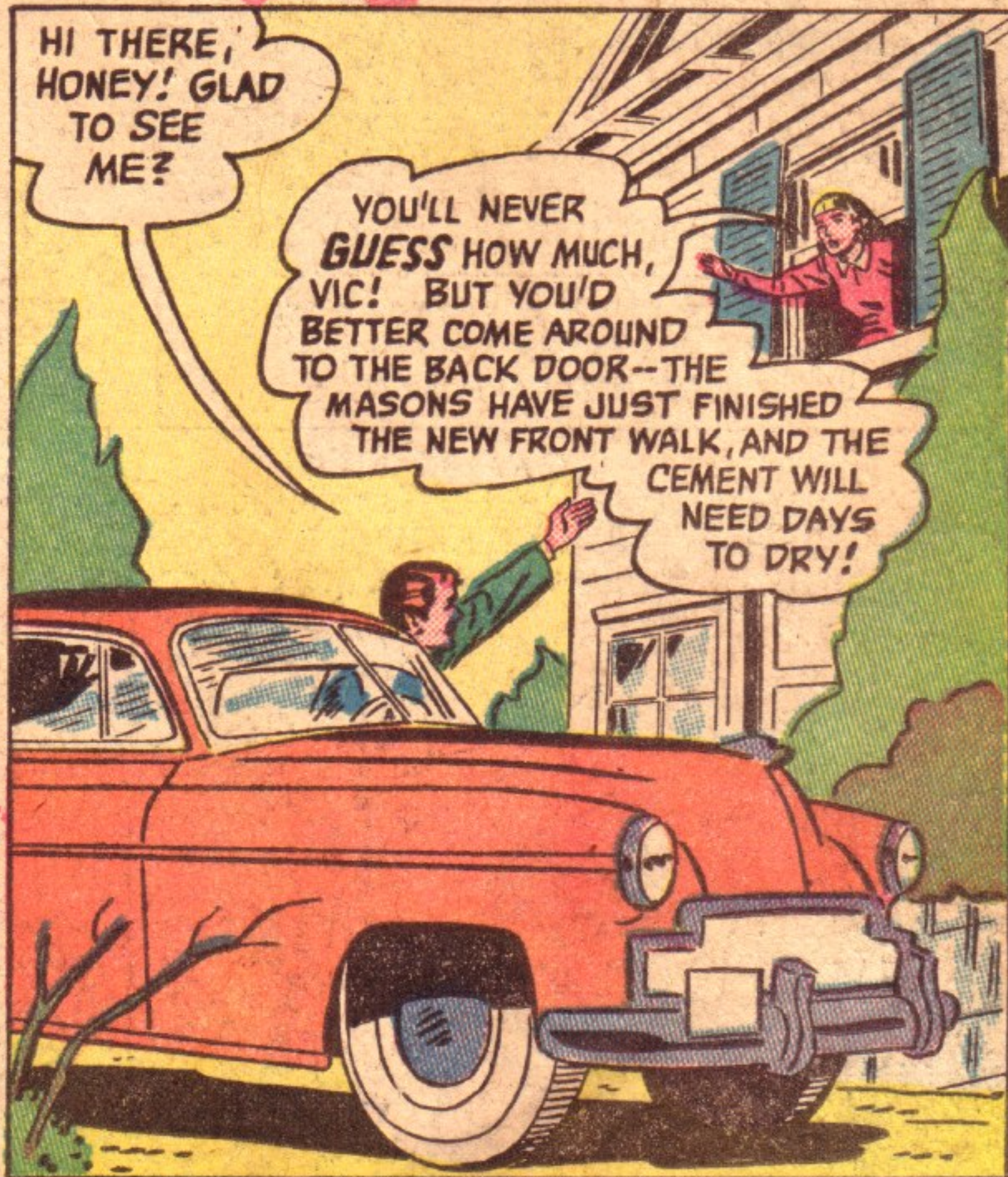
MAIL COUPON NOW

The HALLS of HORROR

MANY PEOPLE HAVE HEARD OF ZOMBIES -- BUT FEW MEN HAVE UNDERGONE THE RAW TERROR OF LEARNING HOW THESE *CREEPING UNDEAD* WIN FREEDOM FROM THE GRAVE! THIS IS THE HAUNTING STORY OF A MAN WHO FOUND OUT-- AND DOOMED HIMSELF TO THE CLUTCH OF ENDLESS MIDNIGHTS IN **THE HALLS OF HORROR!**



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY JEAN'S BEEN WORRYING EVER SINCE HER UNCLE, FRED OWENS, WAS SENT TO AFRICA TO COLLECT PYTHON SKINS! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TALK HER OUT OF IT-- EVEN BY MENTIONING FRED'S REPUTATION AS A VETERAN BIG GAME HUNTER!



HI THERE, HONEY! GLAD TO SEE ME?

YOU'LL NEVER **GUESS** HOW MUCH, VIC! BUT YOU'D BETTER COME AROUND TO THE BACK DOOR--THE MASONS HAVE JUST FINISHED THE NEW FRONT WALK, AND THE CEMENT WILL NEED DAYS TO DRY!



WHAT'S WRONG, JEAN -- HAVEN'T YOU HAD ANY NEWS FROM YOUR UNCLE FRED?

THAT'S JUST IT -- A LETTER CAME TODAY! AND IF YOU **STILL** THINK I OUGHT TO SHRUG OFF MY FEELING OF UNEASINESS ABOUT HIM -- **MAYBE YOU'D BETTER READ IT!**

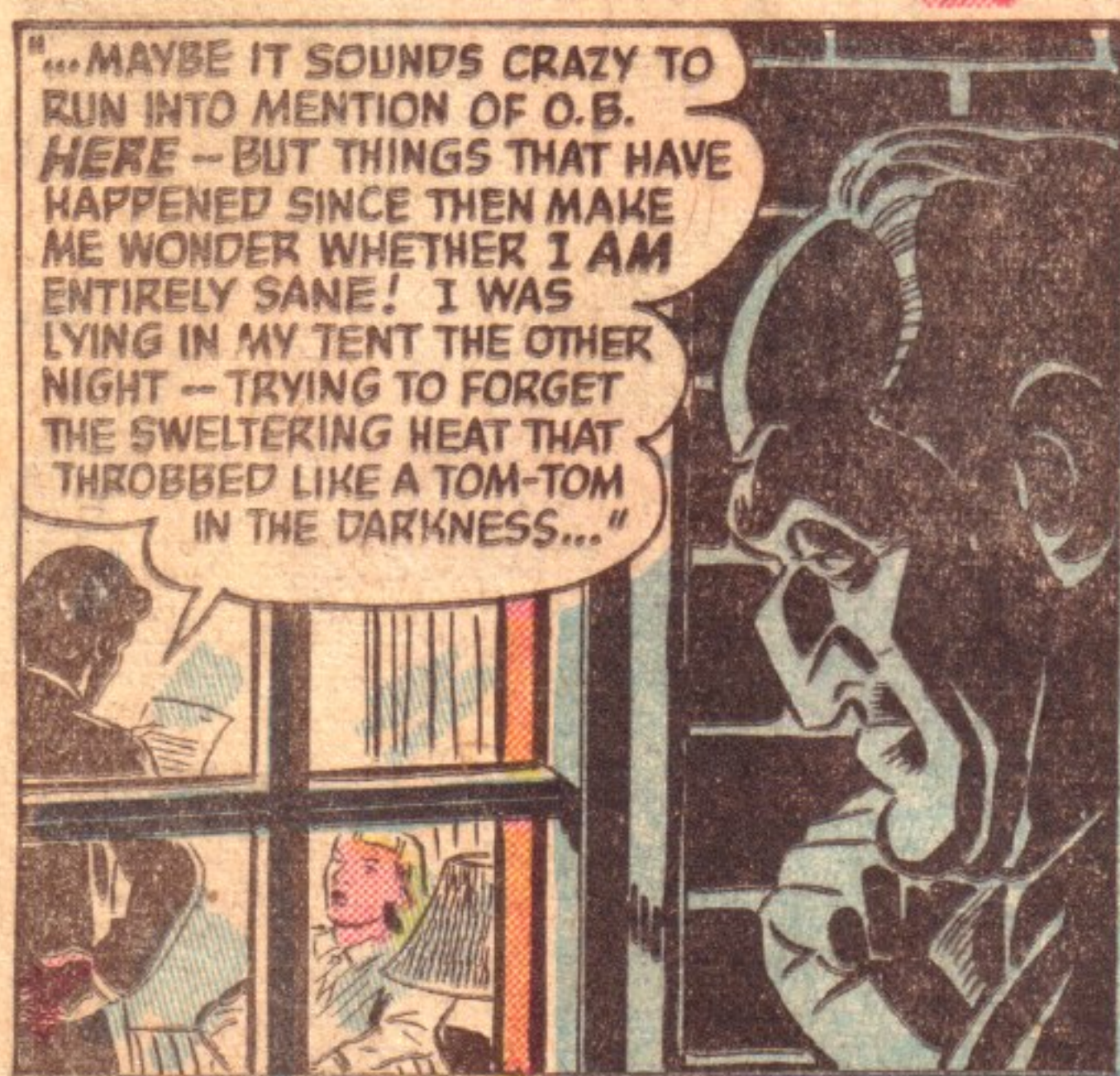


"... I KNOW YOU'LL THINK IT INCREDIBLE -- BUT I HAPPENED TO MENTION **O. B.** WHEN I STOPPED OFF AT A SMALL VILLAGE SEVERAL DAYS AGO FOR SUPPLIES! THE PEOPLE CHATTERED WITH FRIGHT -- AND THE WITCH DOCTORS FLUTTERED AROUND ME WITH THEIR HIDEOUS MASKS -- JABBERING WORDS THAT MAY HAVE BEEN EITHER A CURSE OR A BLESSING..."

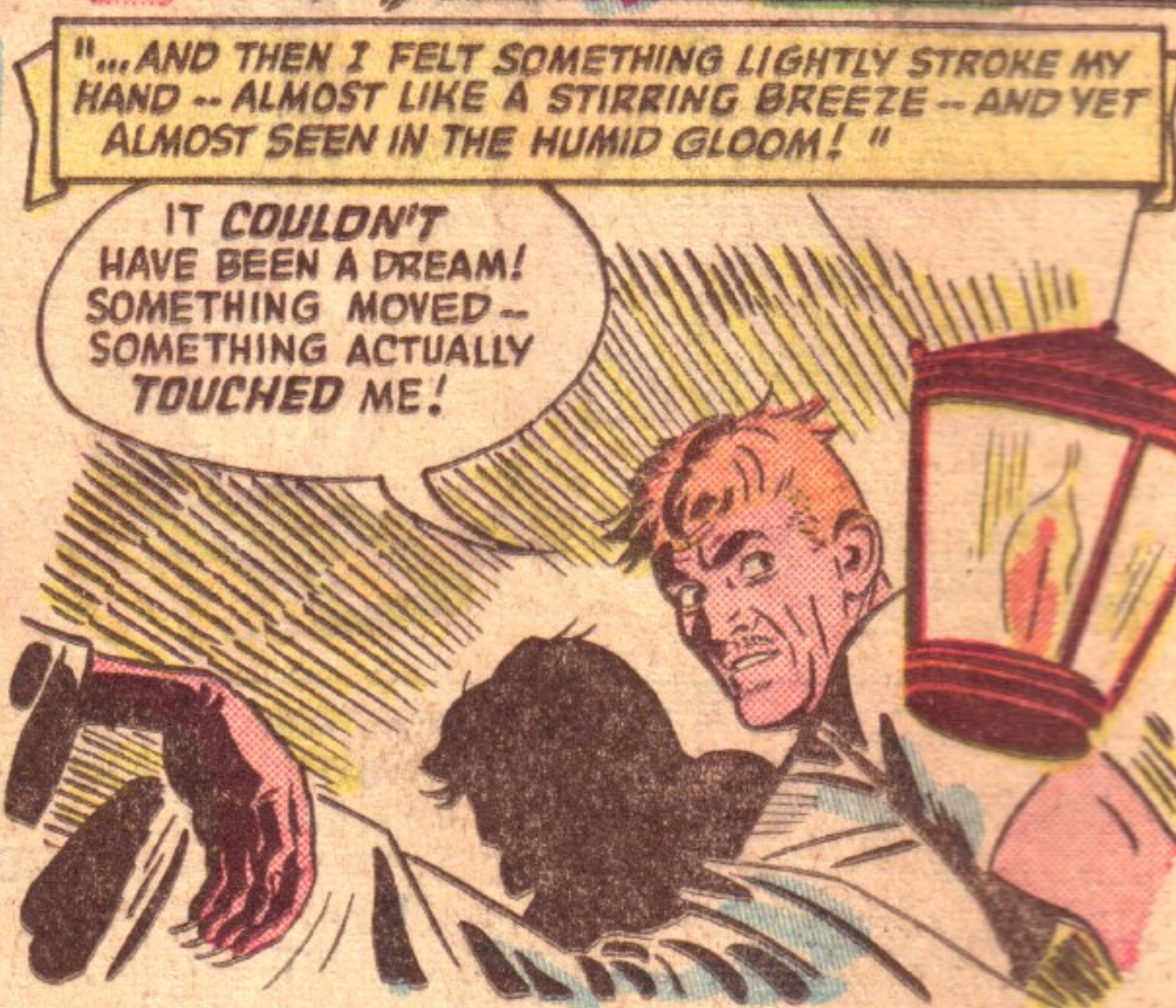


O. B.!
WHO'S THAT?

I NEVER MET HIM, AND I DON'T KNOW HIS FULL NAME -- BUT **HE'S** THE MAN WHO HIRED UNCLE FRED TO GO TO AFRICA FOR THE PYTHON SKINS! KEEP READING, VIC -- THE **REST** IS WHAT REALLY HAS ME WORRIED!



"...MAYBE IT SOUNDS CRAZY TO RUN INTO MENTION OF **O. B.** **HERE** -- BUT THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED SINCE THEN MAKE ME WONDER WHETHER I AM ENTIRELY SANE! I WAS LYING IN MY TENT THE OTHER NIGHT -- TRYING TO FORGET THE SWELTERING HEAT THAT THROBBED LIKE A TOM-TOM IN THE DARKNESS..."



"...AND THEN I FELT SOMETHING LIGHTLY STROKE MY HAND -- ALMOST LIKE A STIRRING BREEZE -- AND YET ALMOST SEEN IN THE HUMID GLOOM! "

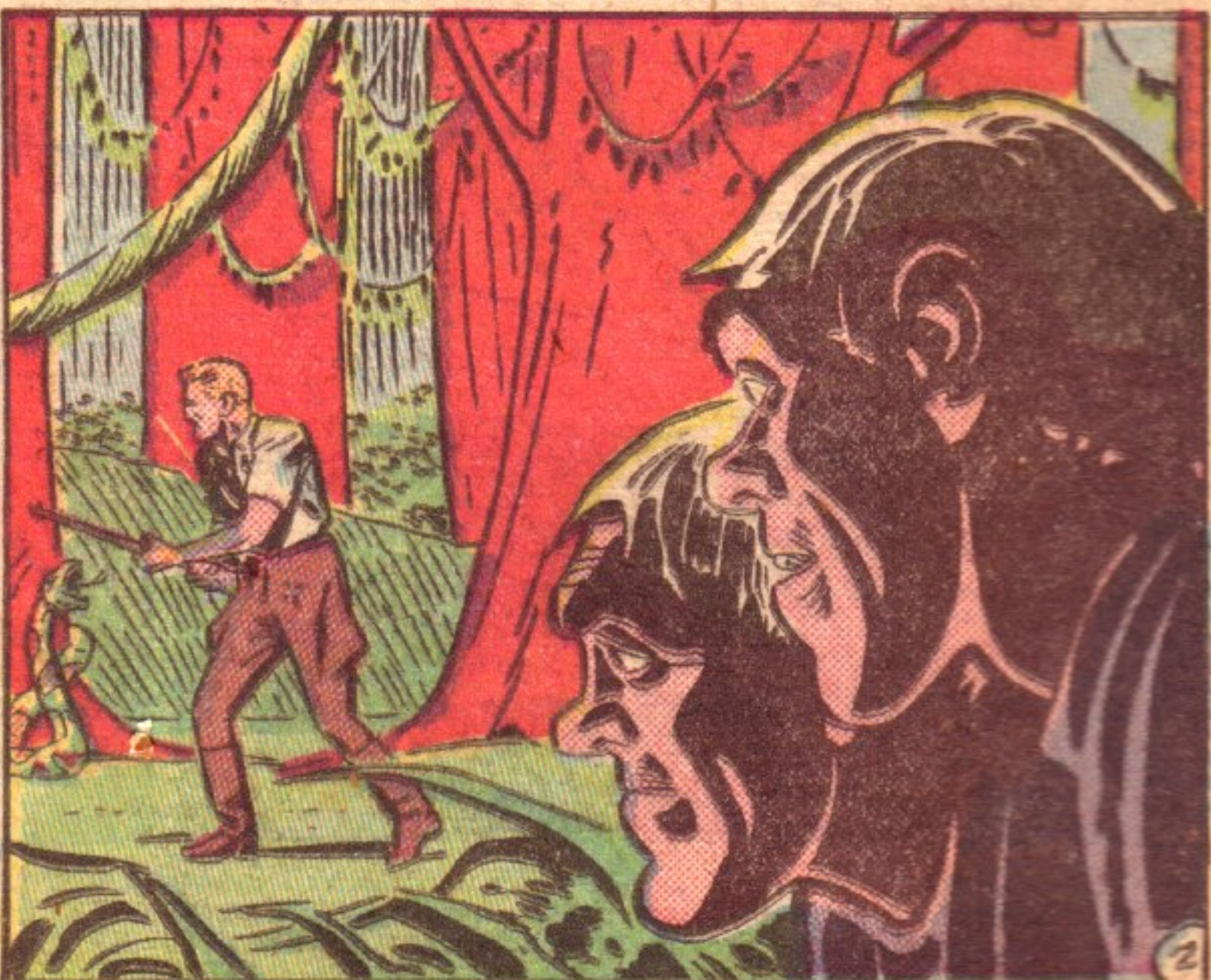
IT **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN A DREAM! SOMETHING MOVED -- SOMETHING ACTUALLY **TOUCHED** ME!

"WHAT WAS IT I SAW? A SHAPE--A THING--A PRESENCE? I'LL NEVER KNOW -- BUT I **DO** KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED! "

MY RING!
IT'S TAKEN THE RING **O. B.** GAVE ME!



"THAT WAS THE BEGINNING, JEAN! AND NOW I'M SURE I'M BEING WATCHED -- WATCHED BY THINGS THAT SLITHER THROUGH THE JUNGLE -- EVERY TIME I SPOT A PYTHON! "



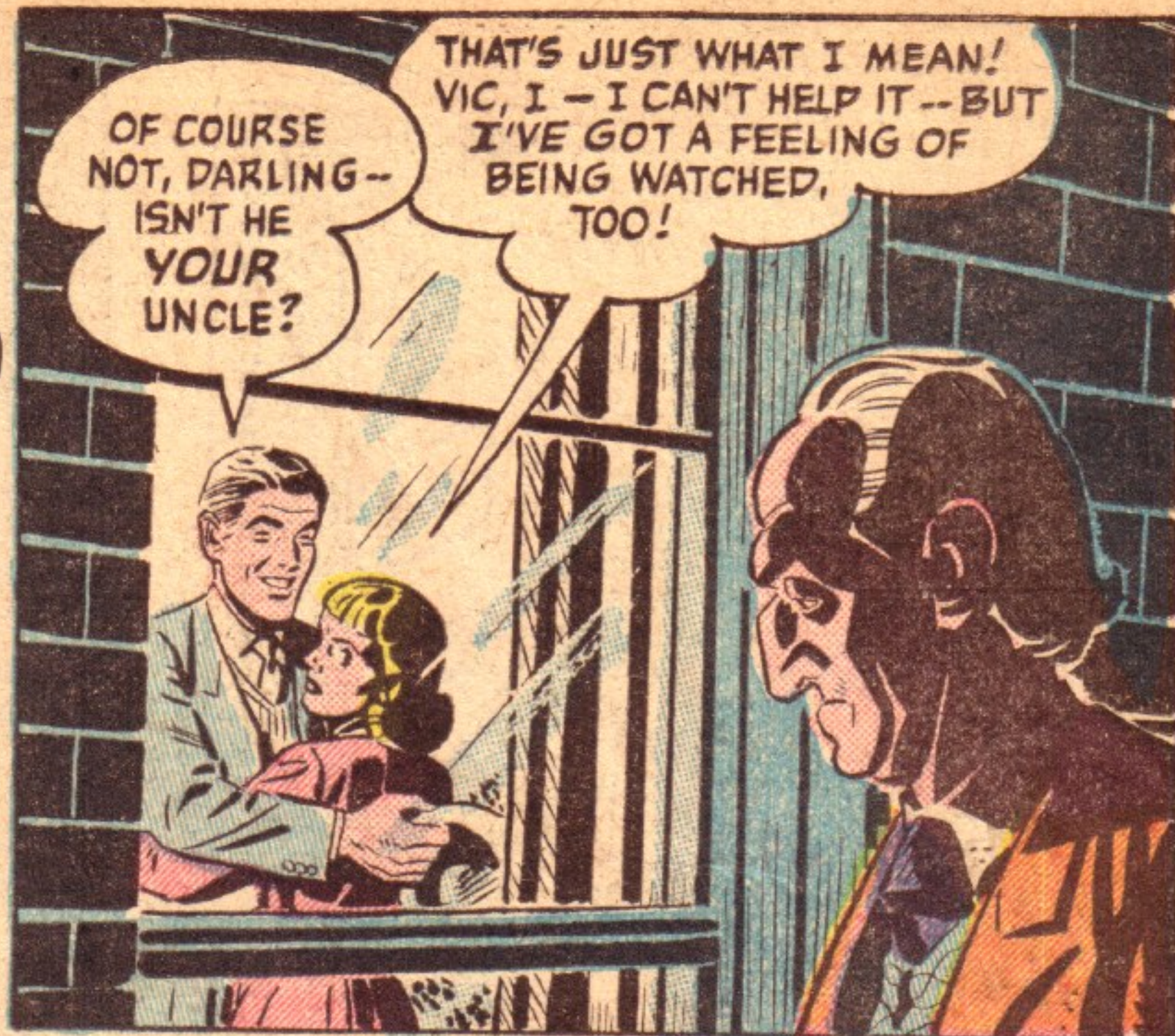
"... I KNOW YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I DON'T GIVE UP THIS BLASTED EXPEDITION, JEAN! BUT IT'S COSTING O.B. THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO GET THESE PYTHON SKINS-- AND WHAT WOULD HE THINK IF I QUIT BECAUSE OF FIENDS NO SANE HUMAN WOULD EVEN MENTION?"

VIC-- FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TELL ME THE TRUTH! DO YOU THINK UNCLE FRED IS OUT OF HIS MIND?



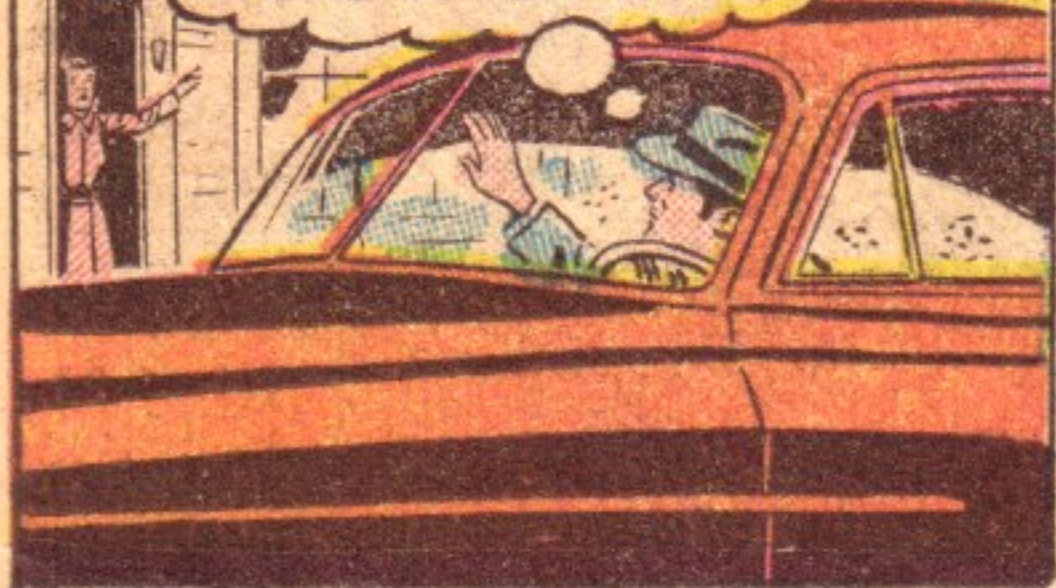
OF COURSE NOT, DARLING-- ISN'T HE YOUR UNCLE?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I MEAN! VIC, I -- I CAN'T HELP IT -- BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING OF BEING WATCHED, TOO!



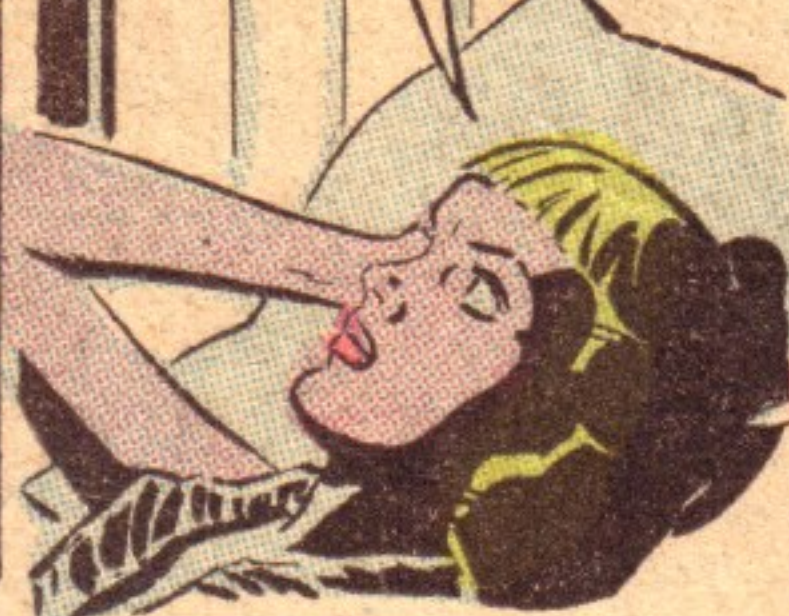
SOON AFTERWARD...

PYTHONS -- PHANTOMS LURKING IN THE JUNGLE -- AND A RING THAT DISAPPEARS AT MIDNIGHT! FOR ALL I KNOW, FRED OWENS IS MAD AS A HATTER -- AND YET THERE ARE ONE OR TWO THINGS I DON'T KNOW! WHO'S THIS O.B. -- AND WHY IS HE SO ANXIOUS TO SQUANDER THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS FOR PYTHON SKINS -- WHEN HE CAN PICK THEM UP FOR NEXT TO NOTHING RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK?



THAT NIGHT -- AS JEAN STIRS RESTLESSLY IN THE PULSING DARKNESS--

I'VE GOT TO SLEEP... I'VE GOT TO FORGET ABOUT UNCLE FRED -- AND THE JUNGLE CRAWLING WITH EVIL AND CRAWLING WITH PYTHONS...



OHHH!



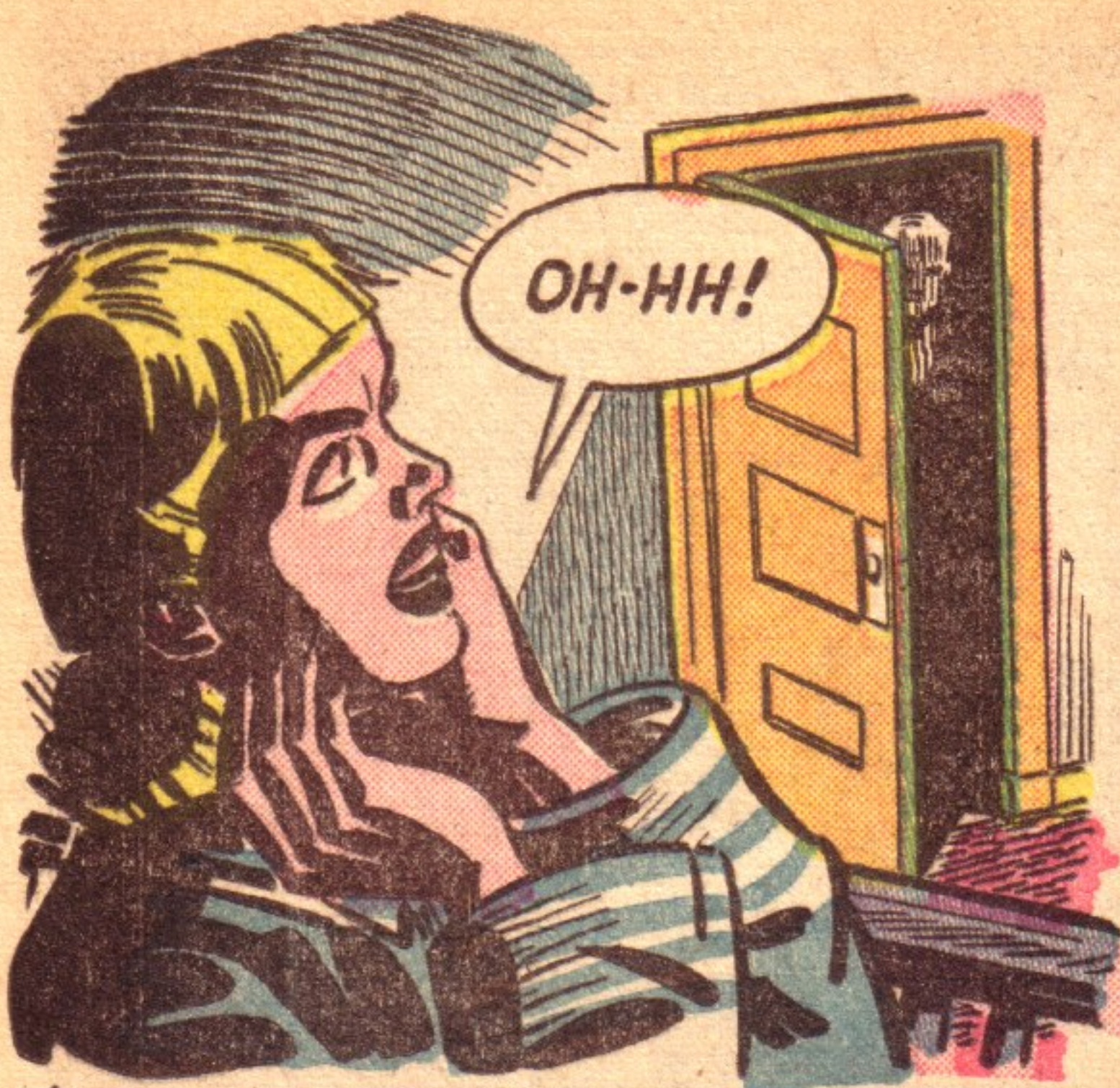
IT'S NOTHING -- JUST THE SHADOW OF THE RIPPLING CURTAIN -- BUT MAYBE THAT'S THE VERY WAY UNCLE FRED STARTED IMAGINING THINGS!



WHO'S TO SAY IT DOESN'T BEGIN WITH FEAR? IF I WERE TO LET MY FEELING THAT THERE'S SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR GET HOLD OF ME -- IF I WERE TO HOLD MY BREATH, EXPECTING IT TO OPEN --



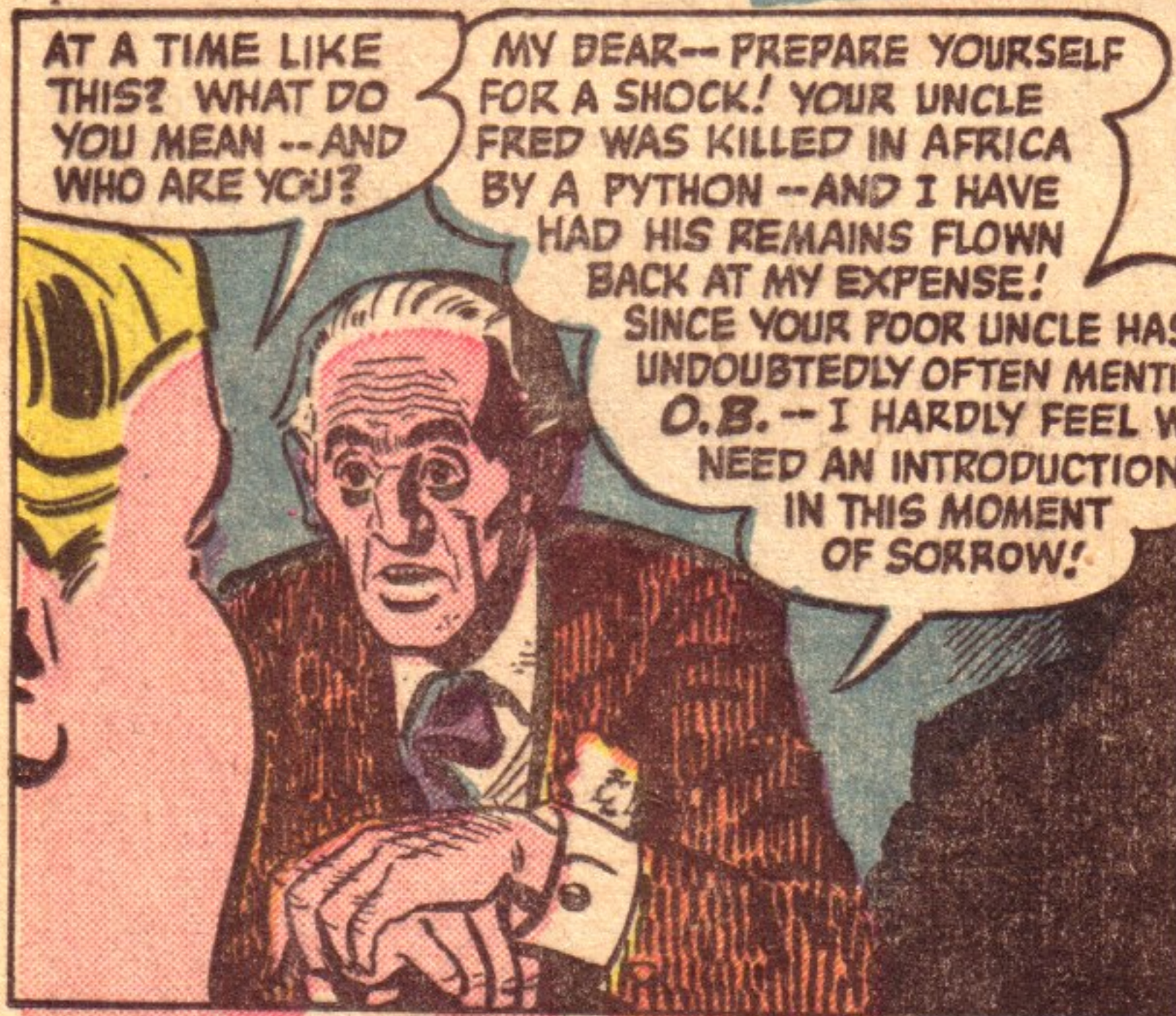
CRREAK!



OH-HH!



CALM YOURSELF-- YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF ME! I WANT YOU TO FEEL YOU CAN COUNT ON ME AS A TRUSTED FRIEND-- ESPECIALLY AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



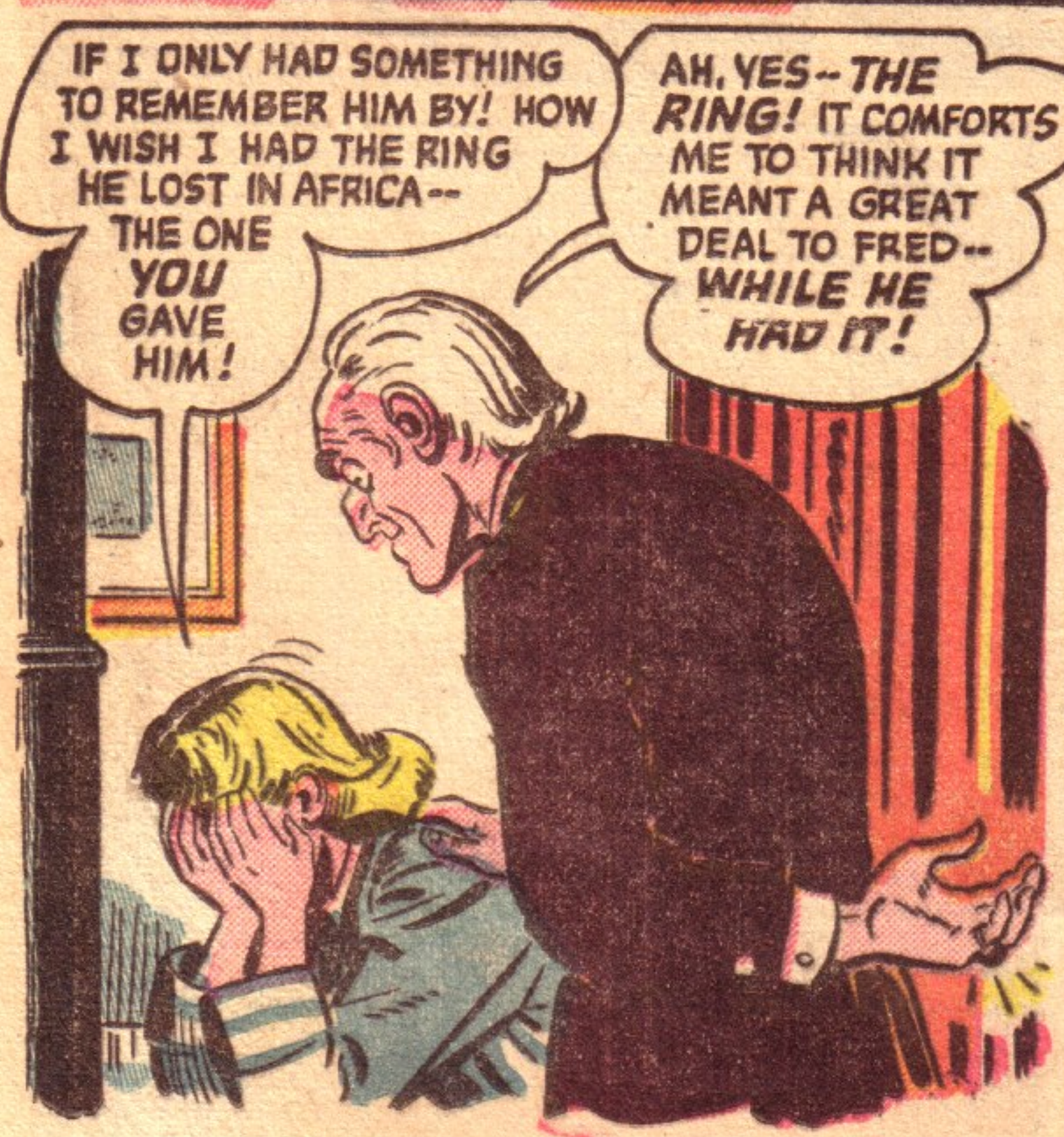
AT A TIME LIKE THIS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN -- AND WHO ARE YOU?

MY DEAR-- PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK! YOUR UNCLE FRED WAS KILLED IN AFRICA BY A PYTHON --AND I HAVE HAD HIS REMAINS FLOWN BACK AT MY EXPENSE! SINCE YOUR POOR UNCLE HAS UNDOUBTEDLY OFTEN MENTIONED O.B. -- I HARDLY FEEL WE NEED AN INTRODUCTION IN THIS MOMENT OF SORROW!



THIS IS AWFUL! I FEEL HELPLESS-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

THAT IS WHAT I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT! YOU CAN RELY ON ME TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS-- INCLUDING YOUR UNCLE'S BURIAL IN MY PRIVATE CEMETERY!



IF I ONLY HAD SOMETHING TO REMEMBER HIM BY! HOW I WISH I HAD THE RING HE LOST IN AFRICA-- THE ONE YOU GAVE HIM!

AH, YES-- THE RING! IT COMFORTS ME TO THINK IT MEANT A GREAT DEAL TO FRED-- WHILE HE HAD IT!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING--

HI, SWEETHEART! BET YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D REMEMBER TO USE THE BACK DOOR, HUH?

OH, DARLING-- I WAS PRAYING YOU'D COME! O.B. WAS HERE LAST NIGHT-- WITH THE HORRIBLE NEWS THAT UNCLE FRED HAD BEEN KILLED BY A PYTHON!



SHOCKING AS THE MESSAGE WAS -- AT LEAST IT CLEARED UP **ONE** THING! SOMEHOW, UNCLE FRED'S LETTERS MADE ME WONDER ABOUT O.B. -- NEVER SUSPECTING IT WOULD TAKE A **BURIAL** TO SHOW ME WHAT A **WONDERFUL** PERSON HE IS!

YOU MEAN HE OFFERED TO **BURY** YOUR UNCLE? JEAN -- I'VE GOT A CLIPPING I'D LIKE YOU TO READ!

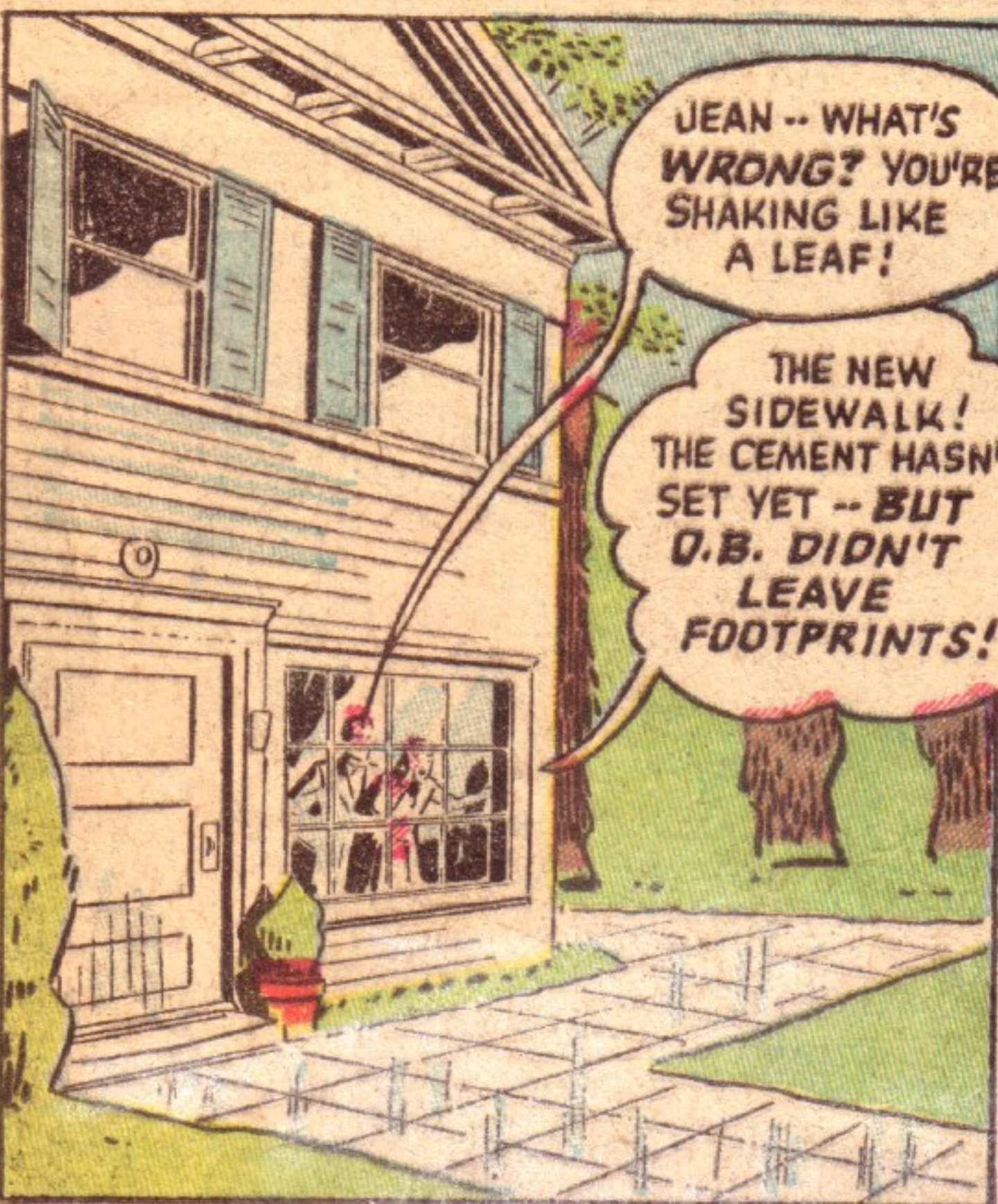


OH! THE--
FRONT
DOOR!



I HATE TO BRING IT UP, HONEY -- BUT DON'T YOU SEE SOMETHING STRANGE IN O.B.'S GENEROSITY IN PROVIDING GRAVES? TIE IT IN WITH HIS WILLINGNESS TO SPEND THOUSANDS FOR A FEW PYTHON SKINS -- AND FRED'S SUDDEN DEATH AFTER LEARNING SOMETHING ABOUT O.B. IN AFRICA -- AND IT **DOESN'T LOOK GOOD!**

THE WHOLE THING **DOES** SEEM QUEER -- BUT AFTER ALL, THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF PERSON O.B. IS! I FELT IT LAST NIGHT, WHEN HE WALKED IN THE FRONT DOOR WITHOUT KNOCKING --



JEAN -- WHAT'S **WRONG?** YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!

THE NEW SIDEWALK! THE CEMENT HASN'T SET YET -- **BUT** O.B. DIDN'T LEAVE FOOTPRINTS!

THAT **CONVINCES** ME WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WE CAN'T GO DIRECTLY TO O.B., BECAUSE IF HE IS INVOLVED IN SOME KIND OF UNHOLY BUSINESS, OUR SUSPICIONS WILL MERELY MAKE HIM COVER UP! AND WE CAN'T CALL IN THE POLICE -- A STRING OF WILD SUSPICIONS AND EVEN WILDER EVIDENCE WOULD JUST BE LAUGHED OFF! THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE COURSE -- AND YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME **HANDLE** IT BY MYSELF!

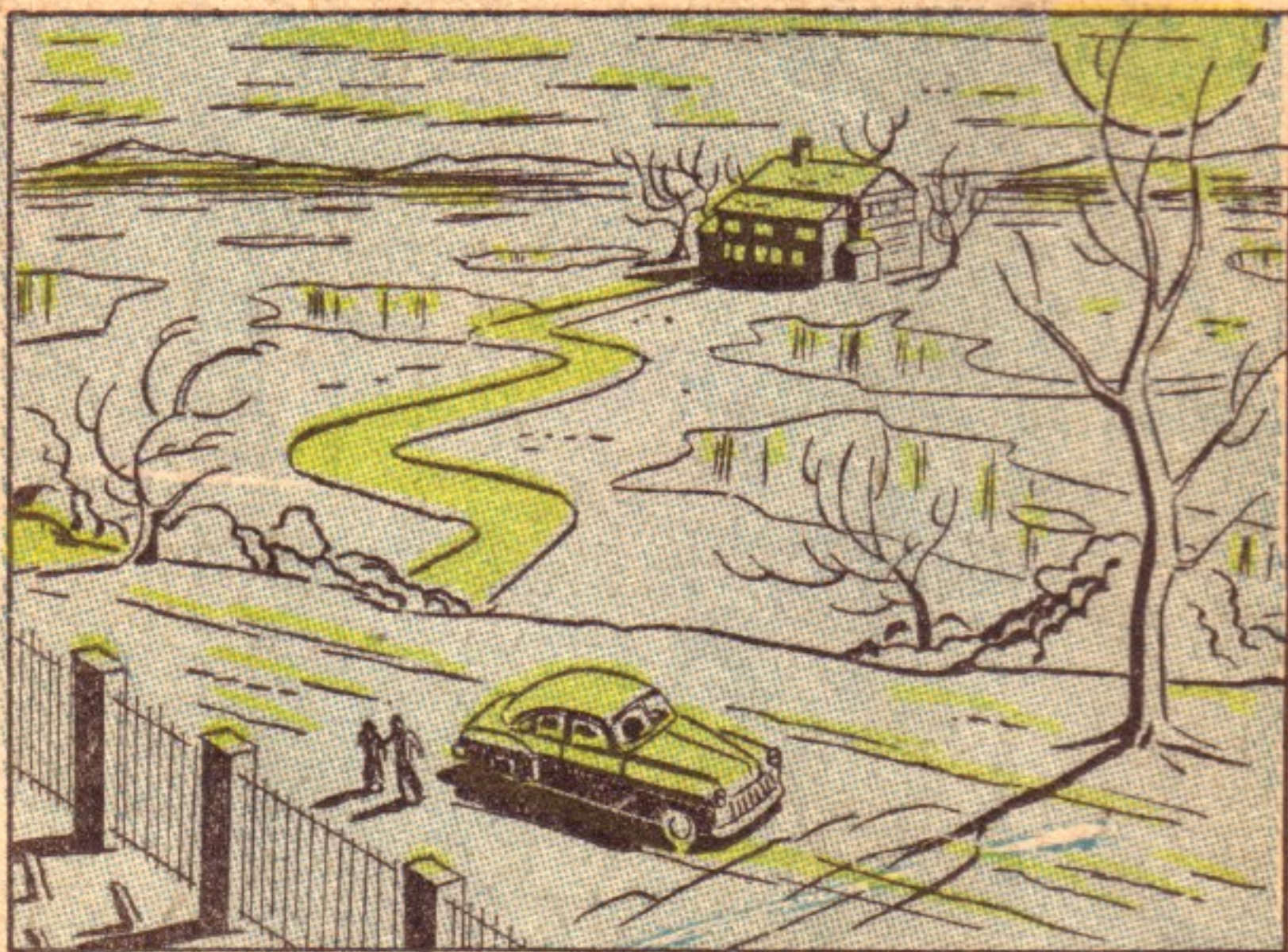




NO, VIC -- PLEASE!
DON'T LEAVE ME
ALONE -- DON'T
LEAVE ME IN DOUBT!
WHATEVER YOU
HAVE IN MIND --
TAKE ME
WITH YOU!

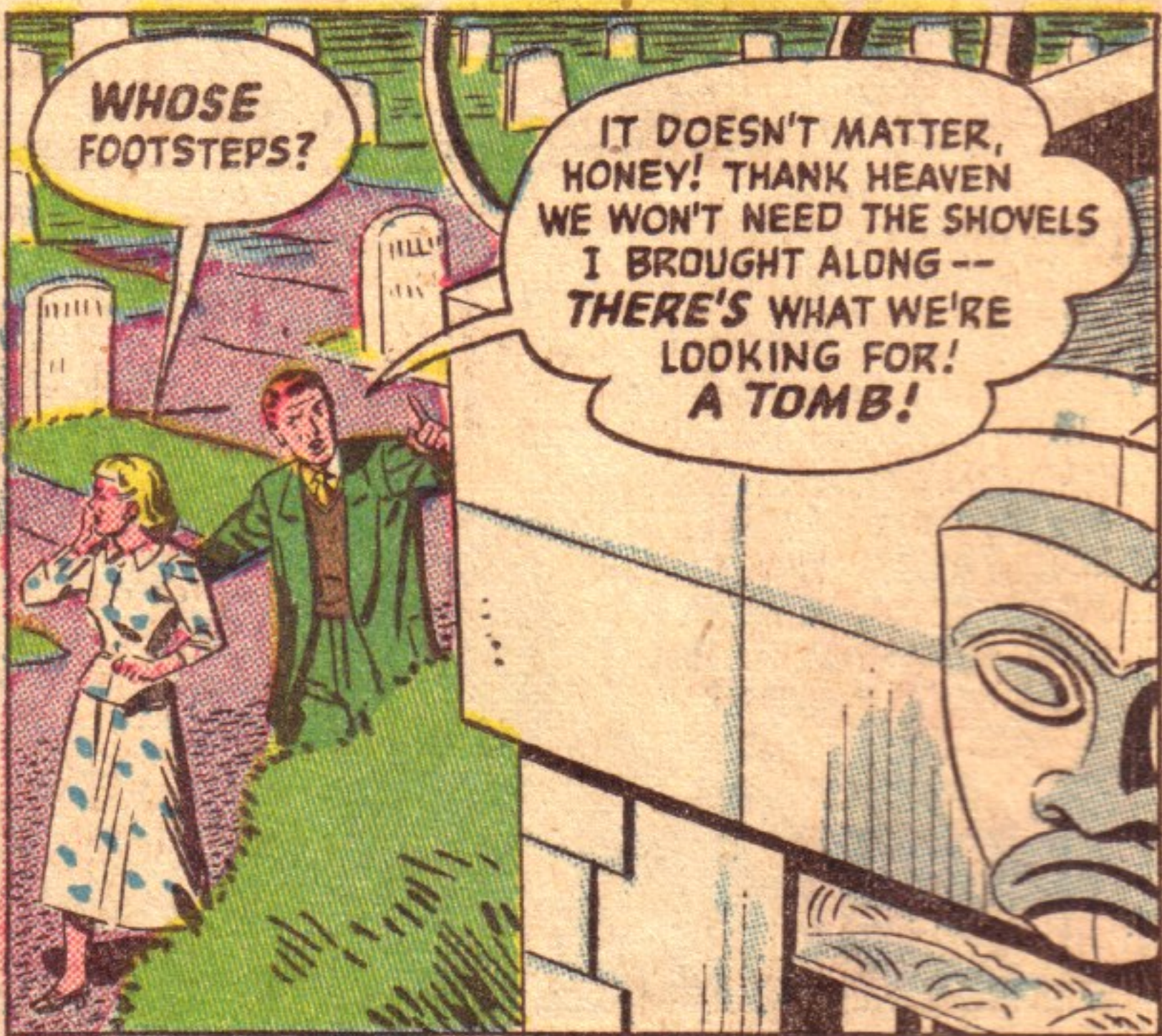
IT WON'T BE EASY,
JEAN! D.B. SAYS
HE BURIED YOUR
UNCLE -- AND
I WANT TO SEE
THE BODY!

THAT NIGHT -- WATCHED BY A CREEPING MOON -- JEAN
AND VIC DRIVE TO THE CEMETERY ON HAZARD HILL!



ANYWAY -- IT'S A
FAR BETTER-KEPT
CEMETERY THAN
I EXPECTED TO
FIND! EVEN THE
GRASS AROUND
THE GRAVES
HAS BEEN
CAREFULLY
TRIMMED!

YES -- THE GRAVES OF
HOMELESS MEN WHO HAD
NEITHER FRIENDS NOR
RELATIVES WHO'D VISIT
THEIR LAST RESTING
PLACE! AND YET THAT
GRASS HASN'T BEEN
TRIMMED, JEAN -- IT'S
BEEN WORN DOWN --
BY FOOTSTEPS!



WHOSE
FOOTSTEPS?

IT DOESN'T MATTER,
HONEY! THANK HEAVEN
WE WON'T NEED THE SHOVELS
I BROUGHT ALONG --
THERE'S WHAT WE'RE
LOOKING FOR!
A TOMB!

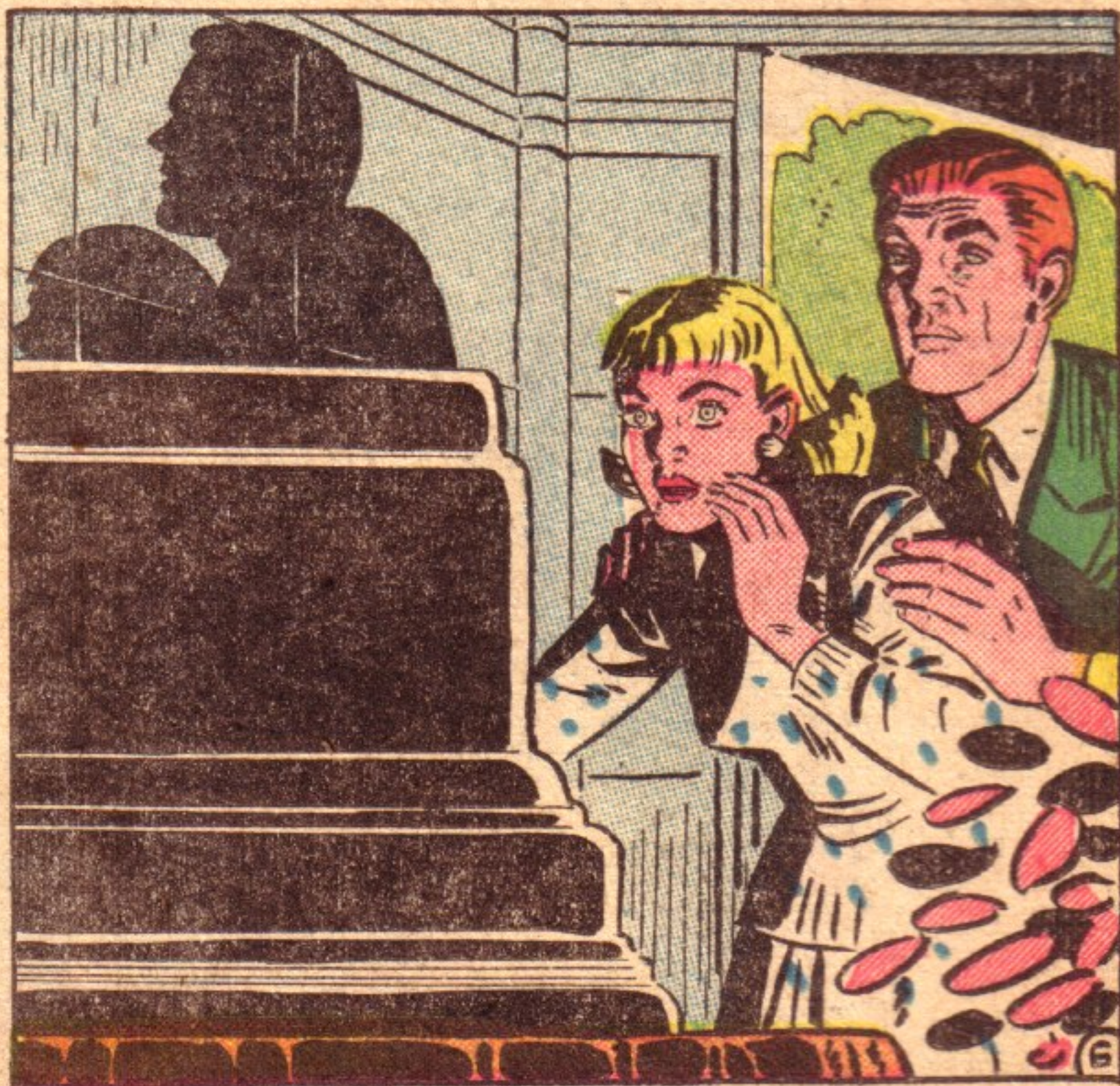
THEN -- WITH SLOW STEPS TOWARD A COLD
AND UNSEEN PRESENCE --



JEAN --
SUPPOSE
YOU LEAVE
THIS PART
TO ME?

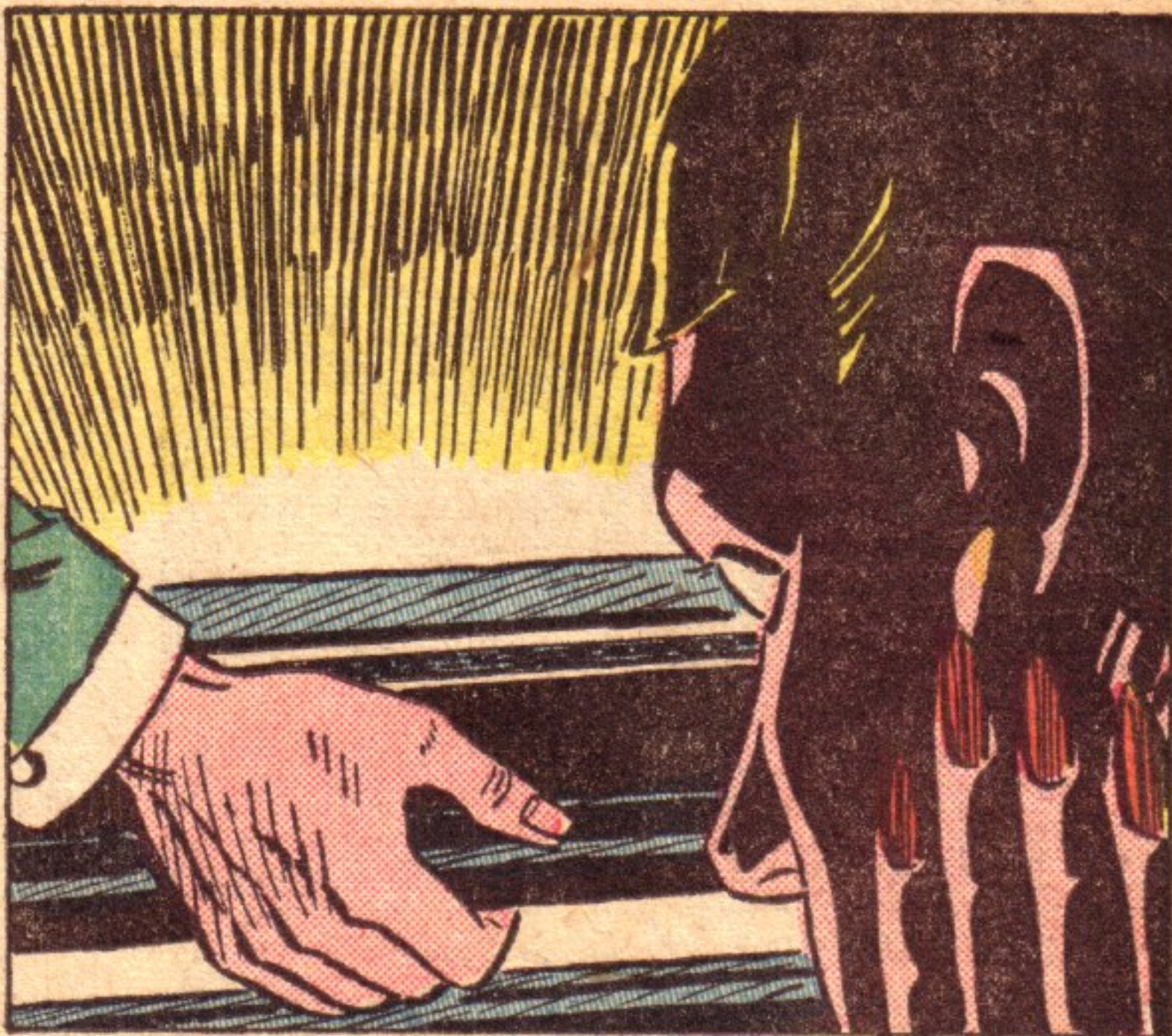
NO, VIC! IT WAS
DIFFERENT WHILE
I TRIED TO GUESS HOW
UNCLE FRED DIED -- IT
SCARED ME! BUT NOW
SOMETHING TELLS ME HE
WAS MURDERED -- AND
UNTIL I FIND THE PERSON
OR THING BEHIND IT --
I WON'T BE
AFRAID!

FRED OWENS

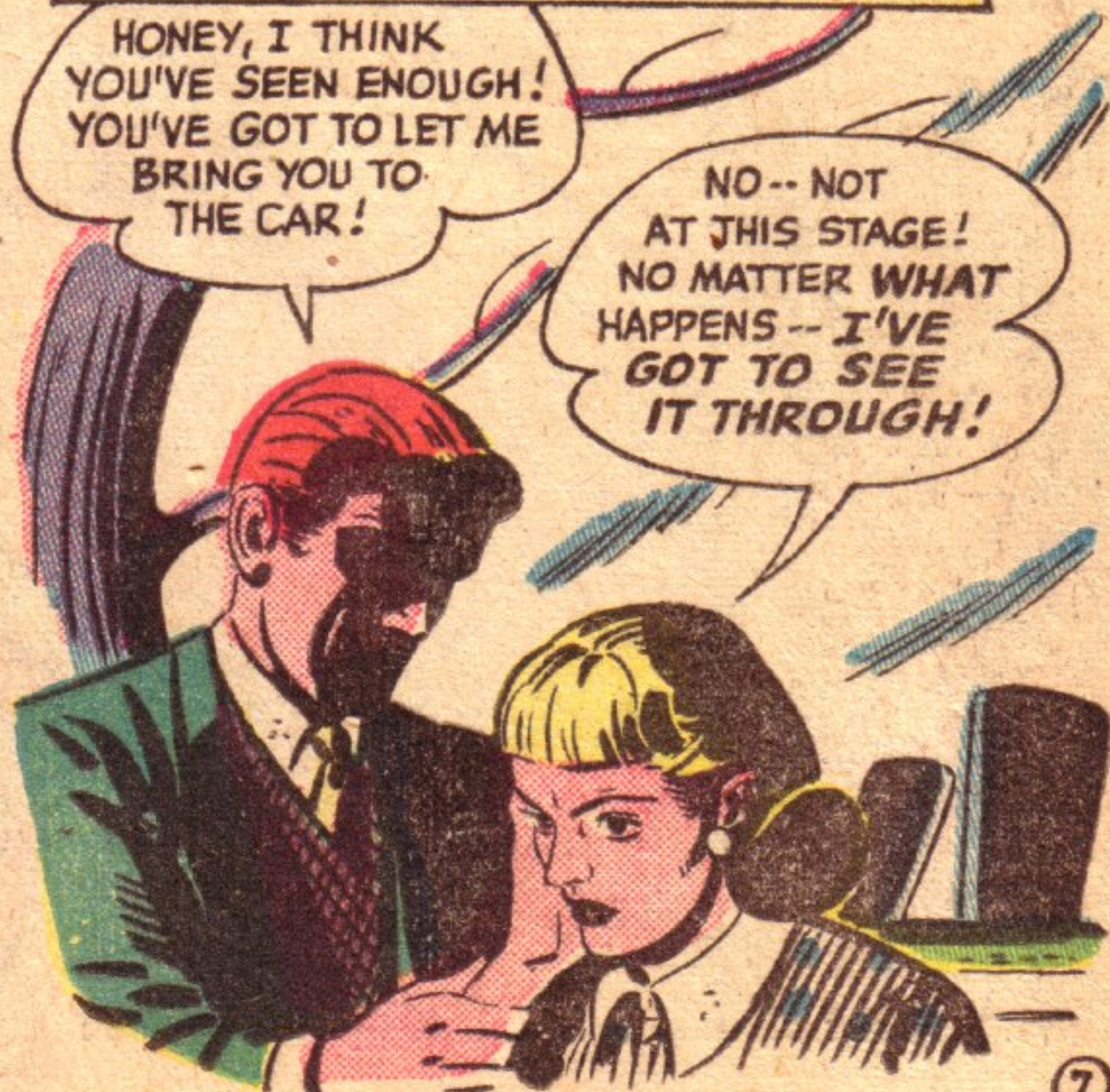




FOR A SECOND, EVERYTHING SEEMED MOTIONLESS ON HAZARD HILL -- EVERYTHING BUT THE POLISHED LID OF DEATH -- INCHING UPWARD IN THE GLOOM!



A MOMENT LATER -- AS JEAN REVIVES --



THE WINDING ROAD BELOW SEEMED ALIVE IN THE MOONLIGHT -- CREEPING WITH A STRANGE, RIPPLING MOTION!



GOOD HEAVENS!
IT'S LIKE A SNAKE--
A HUGE PYTHON
WITH GLEAMING
SCALES!



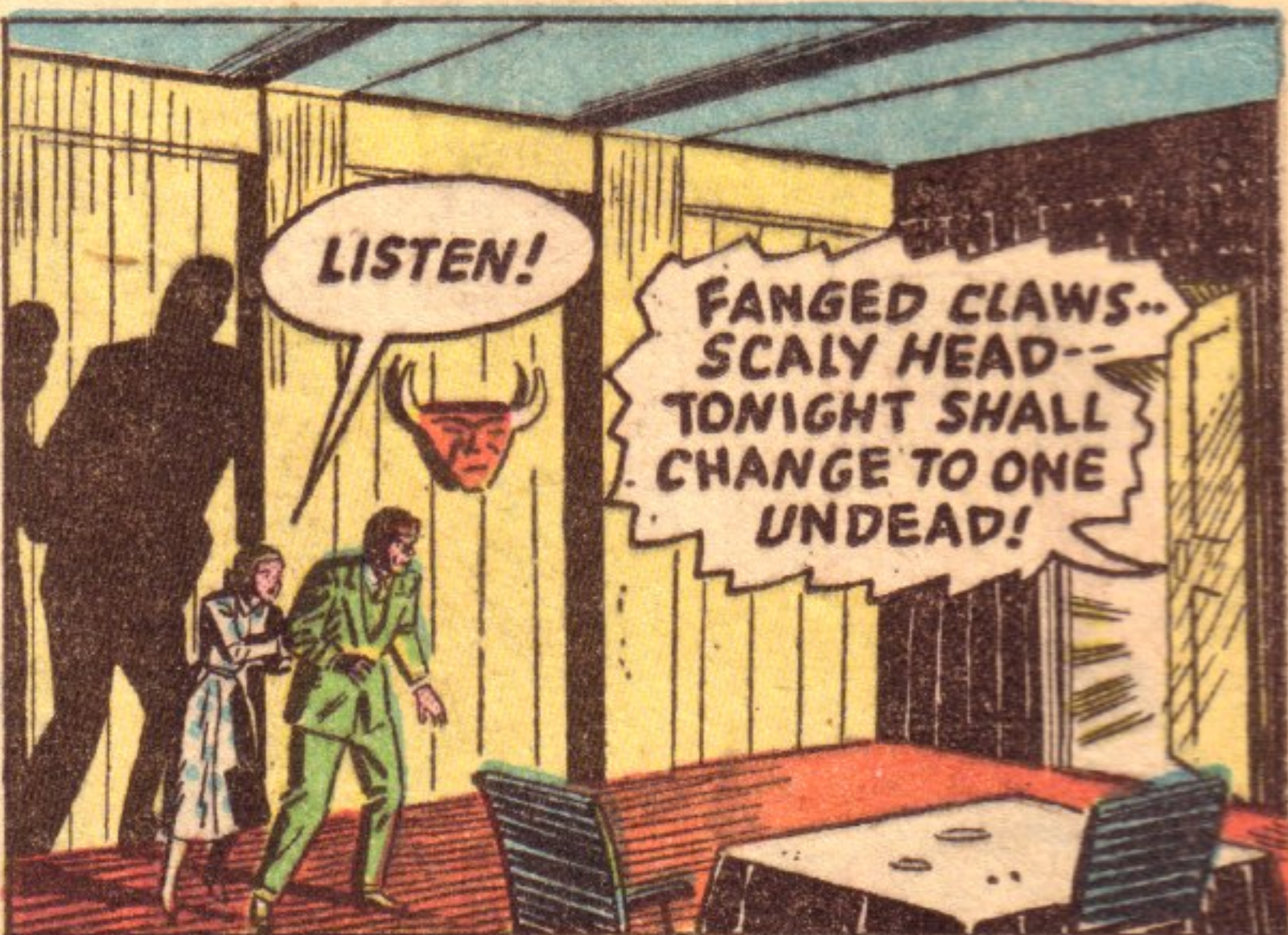
TAKE A CLOSER
LOOK, JEAN! THEY'RE
THINGS I JUST SAW
CREEP FROM THE GRAVES--
AND THEY'RE PLODDING
TOWARD THAT
HOUSE!

MINUTES LATER, JEAN AND VIC STEP INTO THE
MUFFLED HALLS -- HALLS THAT SEEM TO HUDDLE
OVER A GRISLY SECRET -- HALLS OF HORROR!



WE DON'T HAVE TO
WONDER **WHOSE**
HOUSE IT IS -- OR
WHY HE PROVIDED
A RESTING-PLACE
FOR **THEM**!

NO -- THERE'S
NOTHING TO WONDER
ABOUT BUT WHAT THAT
FIEND **D.B.** DID TO
UNCLE FRED--AND
I'M FINDING
OUT!



LISTEN!

FANGED CLAWS--
SCALY HEAD--
TONIGHT SHALL
CHANGE TO ONE
UNDEAD!



GOOD
HEAVENS!

EASY, SWEETHEART!
REMEMBER WHAT YOU
SAID -- WE'RE GOING
TO SEE THIS
THROUGH!



HAH! NOW YOU KNOW
WHAT THE **PYTHON** MEANS
IN THE WORLD OF THE **UNDEAD**,
FRED OWENS! THE SPIRITS OF
THE **PYTHONS** YOU KILLED
JOIN THE SPIRITS OF
THOSE HUMANS I BURIED--
AND BECAME **ZOMBIES**--
SLAVES OF THE
CULT OF OBI!

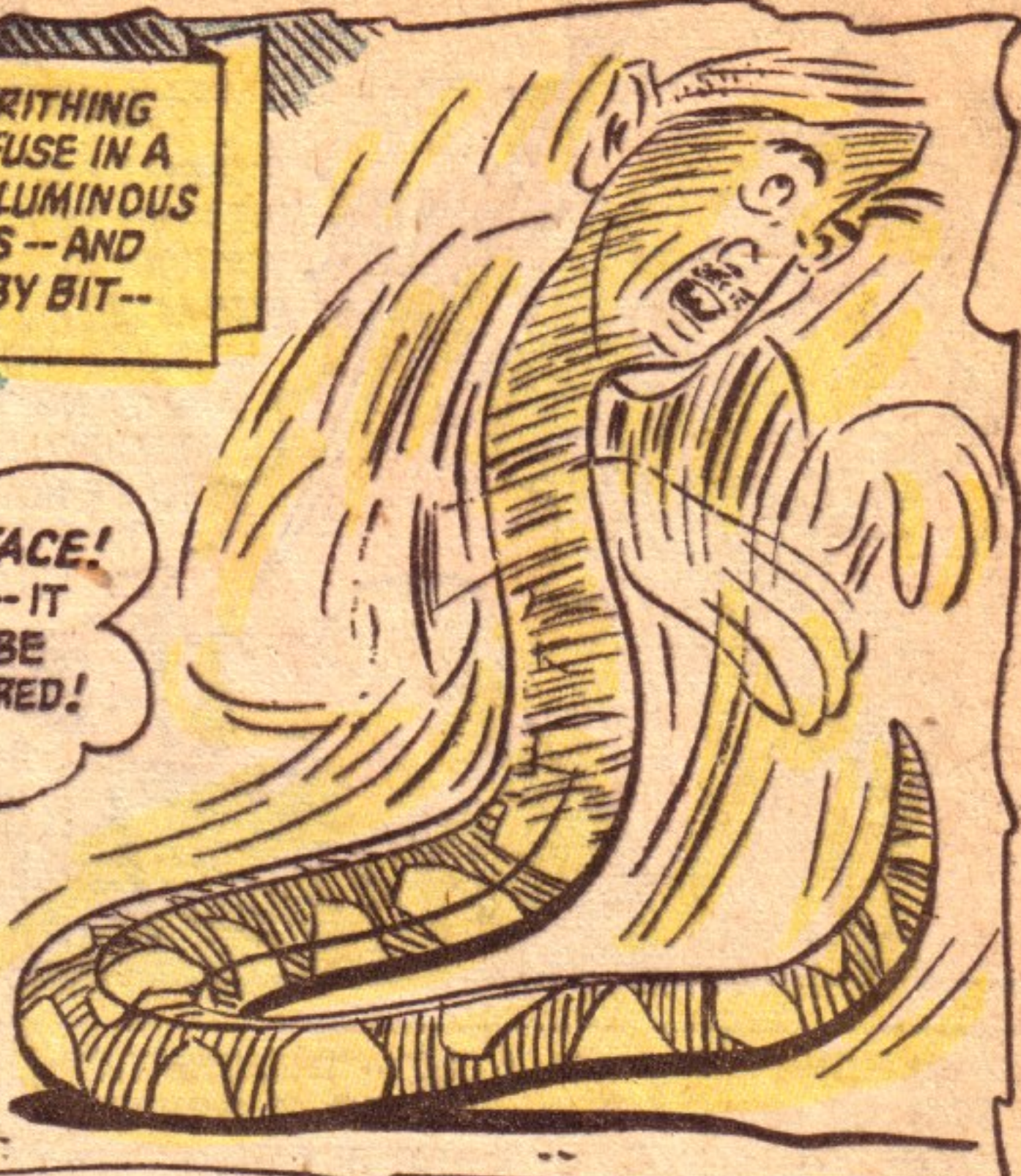


OBI! GOOD LORD, JEAN--THOSE AREN'T INITIALS--THAT'S HIS NAME!

VIC-- THE SNAKE! SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS HAPPENING -- IT'S CHANGING SHAPE!

THE WRITHING COILS FUSE IN A SINGLE LUMINOUS MASS -- AND BIT BY BIT--

THAT FACE! NO--NO-- IT CAN'T BE UNCLE FRED!



MY RING... MY RING...

AH, YES -- THE RING I GAVE YOU WHEN YOU LEFT FOR AFRICA! THE STONE IS **SERPENTINE**-- THE ONE THING THAT COULD PROTECT YOU FROM THE ZOMBIE SPIRITS OF THE PYTHONS YOU HUNTED! BUT YOU FOUND OUT TOO MUCH, FRED OWENS-- YOU LEARNED WHAT MY NAME MEANS IN AFRICA--AND THEN CAME THE NIGHT WHEN YOU LOST THE RING!



THAT INHUMAN FIEND! I CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND LISTEN, JEAN -- I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO -- AGAINST THEM! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, VIC -- THINK OF WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST!



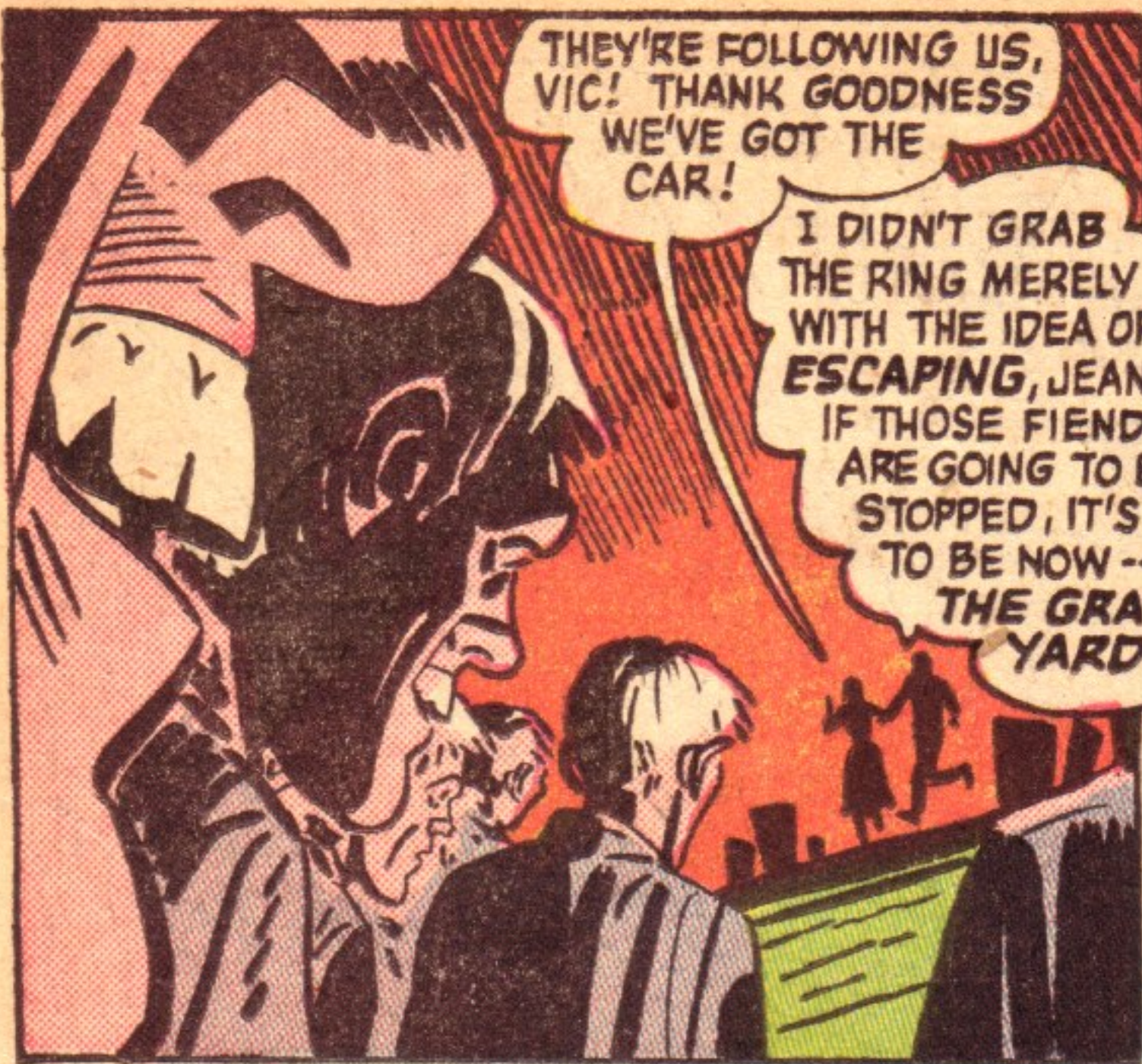
THIS TIME YOU'RE LOSING THE RING, YOU CREEP!

POW!



WILL YOU LET THE FOOL CHALLENGE THE POWER OF THE UNDEAD? GET HIM -- GET THE RING!

COME ON, JEAN -- BEFORE THEY HEAD US OFF IN THE FRONT HALL!



THEY'RE FOLLOWING US, VIC! THANK GOODNESS WE'VE GOT THE CAR!

I DIDN'T GRAB THE RING MERELY WITH THE IDEA OF ESCAPING, JEAN! IF THOSE FIENDS ARE GOING TO BE STOPPED, IT'S GOT TO BE NOW -- IN THE GRAVE-YARD!

WITH THE WAVE OF TERROR CLOSING IN --



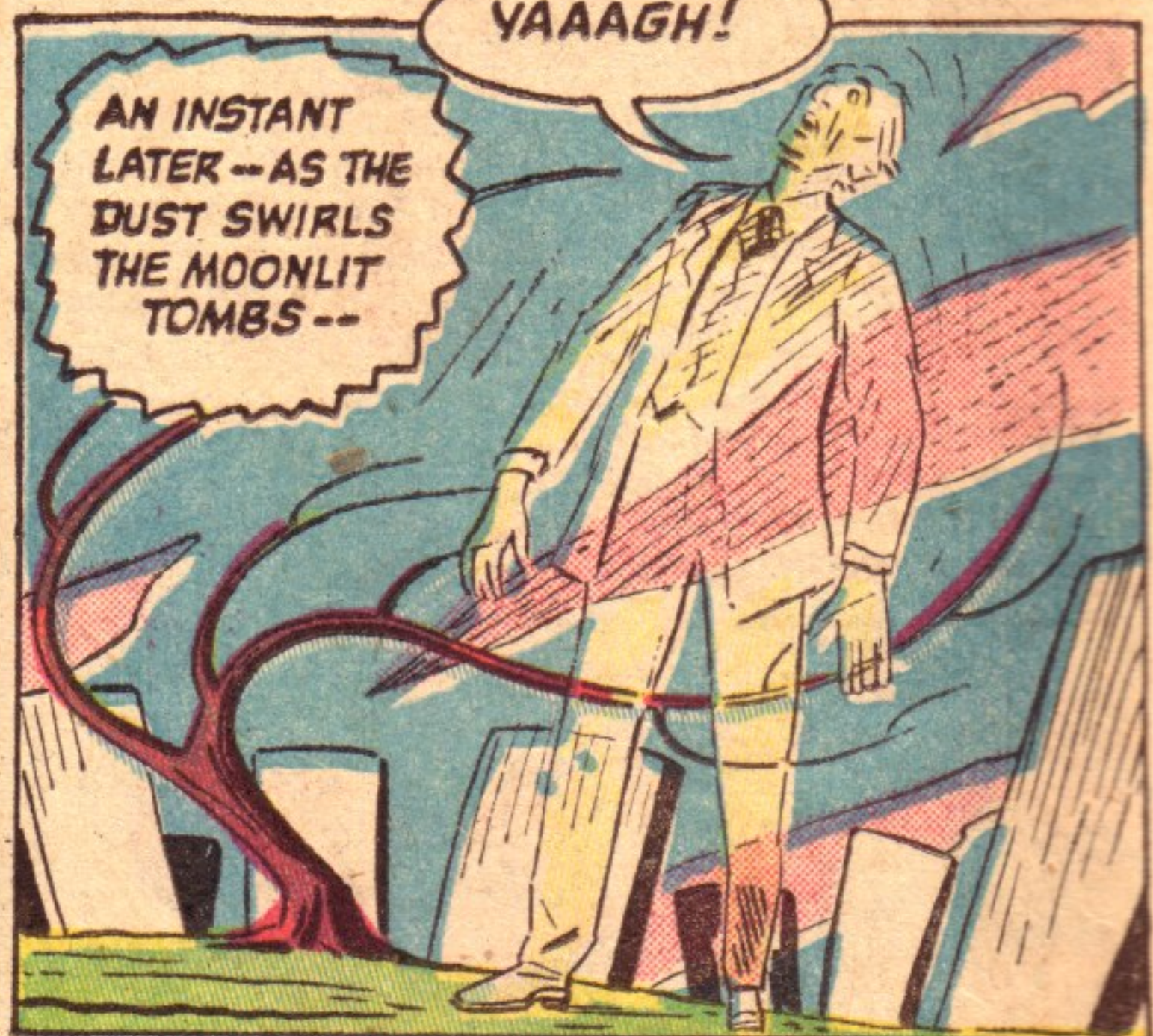
O.B.'S LEADING THEM THROUGH THE GATE! WHAT WILL WE DO, VIC -- HOW WILL WE GET OUT OF HERE?

DIDN'T O.B. SAY THAT SERPENTINE IS A TALISMAN AGAINST ZOMBIES? I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE, AND SMASH IT TO POWDER --



-- AND THEN SCATTER IT OVER THE GRAVES THOSE THINGS SHOULD BE LYING IN!

NO -- NO! YOU'LL DESTROY THE VERY AIR I BREATHE -- MY HEART BEAT -- MY LIFE!



YAAAGH!

AN INSTANT LATER -- AS THE DUST SWIRLS THE MOONLIT TOMBS --



PLEASE, VIC -- LET'S TRY TO REACH THE CAR! I-I CAN'T WATCH THIS!

THERE ISN'T MUCH LEFT TO WATCH, HONEY! O.B.'S POWER ENDED WHEN HE DID -- AND THE ZOMBIES ARE RETURNING TO THEIR GRAVES FOREVER!

MINUTES LATER -- AS THE PEACE OF UNENDING SLEEP SETTLES OVER HAZARD HILL --

UNCLE FRED RETURNED TOO, VIC! IT -- IT'S HARD TO PUT INTO WORDS -- BUT IT'S ALMOST AS WONDERFUL AS FINDING HIM ALIVE!

I'M GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT, HONEY -- BECAUSE AS HORRIBLE AS FRED'S DEATH WAS -- IT FINALLY BROUGHT PEACE TO THE SPIRITS O.B. SUMMONED IN THE NIGHT!



THE END

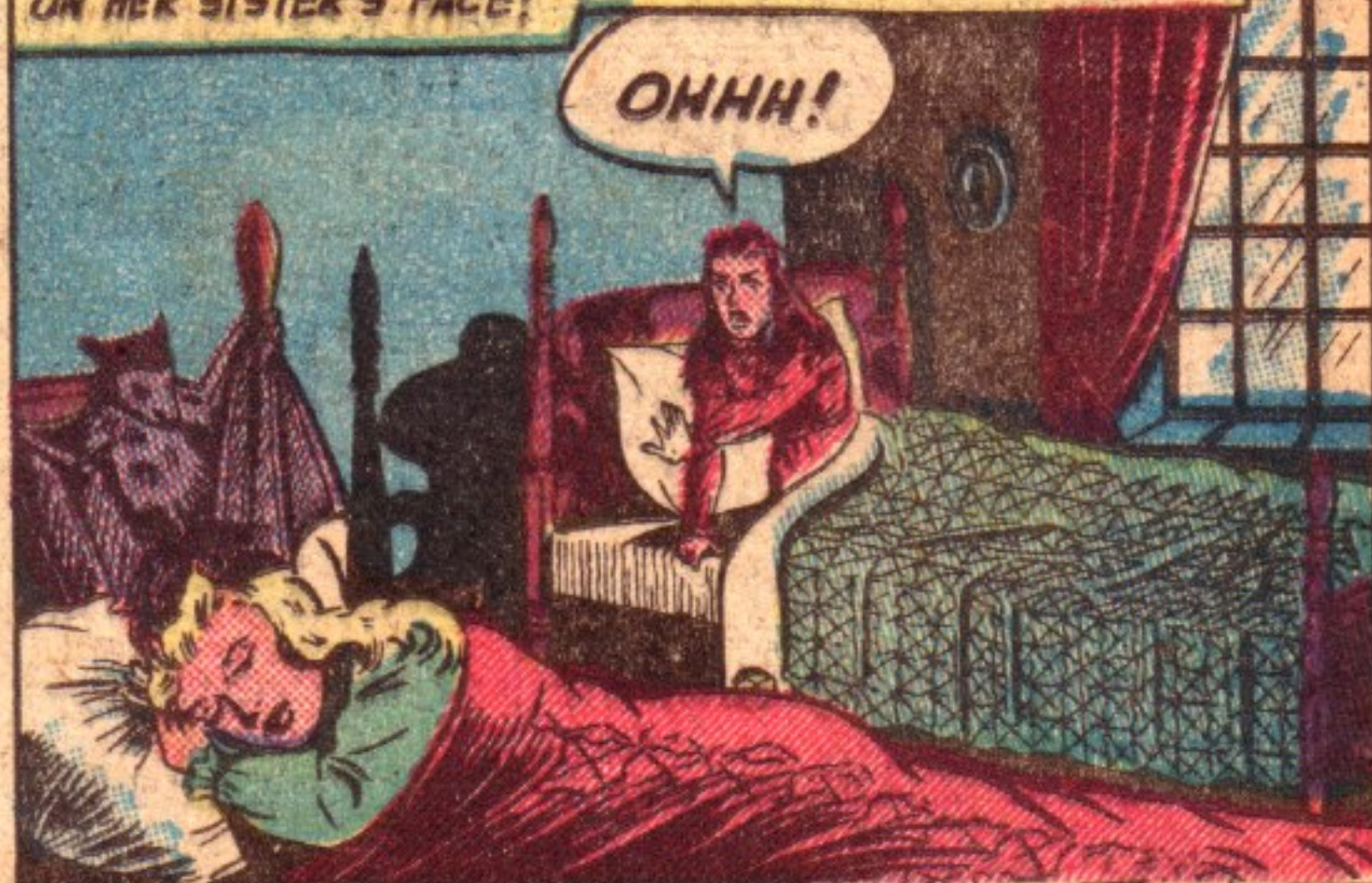
"JUNE" GHOST TALES

CASE of the GHOST BAT

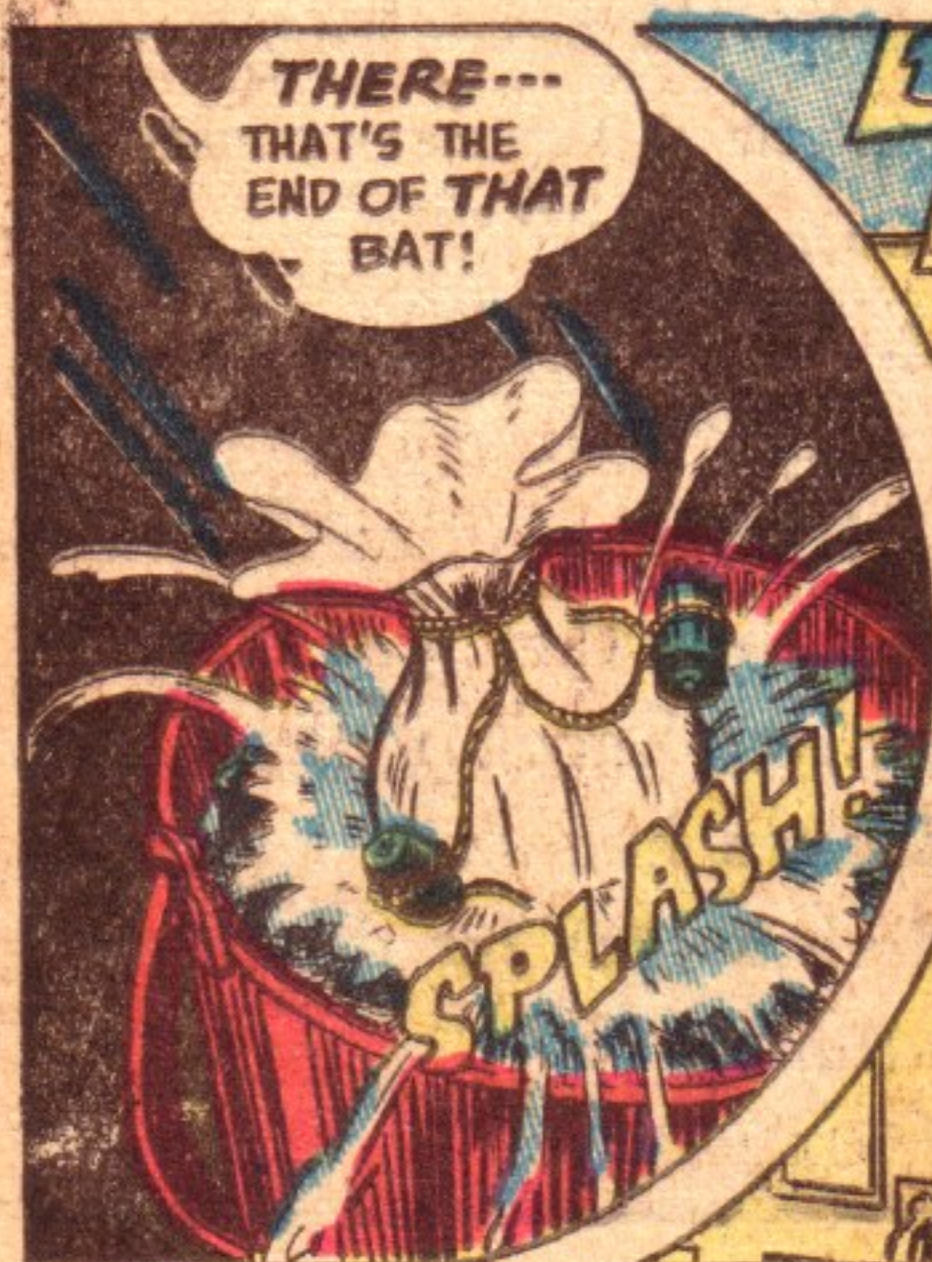
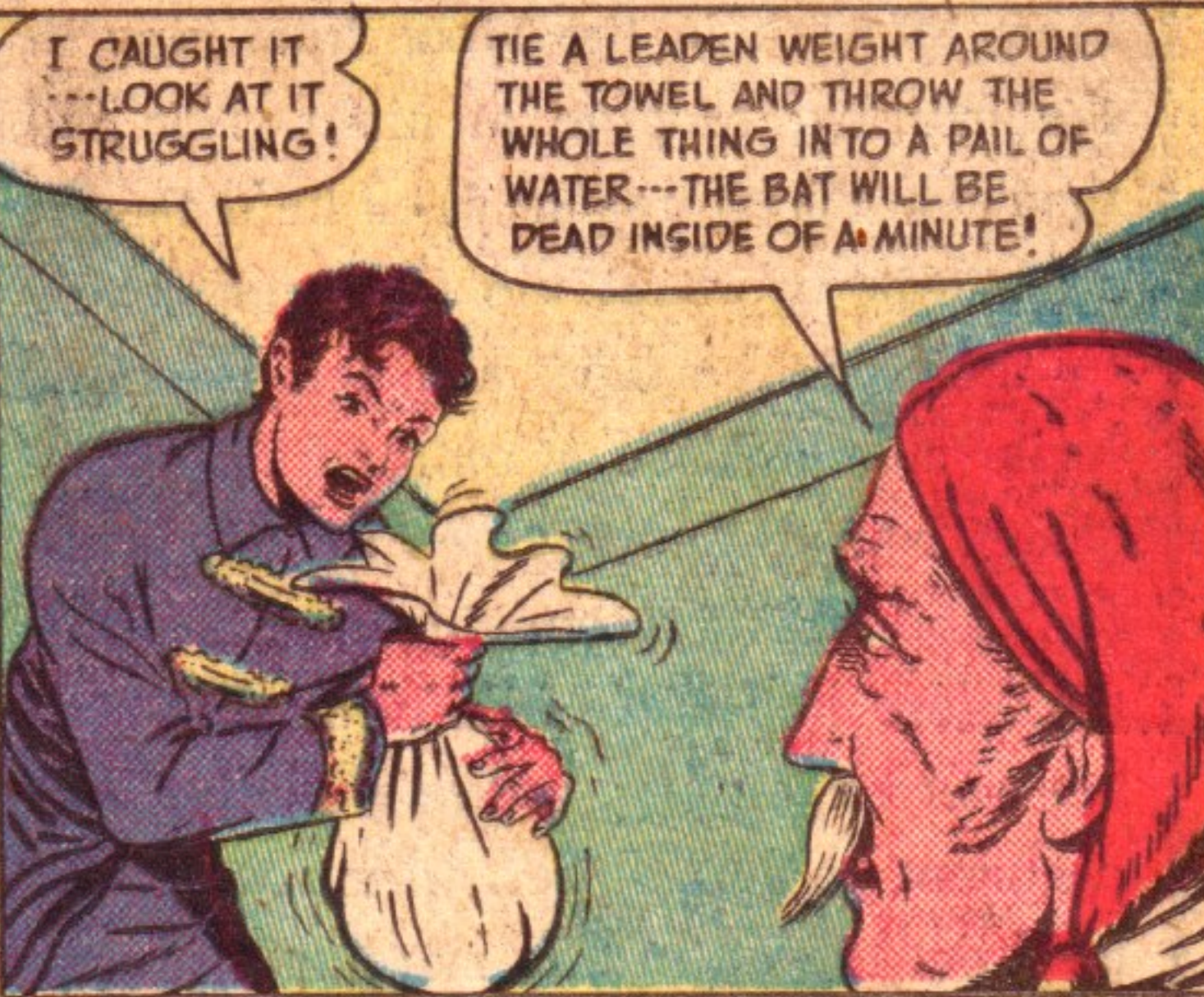
ONE OF THE STRANGEST PHANTOMS EVER TO BE SEEN BY MORTAL EYES WAS THE ONE WHICH SWOOPED PAST YOUNG RUBY MOXEY IN THE EAST END OF LONDON AS SHE OPENED HER DOOR IN ANSWER TO A KNOCK ---



A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE HOUSE WAS MADE, BUT WHEN NO TRACE OF THE STRANGE BAT WAS FOUND, THE WHOLE MOXEY HOUSEHOLD WENT TO SLEEP---UNTIL RUBY AWOKE AT 2 O'CLOCK AND FOUND THAT THE BAT HAD ALIGHTED ON HER SISTER'S FACE!



RUBY'S SCREAM AWOKE THE HOUSEHOLD, AND HER FATHER AND BROTHER THEN BEGAN A CHASE OF THE BAT WHICH FLITTED FROM WALL TO WALL, UNTIL IT APPARENTLY BECAME EXHAUSTED AND FELL ONTO THE DRESSING TABLE!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE TOWEL WAS TAKEN OUT OF THE WATER ---

LOOK...
THE BAT'S
GONE!

IT---IT MUST HAVE
BEEN A GHOST
BAT ---AND ITS
APPEARANCE CAN
ONLY HAVE BEEN
AN EVIL
OMEN!



SURE ENOUGH, WITHIN A WEEK, THE DAUGHTER ON WHOSE FACE THE BAT HAD SETTLED WAS DEAD---OF UNKNOWN CAUSES---A GRIM VICTIM OF THE GHOST BAT!



DEMON, EXPERIENCED

ENOCH SAWYER walked briskly down the center aisle of the hardware store he owned, nodding with satisfaction to himself at the sight of his two grown daughters and adolescent son quailing as he passed. He knew they considered him a tyrant, and hated him for having worked their mother to death...but Enoch also knew that the beatings he'd given them had broken their will so that they would never dare defy him.

That was why they had never objected when he'd taken each of them out of school at the earliest legal age and put them to work in the store from nine in the morning to nine at night. Nor had they ever dared dissent when he'd taught them how to cheat the customers, how to short-change them and sell them inferior merchandise at outlandish prices. Money was all Enoch cared for and lived for...and his sly, cunning practices in the store had made him rich. And now he was expanding, adding another department to his store...which was why he'd put the ad in this morning's classified column of the town's newspaper.

Seated in his office at the rear of the store now, Enoch unfolded the newspaper and looked for his ad. There it was...*"Demon, experienced, must know how to handle people."* Yes, he'd have to be a demon worker...nothing less would satisfy Enoch. He'd have to learn to lie, to cheat...to do such things as demonstrate sharp can-openers, made of the finest steel, while selling house-

wives substitute can-openers which were dull and made of the cheapest tin. Yes, it would be very profitable...*very* profitable.

"What's the pay...how many *souls*?" a strangely hollow voice suddenly said.

Enoch whirled around in his chair...and shuddered with loathing at the sight that met his eyes. But in a moment, his iron nerves had reasserted themselves, and Enoch said sternly, "I don't know how you got in here without my seeing you, or why you're wearing that horrible mask and silly costume...but you'd better get out before I call the police!"

The hollow voice was filled with menace this time: "You mean you want to get rid of me after making me come all that distance from *The Unknown*? Your ad said you were looking for a *demon*...and here I am! All I want to know is how many souls you'll pay me for whatever work you want done..."

"This is ridiculous," Enoch sputtered. "This isn't France...I don't pay my workers with sous, if that's what you mean! And I'd certainly never hire anyone who wore such a repulsive mask and costume...so *get out!*"

A moment later, Enoch's children heard a piercing, agonizing, almost inhuman scream coming from the office in the rear. But by the time they got there, it was too late...for Enoch looked as if a thousand knives had shredded his body in a fiendish search for the mean and evil soul within!

The UNDYING BRAIN

THERE! IT'S ALL WRITTEN DOWN FOR THE WORLD TO READ! NOW ALL I NEED IS THE COURAGE--TO PULL THE TRIGGER...



A MAN SITS IN A LONELY LABORATORY ATOP A DESOLATE MOUNTAIN, LIVING OUT THE LAST FLEETING SECONDS OF HIS LIFE! AND IN THE PAGES HE WRITES LIES A TRAGIC STORY OF AMBITION, HATE--AND MURDER! COME SHARE HIS TORTURED THOUGHTS IN THESE LAST FLEETING MOMENTS, BEFORE HIS FINGER TENSES AND THERE IS AN END AT LAST TO--THE UNDYING BRAIN!

THE EERIE TALE BEGAN BACK IN 1930, WHEN JOHN HARLEY, BRILLIANT YOUNG BRAIN SURGEON, ANSWERED A STRANGE MIDNIGHT CALL...

GLAD YOU'RE HERE AT LAST! THE SECRETARY HAS BEEN VERY ILL!

THIS WILL BE QUITE A FEATHER IN MY PROFESSIONAL CAP-- ATTENDING A CABINET MEMBER!



I HAVEN'T-- MUCH TIME LEFT, DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE WHAT I TELL YOU! AND I MUST HAVE YOUR OATH--THAT WHAT WE SAY IN THIS ROOM WILL REMAIN SECRET!

OF COURSE! BUT I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND...



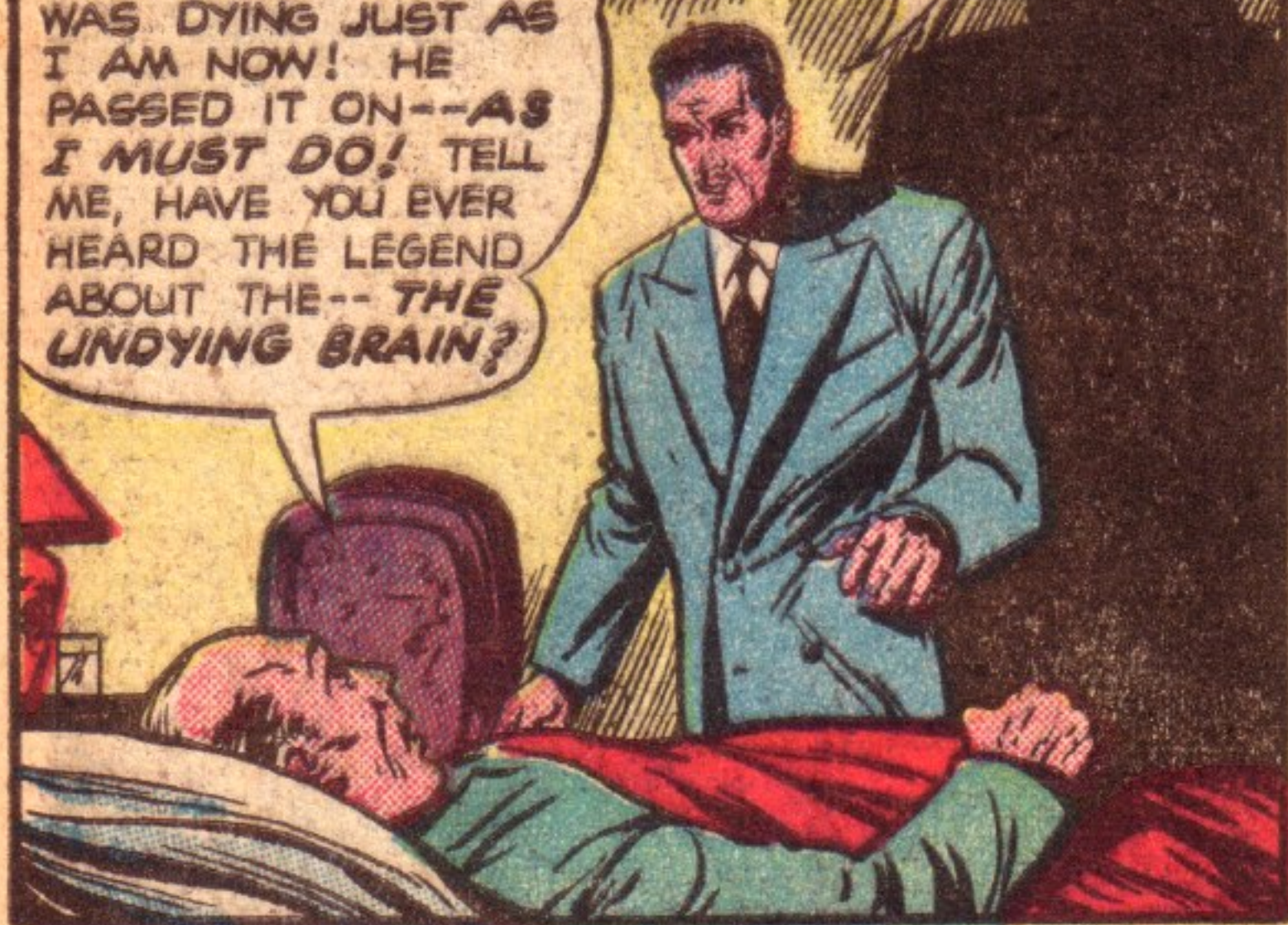
YOU WILL-- WHEN I TELL YOU! BEFORE I DIE--YOU MUST OPERATE ON ME-- REMOVE MY BRAIN AND GIVE IT TO A MAN I WILL DESIGNATE! YOU UNDERSTAND-- MY BRAIN MUST NOT DIE WITH ME!



SENSES REELING, JOHN HARLEY LISTENED AS THE DYING MAN UNFOLDED A WEIRD STORY...

MY BRAIN--ISN'T THE SAME ONE I WAS BORN WITH! I GOT IT--AS A YOUNG MAN--FROM ONE WHO WAS DYING JUST AS I AM NOW! HE PASSED IT ON--AS I MUST DO! TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE LEGEND ABOUT THE--THE **UNDYING BRAIN**?

I REMEMBER SOMETHING--BUT ISN'T IT JUST A STORY OUT OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY?



A LEGEND? HARDLY! THE BRAIN FIRST BELONGED TO A GREEK PHILOSOPHER NAMED AVATOS! ON HIS DEATHBED--

HASTEN! AVATOS CANNOT LIVE MUCH LONGER!

THIS IS A DARING THING WE DO! MAY IT PLEASE THE GODS THAT THE BRAIN OF OUR OLD FRIEND LIVES ON IN **ANOTHER BODY!**



THAT WAS IN 320 B.C.! AND THE BRAIN DIDN'T DIE! A HUNDRED YEARS LATER IT WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF A FAMOUS GREEK GENERAL...

THE ENEMY IS ROUTED--IT'S ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY! YOU'RE THE GREATEST SOLDIER IN THE WORLD!

THANKS TO **THE BRAIN!** IF THEY ONLY KNEW--HOW I HOLD THE WISDOM AND LEARNING OF ALMOST TWO CENTURIES WITHIN ME!



DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES--**THE BRAIN** WAS PASSED! IT WAS NEVER--ALLOWED TO DIE! IT PASSED FROM SOLDIERS TO KINGS, TO LAWYERS, STATESMEN, ALL MEN WHO **MADE HISTORY!** IF ONLY--I HAD TIME TO TELL YOU THE NAMES--OF THE FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE OWNED IT...

INCREDIBLE! BUT SOMEHOW I **BELIEVE** HIM!



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT I RECEIVED THE BRAIN! I WAS A YOUNG MAN, JUST STARTING IN POLITICS...

IT'S TRUE! IT'S HAPPENING! SOON HE'LL OPERATE ON ME AND I'LL HAVE THE **BRAIN--** TO USE AS LONG AS I LIVE!



YES, IT'S MADE ME POWERFUL, FAMOUS! NOW I MUST KEEP--THE PROMISE I MADE--TO PASS IT ON--TO A YOUNGER MAN! I'LL TELL YOU HIS NAME, DOCTOR-- JUST BEFORE THE OPERATION

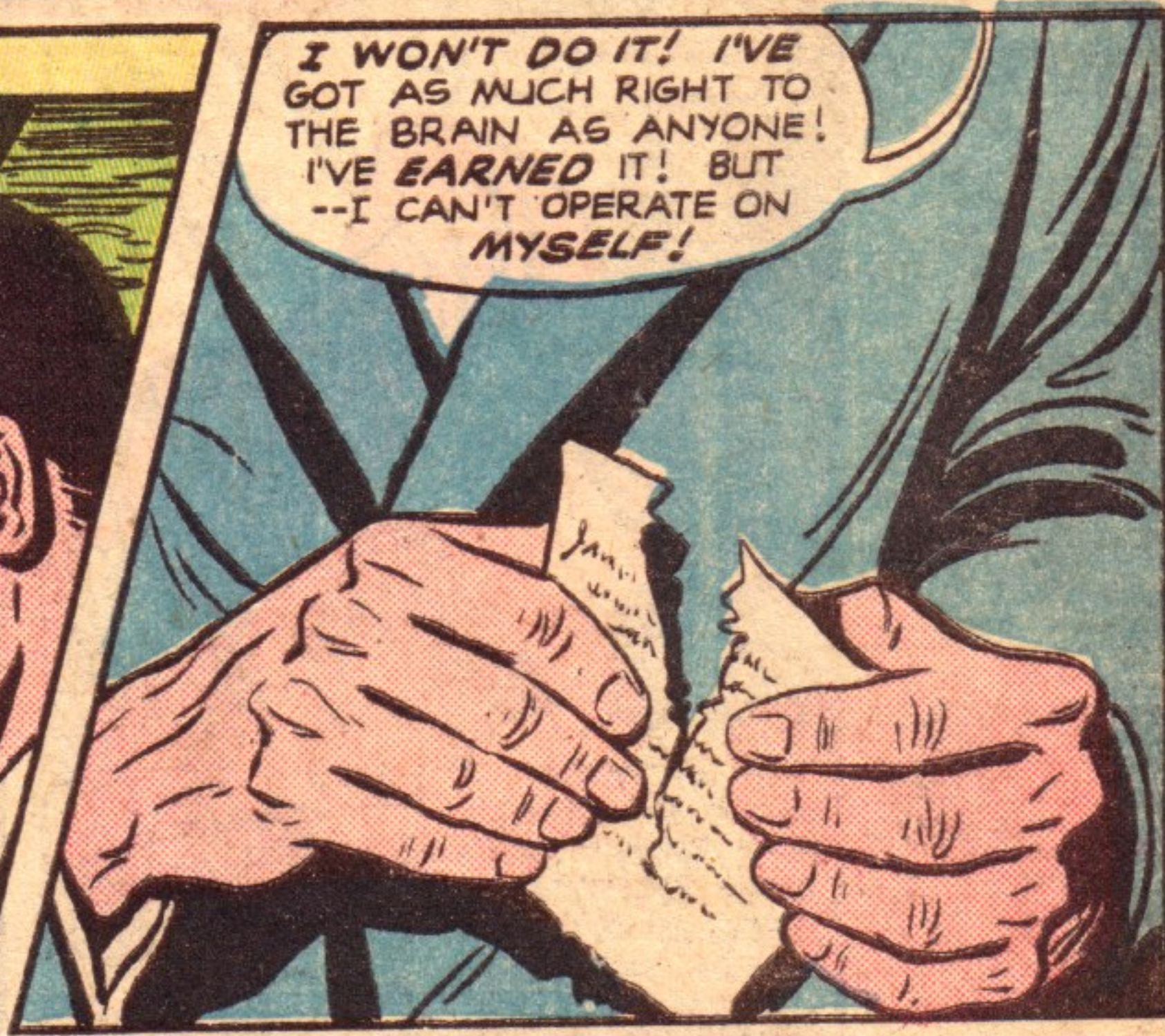
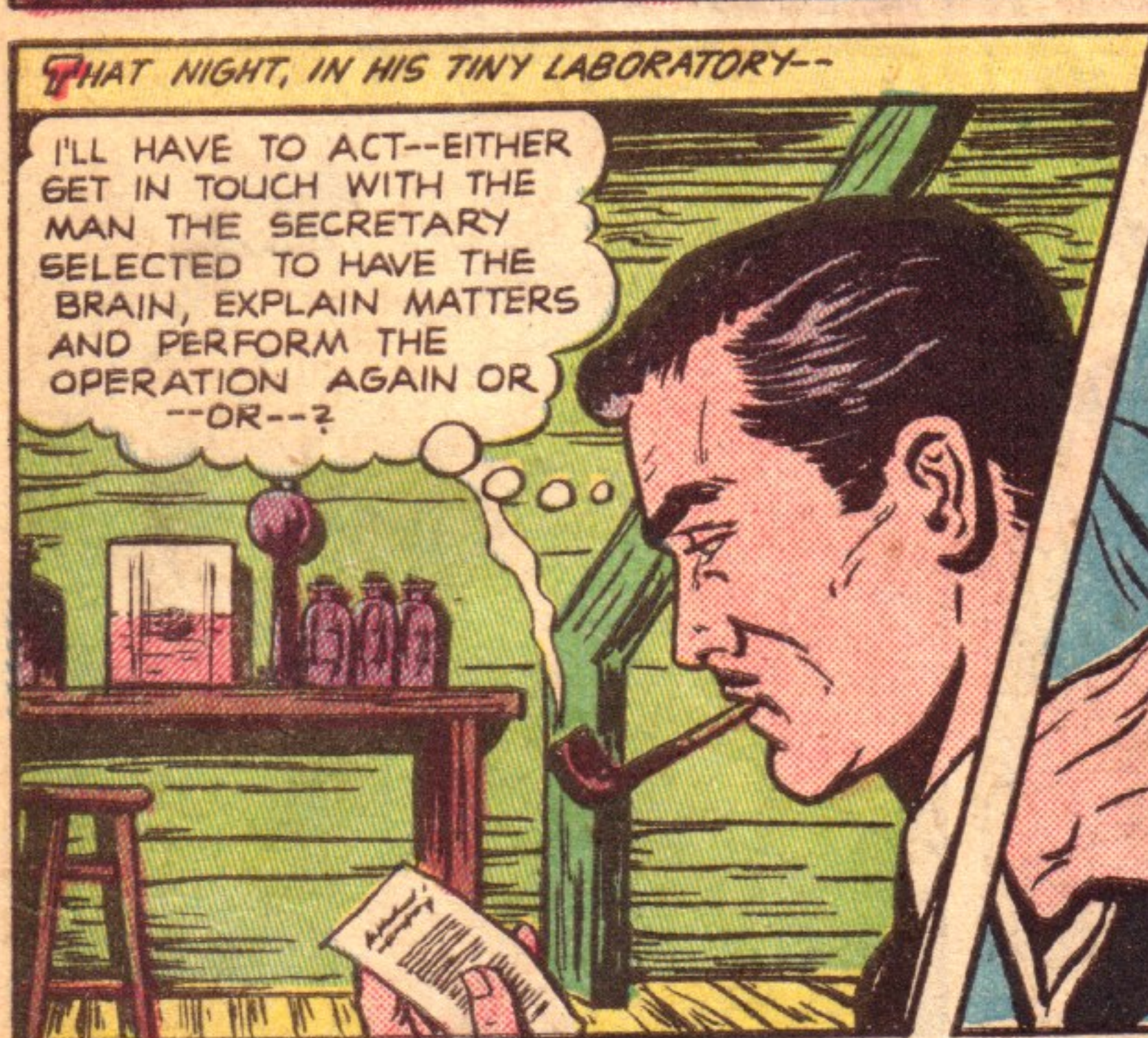
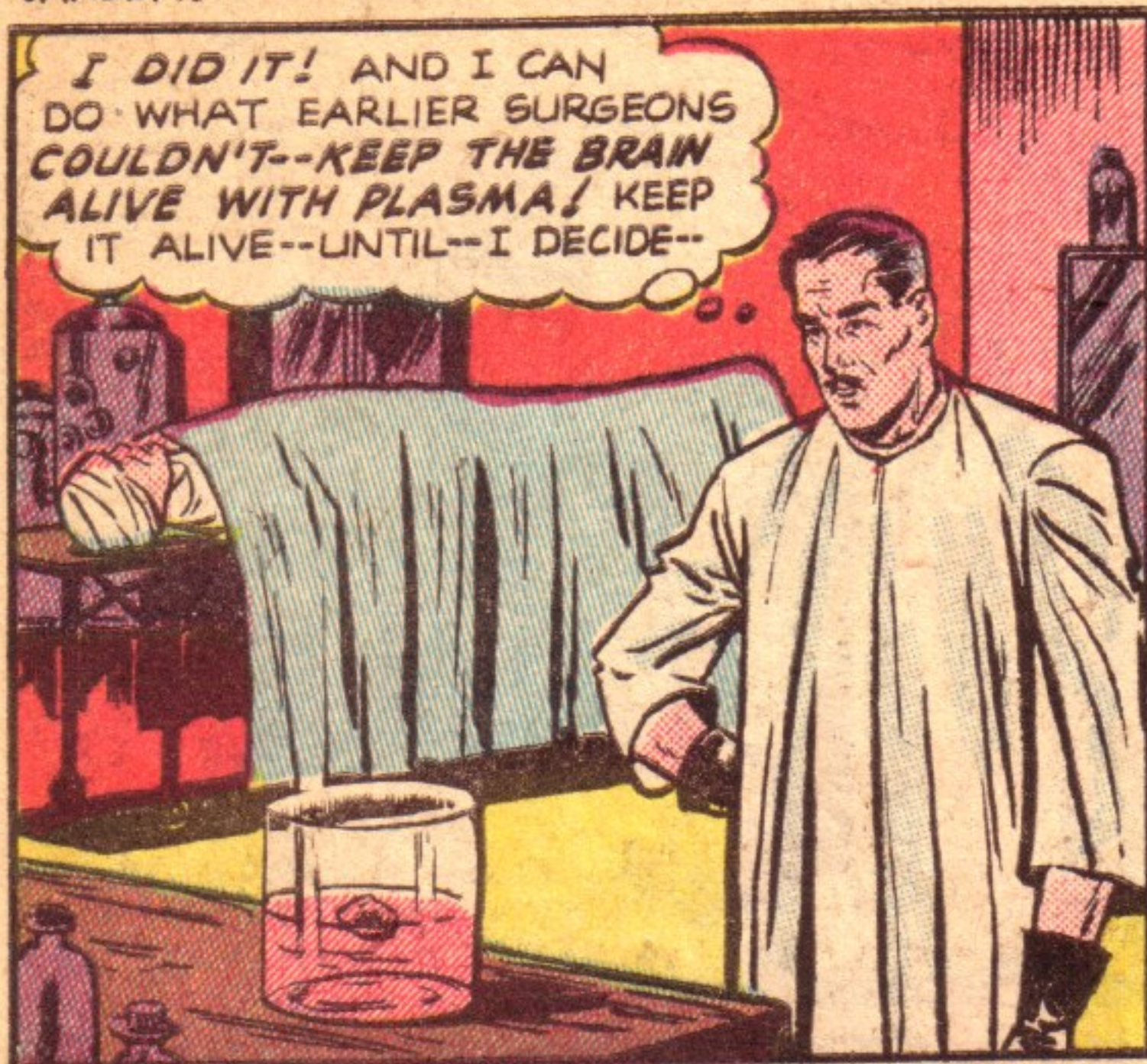
YOU MEAN I'M TO DO THE OPERATION? TRANSFER THE **BRAIN** TO A MAN YOU SELECT?



YES! NOW HURRY--AND MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS, HARLEY! THERE ISN'T--MUCH TIME! IF I DIE--BEFORE YOU OPERATE--THE BRAIN IS LOST FOREVER!



AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER, JOHN HARLEY SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED THE MOST IMPORTANT OPERATION OF HIS CAREER!



IT DIDN'T TAKE JOHN HARLEY LONG TO THINK OF A SCHEME...



AND SO, FINALLY, HARLEY CONVINCED HIS RELUCTANT WIFE! AS THEY APPROACHED HIS LONELY, MOUNTAIN-TOP LABORATORY--



THE OPERATION MUST BE TONIGHT, MILDRED! YOU WON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE?

NO, DARLING! I--I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I'LL DO IT FOR YOUR SAKE! BUT I'M SO TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED--

THERE, MILDRED! THE RECORD I MADE FOR YOU! JUST LISTEN, DON'T GET FLUSTERED, AND EVERYTHING WILL GO PERFECTLY! YOU **MUST** SUCCEED!



Y-YES, JOHN!

"BE SURE YOUR CLAMPS ARE IN PLACE! NOW YOUR TOWEL CLIPS! THE DRILL SHOULD BE AT YOUR LEFT AND..."

SO ON A BARREN MOUNTAIN TOP, WHILE THE WIND WHISTLED EERILY THROUGH STARK PINES, A VALIANT WOMAN DID THE BIDDING OF THE MAN SHE LOVED! SHE PERFORMED ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL OPERATIONS--WHILE A MECHANICAL VOICE GRATED ON AND ON...



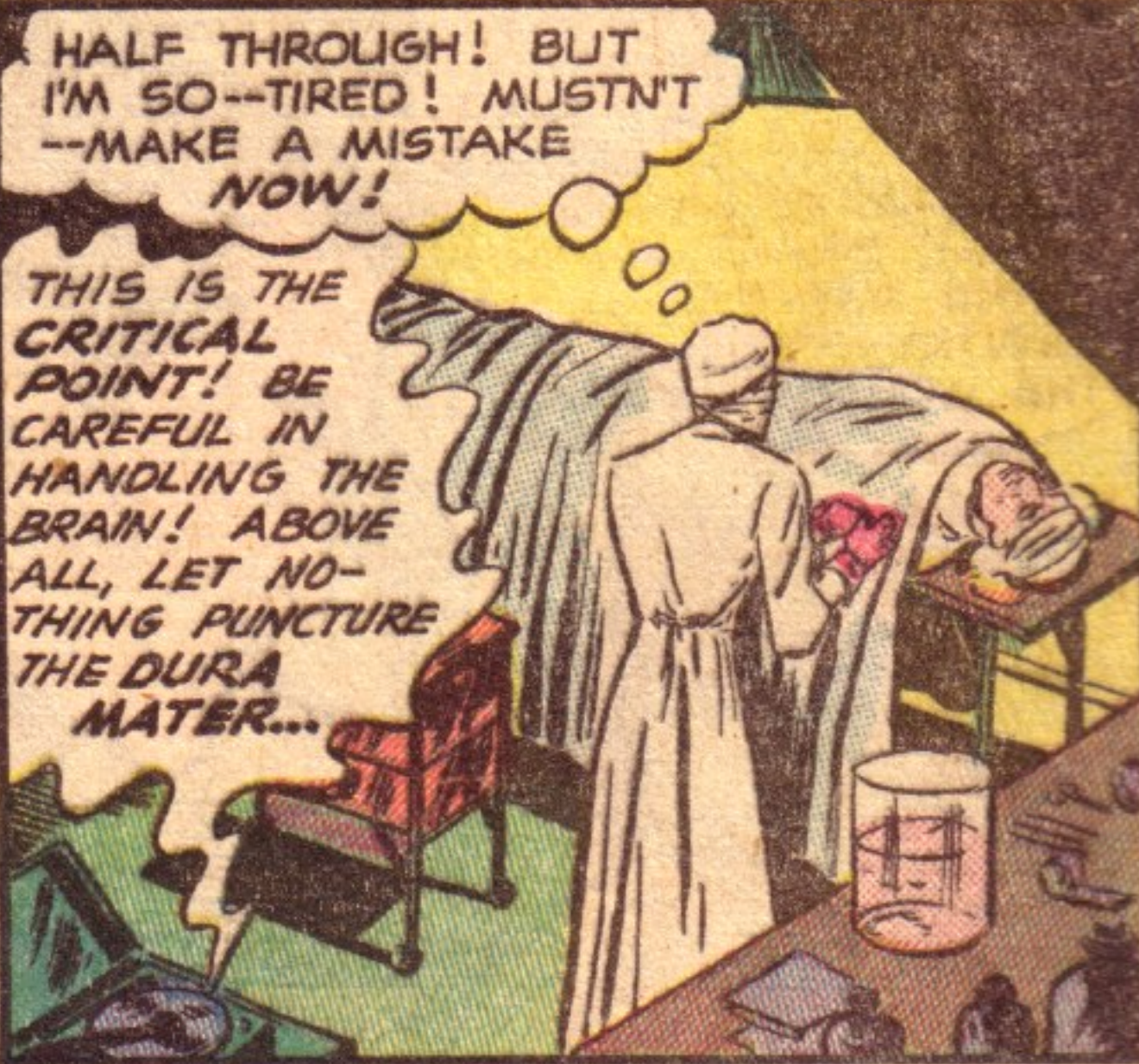
ALL R-RIGHT SO FAR!

THE INCISION MUST BE LIGHT, BUT FIRM! ARRANGE YOUR SPONGES AROUND THE TONSURE! READY WITH THE TREPAN... NOW...

WORKING LIKE AN AUTOMATON, MILDRED HARLEY WAS SOON READY TO PLACE THE CENTURIES-OLD BRAIN IN THE SKULL CAVITY OF HER HUSBAND...

HALF THROUGH! BUT I'M SO--TIRED! MUSTN'T --MAKE A MISTAKE NOW!

THIS IS THE CRITICAL POINT! BE CAREFUL IN HANDLING THE BRAIN! ABOVE ALL, LET NO-THING PUNCTURE THE DURA MATER...



HOURS LATER--

YOU DID IT, MILDRED! I'VE GOT THE BRAIN! ME! ALL THE LEARNING AND EXPERIENCE OF 2000 YEARS --AND IT'S MINE TO USE!

YES, JOHN! I SUPPOSE WE MIGHT CALL THE OPERATION-- A SUCCESS!

FOR HIM-- NOT FOR ME! I KNOW NOW THAT HE NEVER LOVED ME! THIS WAS ALL HE EVER WANTED!



A MONTH PASSED--JOHN HARLEY WAS ALMOST WELL...

AT LAST! NOW WATCH ME MAKE THE WORLD ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD! WITH MY BRAIN, I CAN DO ANYTHING --BE ANYTHING!

HE'S-- CHANGED ALREADY! LIKE A STRANGER! I--I'M A-FRAID OF HIM SOME-TIMES!



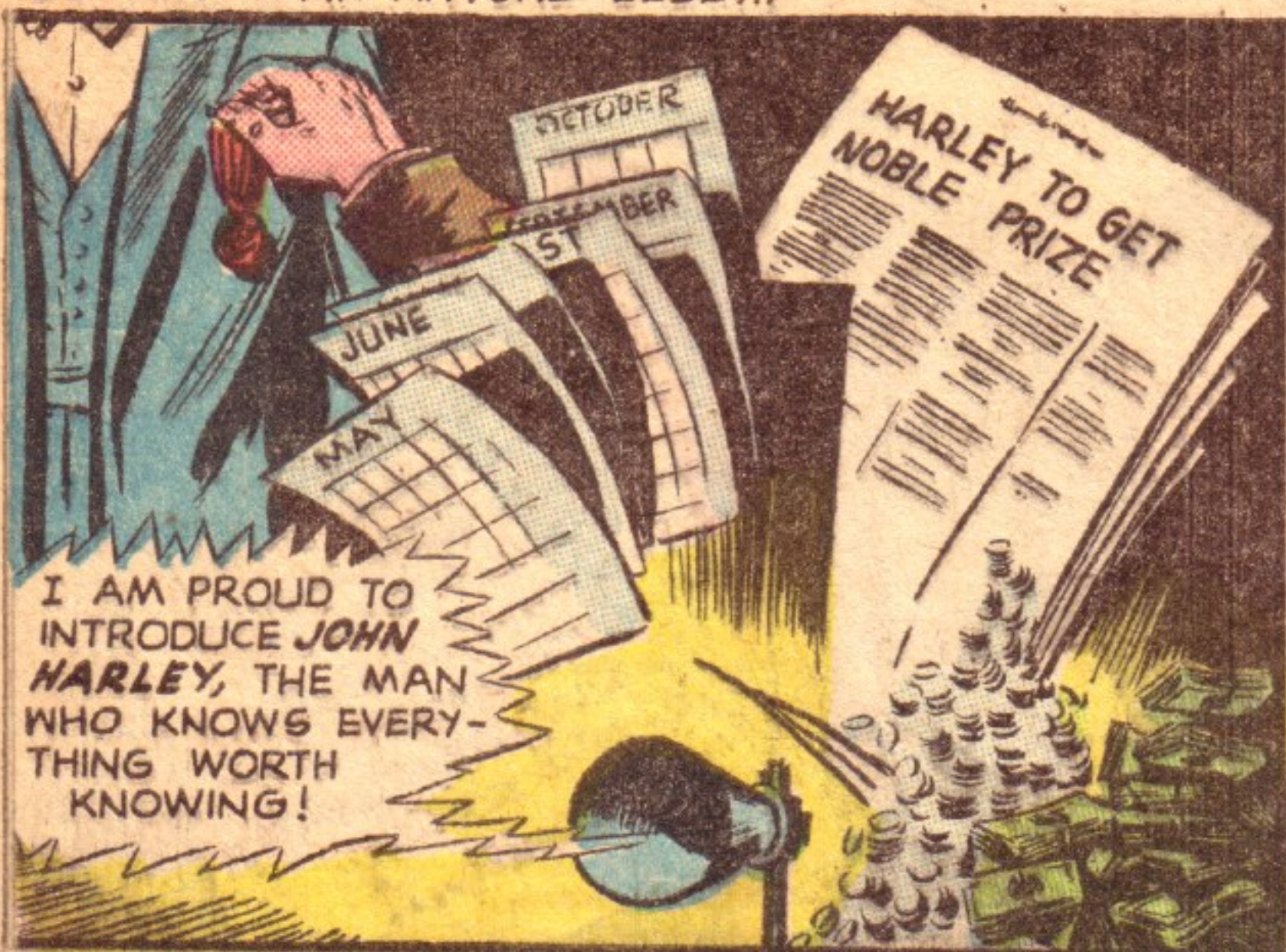
YES--AND MILDRED HARLEY GREW STEADILY MORE AFRAID!

LEAVE ME ALONE! THE ARMY NEEDS THIS NEW STUDY OF LOGISTICS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE --AND I'M THE ONLY MAN THAT REMEMBERS HOW CAESAR SOLVED A SIMILAR PROBLEM! NOW GET OUT!

BUT YOU ARE A SURGEON, JOHN! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? YOU'RE TRYING TO DO TOO MANY THINGS LATELY!



THE YEARS WENT BY AND THE NAME OF JOHN HARLEY WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD! THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING--WHO COULD DO ANYTHING BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE...



I AM PROUD TO INTRODUCE **JOHN HARLEY**, THE MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING WORTH KNOWING!

AND THEN ONE DAY, AFTER ALMOST TWENTY YEARS...

THE **PRESIDENCY** IS YOURS FOR THE TAKING, MR. HARLEY! WILL YOU BE OUR PARTY'S CANDIDATE?

I ACCEPT, GENTLEMEN! I ALWAYS **KNEW** I WOULD BE PRESIDENT SOME DAY! AFTER ALL--WHO IS BETTER FITTED FOR THE JOB?



THAT NIGHT...

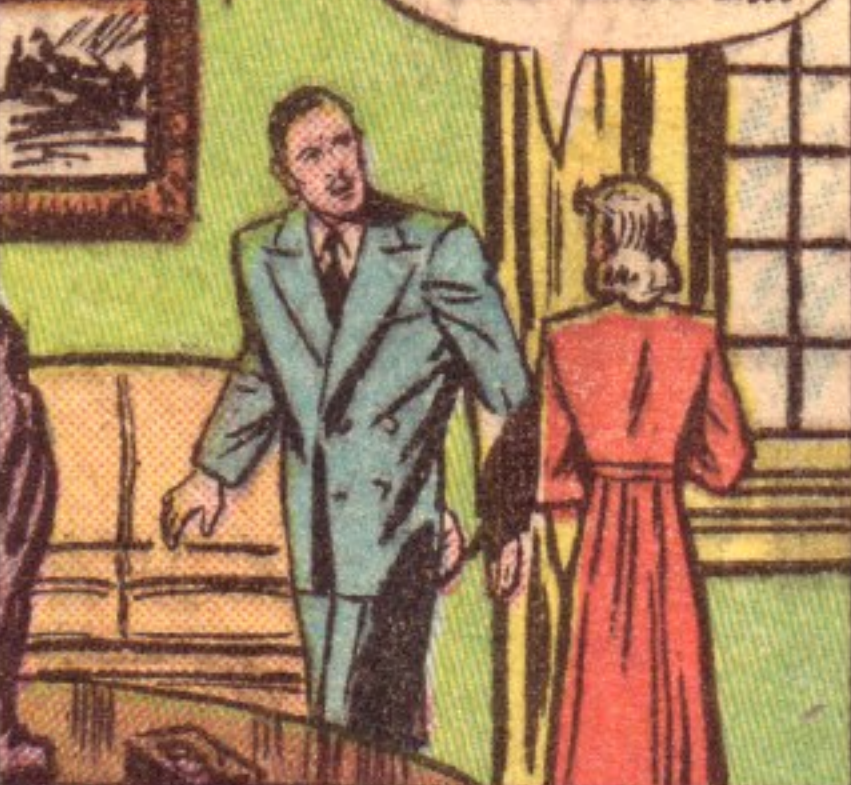
I'M TO BE PRESIDENT **AT LAST!** THE ELECTION IS ONLY A FORM-ALITY, OF COURSE! I HAVE GREAT PLANS FOR THE COUNTRY--FOR THE WORLD!

JOHN--NO! I CAN'T LET YOU TAKE A POSITION THAT CAN SWAY NATIONS! YOU CAN'T **EVER** BE PRESIDENT!



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MILDRED? OF **COURSE** I'LL BE PRESIDENT! WITH MY BRAIN...

YES, YOUR BRAIN--YOUR **MAD BRAIN!** YOU'RE A BRILLIANT MADMAN--MAD WITH IN-SOLENCE, PRIDE, SUPERIORITY! I KNOW, JOHN, BECAUSE I...



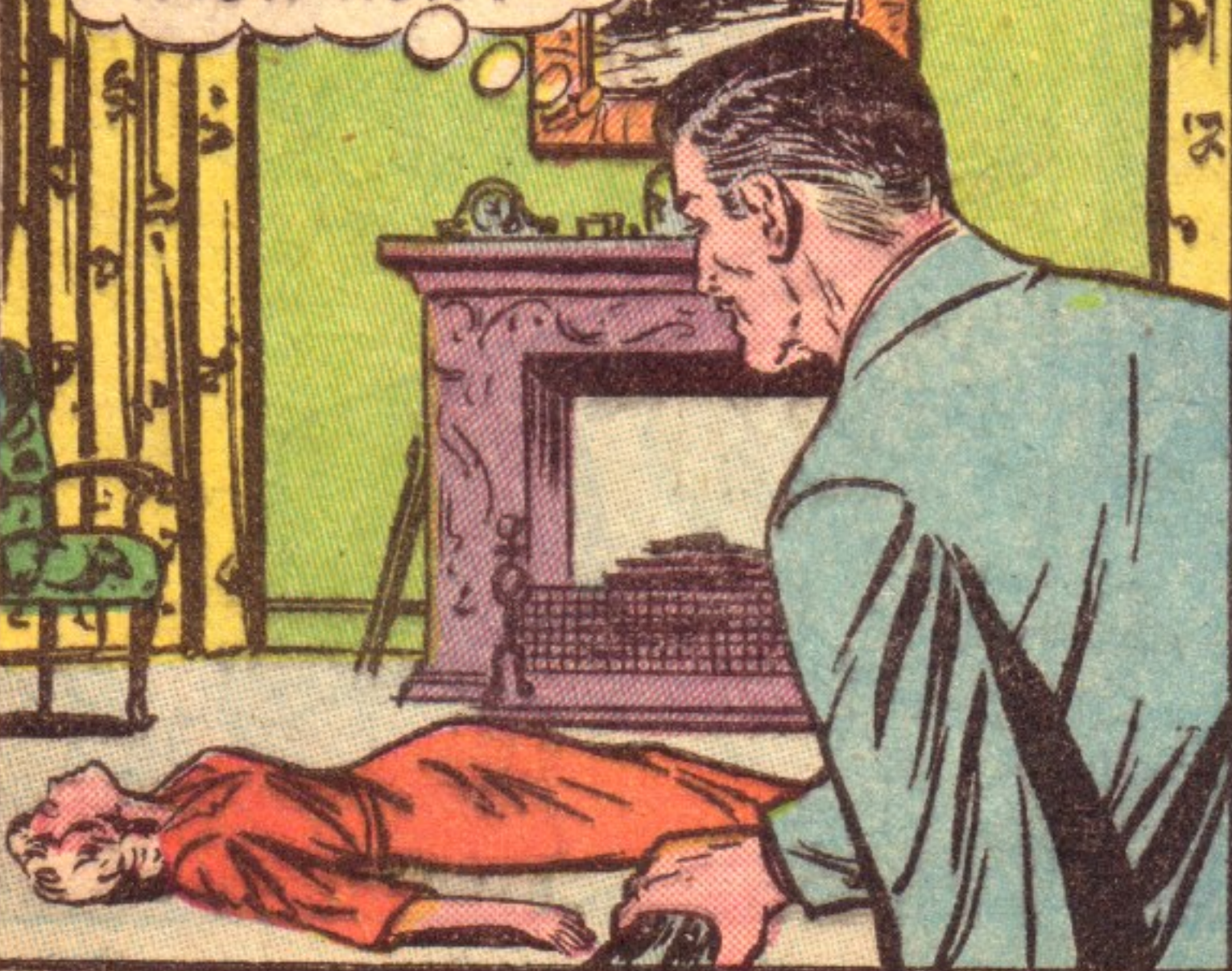
IT WAS A FATEFUL SENTENCE--A SENTENCE MILDRED HARLEY NEVER FINISHED!

NO! DON'T--**AHHHHHH!**

HOW **DARE** YOU? YOU'RE JEALOUS OF THE BRAIN, THAT IS ALL! I'LL KILL YOU--**KILL YOU!**

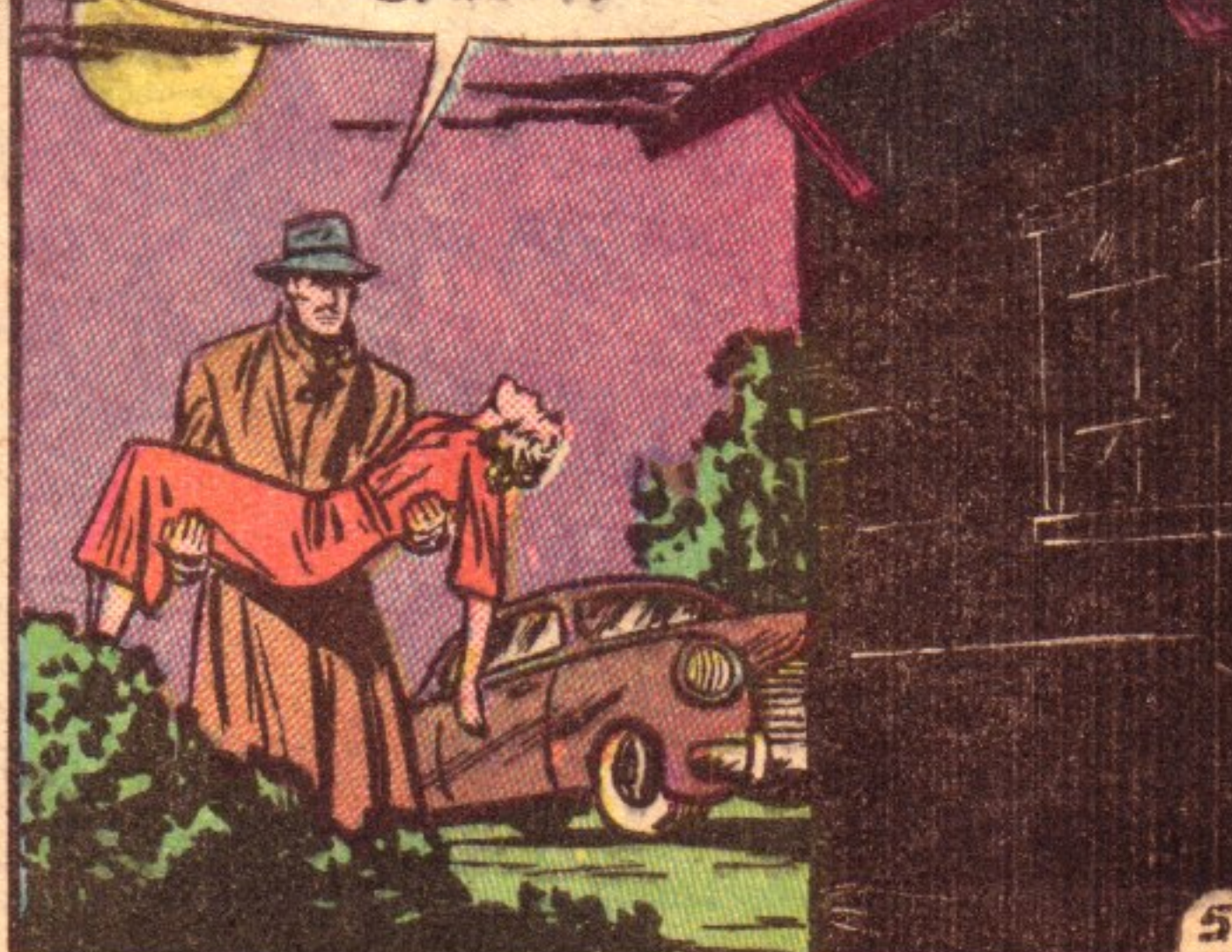


WHAT HAVE I DONE--WHY COULDN'T I STOP MYSELF? IT **COULDN'T** BE WHAT SHE SAID--I'M THE SANEST MAN IN THE WORLD! BUT--BUT I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER BODY--AND I THINK I **KNOW HOW!**



AND SO THE WORLD'S GREATEST THINKER RE-TURNED TO HIS LONG-DESERTED LABORATORY--

JUST THE PLACE TO DO WHAT I'VE GOT TO! STRANGE TO THINK THAT IT WAS JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO, ON THIS SPOT, THAT I FIRST GOT **THE BRAIN!**



STRANGE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER THINGS AS WELL AS I USED TO! THAT FORMULA FOR ACID SHOULD BE HERE SOMEWHERE! IT DOESN'T LEAVE A TRACE OF FLESH OR BONE...

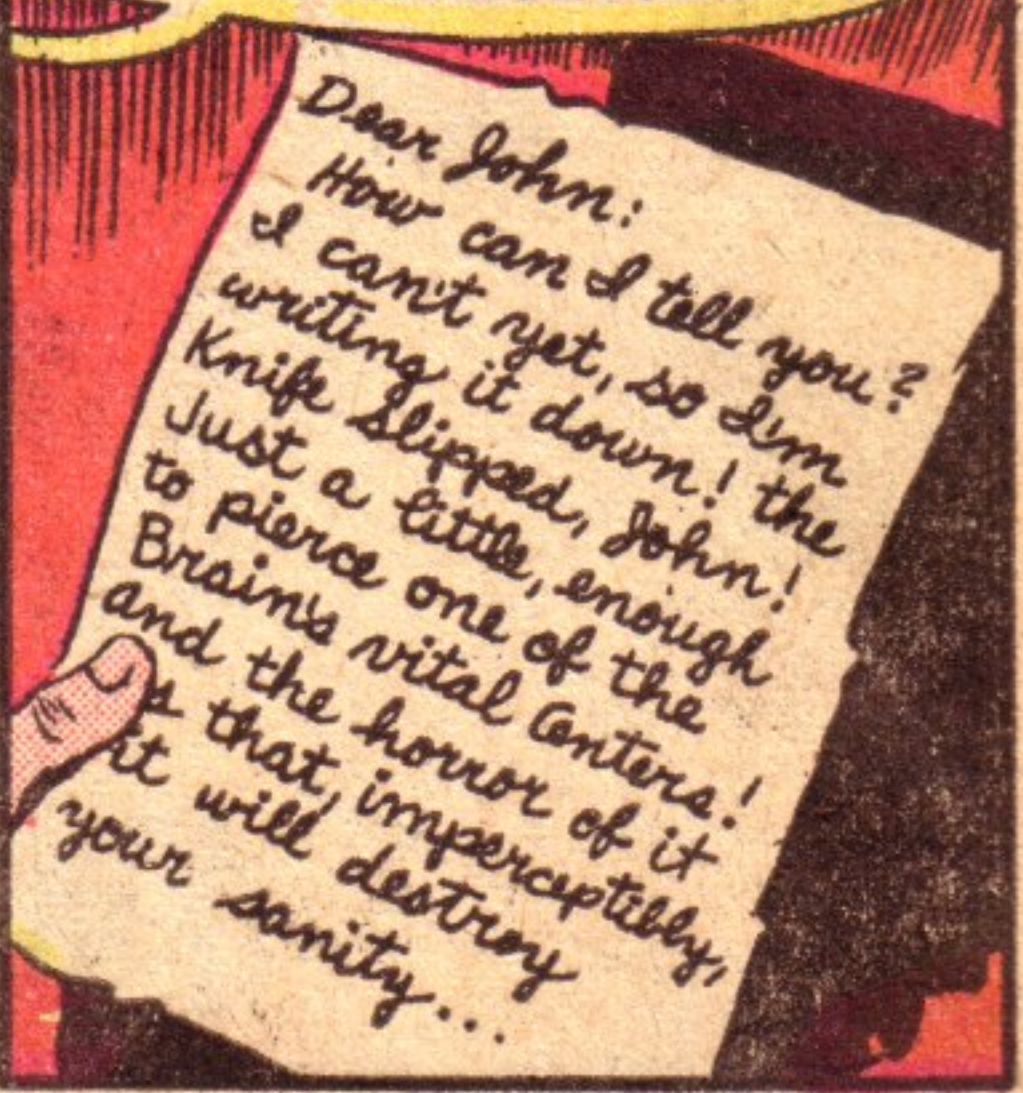


WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE IN MILDRED'S HANDWRITING--SOMETHING ABOUT THE OPERATION! I WONDER...

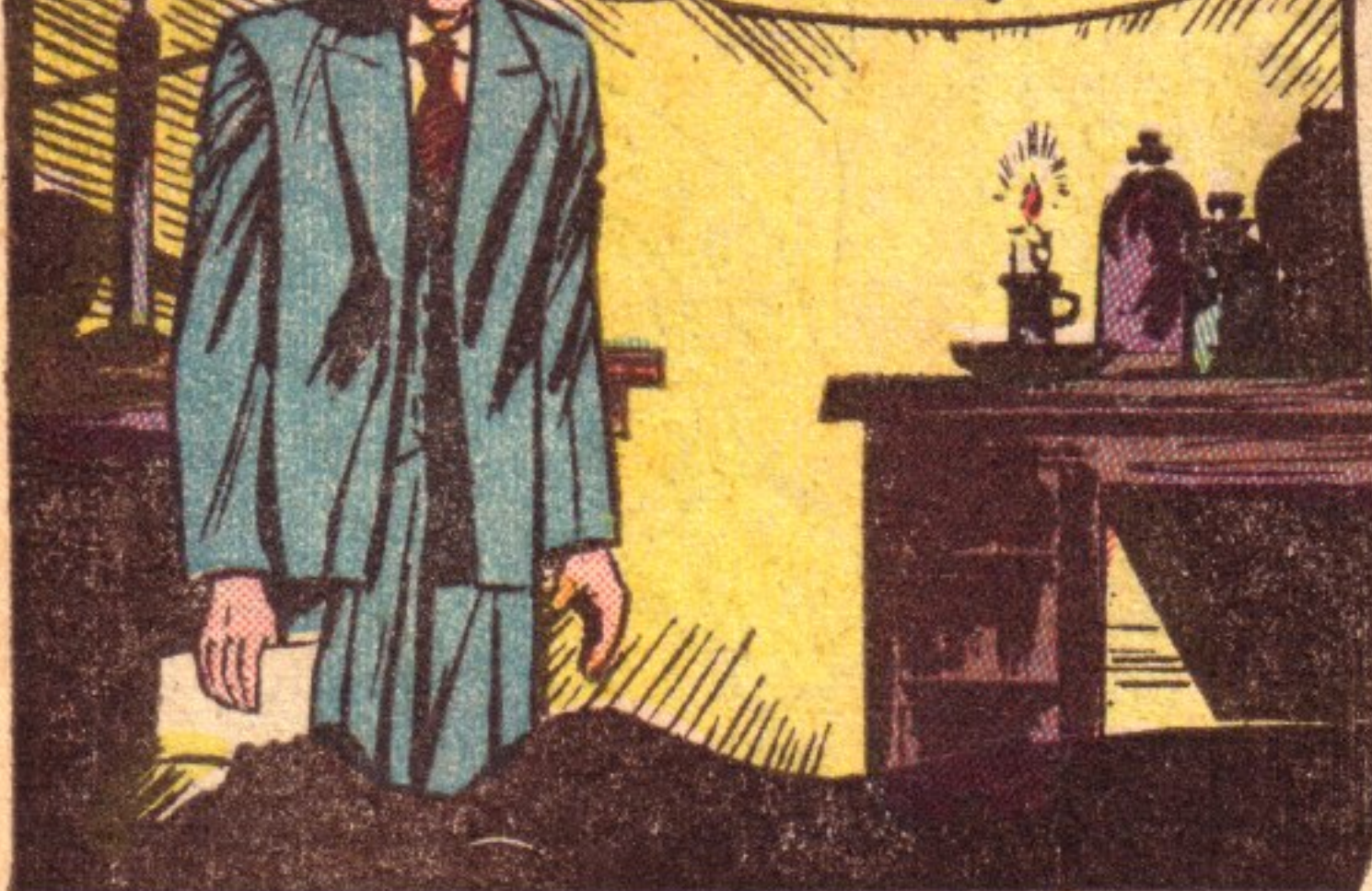


SLOWLY, AS JOHN HARLEY READ THE FADED SCRIPT--HIS BLOOD CHILLED WITHIN HIM!

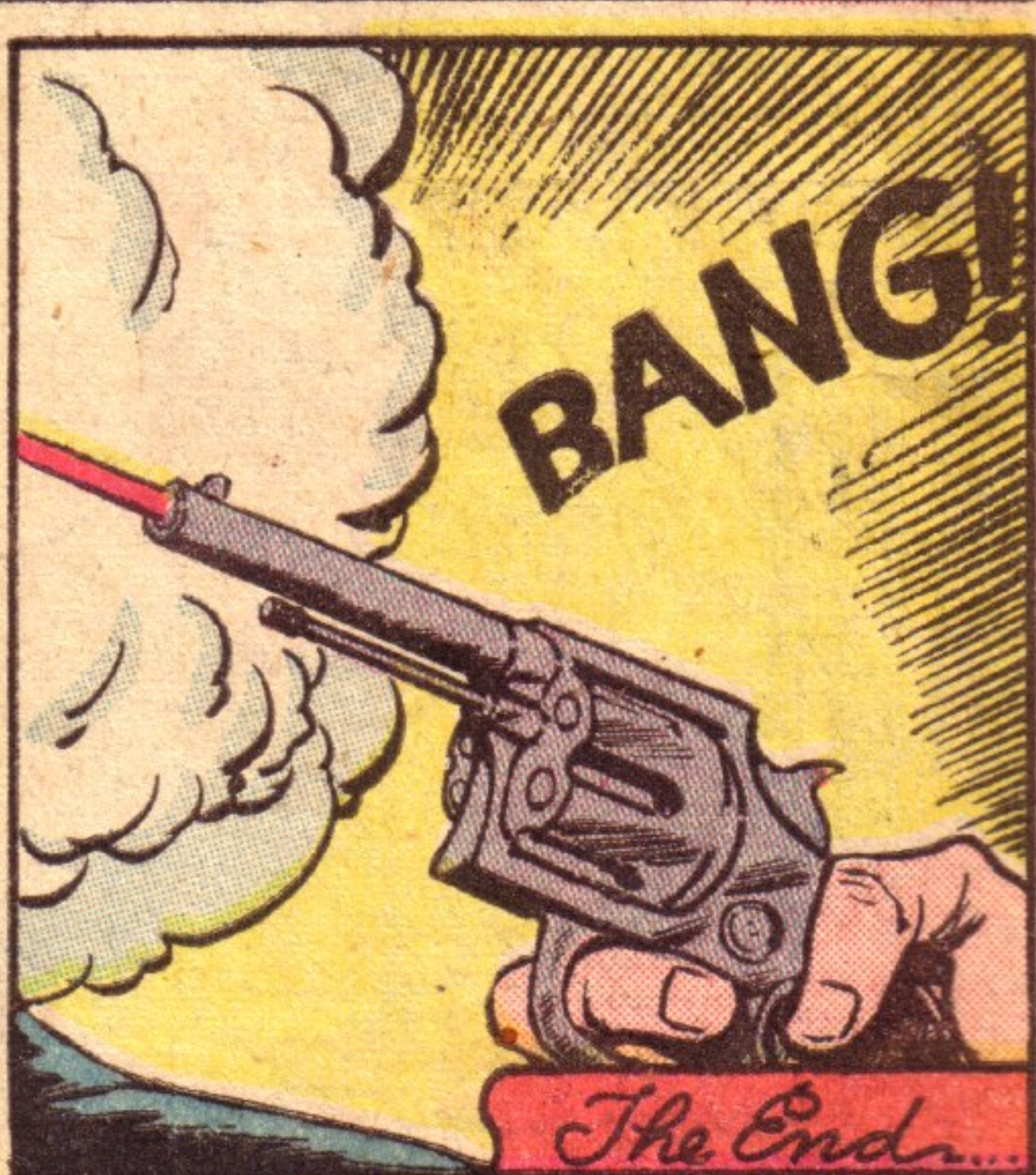
THAT'S WHAT SHE MEANT WHEN SHE SAID I MUST NEVER BE PRESIDENT! SHE KNEW-- SHE KNEW--



I'VE GOT ENOUGH MENTALITY LEFT TO KNOW THAT YOU WERE RIGHT, MILDRED--RIGHT! YES, I'M GOING MAD--SO MAD THAT I CAN NO LONGER RESTRAIN MY LUST FOR POWER! IF I LIVE, THE WORLD WILL SUFFER FROM MY AMBITION--SO THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

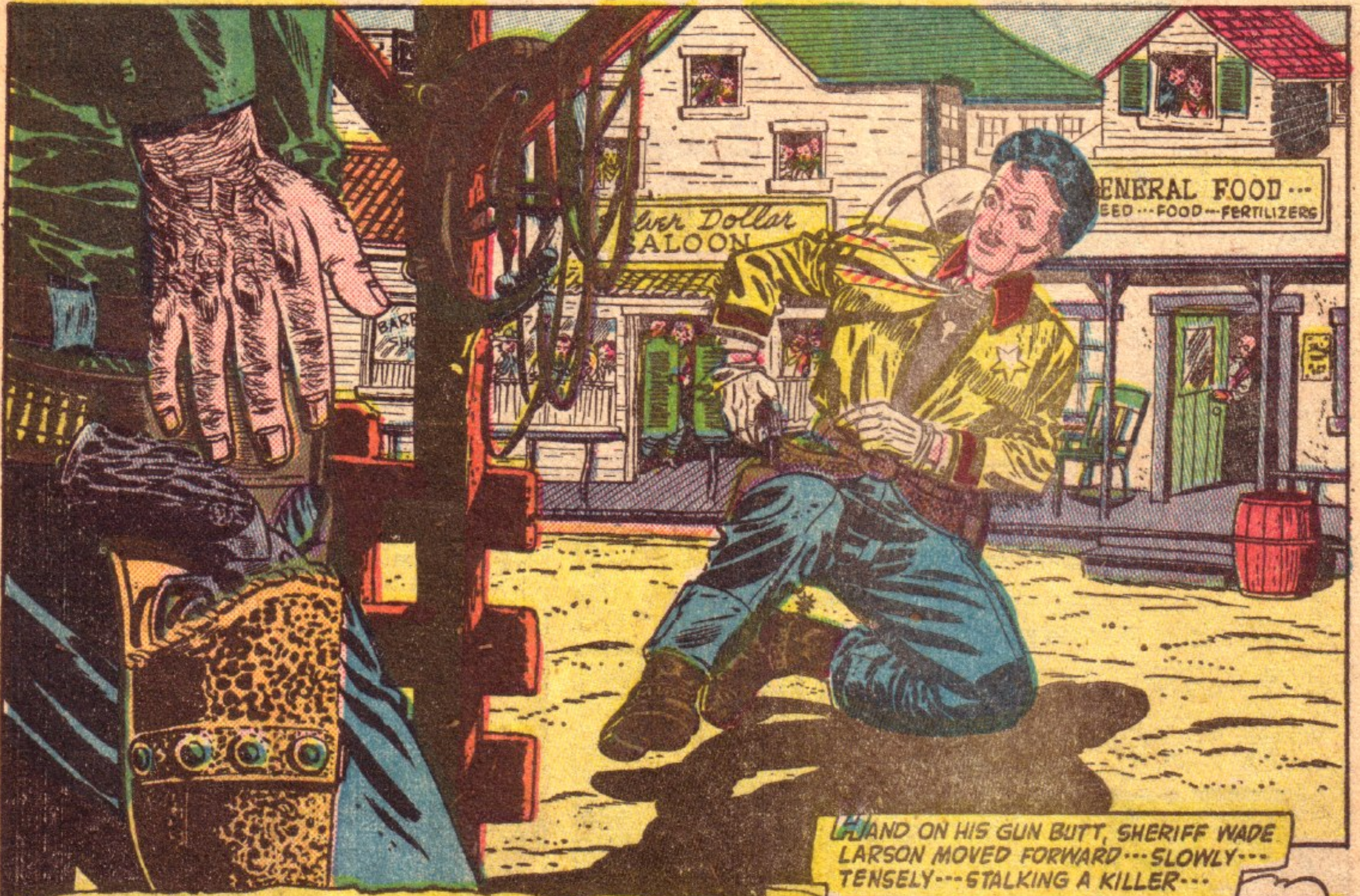


...SO THAT IS MY STORY, AND THE STORY OF THE BRAIN! I STOLE IT--AND I'M PAYING FOR MY CRIME!



The End...

DREAM of Death!



HAND ON HIS GUN BUTT, SHERIFF WADE LARSON MOVED FORWARD... SLOWLY... TENSELY... STALKING A KILLER...

THE DUSTY STREET WAS STILL, CHOKING IN A CLOUD OF TERROR AND FEAR! THE HOT WIND WHISPERED OF GUN SMOKE... OF TWO MEN SWORN TO SHOOT EACH OTHER... ON SIGHT! ONE HEARTSTOPPING INSTANT... AND A MAN MAY BE KILLED... BUT NOT BY GUNFIRE! BY A DREAM...

A DREAM OF DEATH!



MOST OUTLAWS RODE CLEAR OF THE SHERIFF... FOR THE FIGHTING LAWMAN HAD GUNNED THE TEXAS TERRITORY CLEAN! HE HIT HARD AND FAST... WITH IRON FISTS AND A LIGHTNING SIX-SHOOTER! YES, HE HAD FOUGHT MANY DESPERADOES... LIKE THESE...

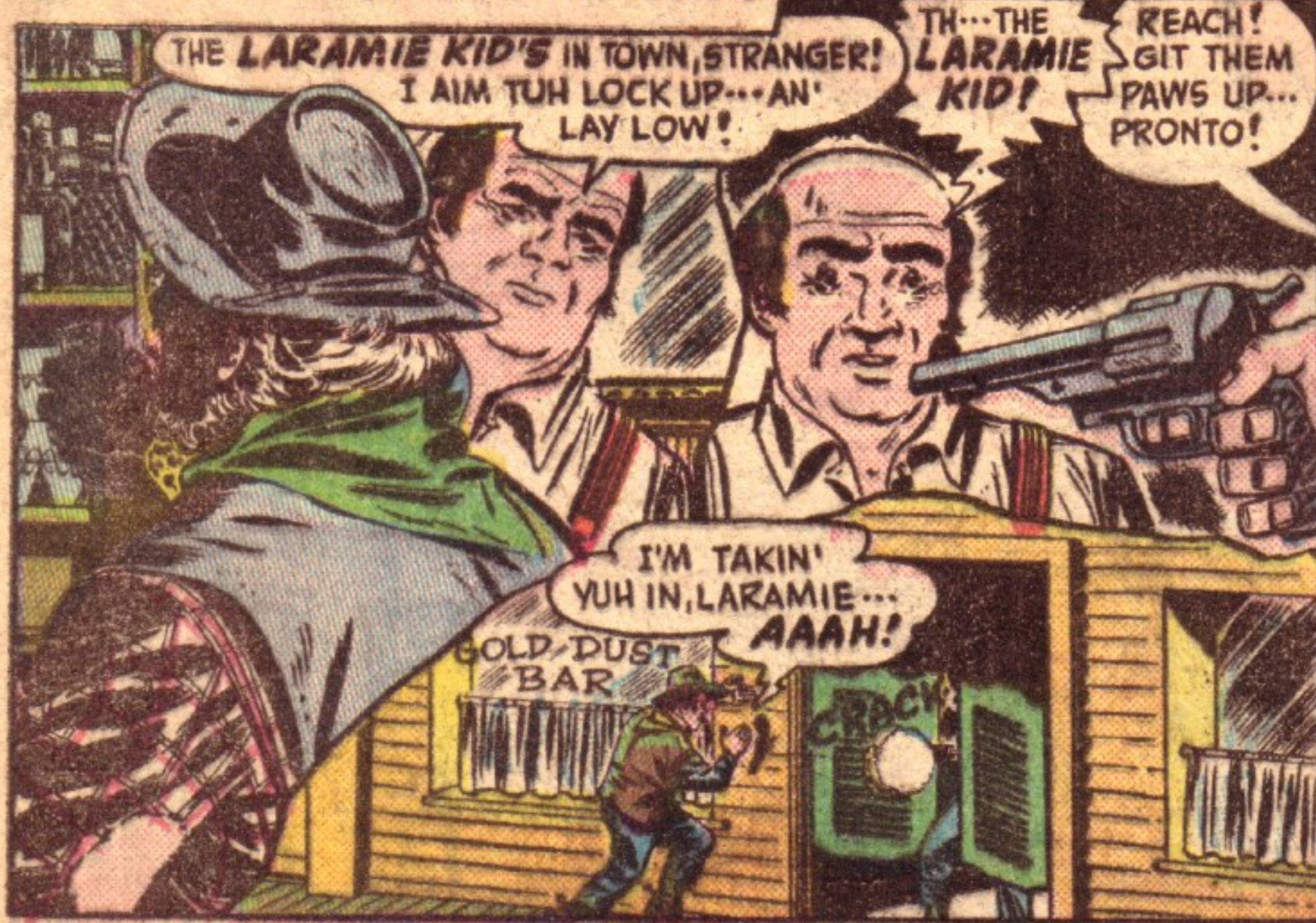
YUH GOT TUH SAVVY HOW TUH THROW ONE O' THOSE STICKERS, BUCKO!

RECKON YORE KIND O' SLOW ON THE DRAW, PODNER!

GET OUTA TOWN, HOMBRE... AN' STAY OUT!



BUT THIS WAS THE BIG ONE, THE LARAMIE KID, FROM OUT WYOMING WAY... WHO HAD A REPUTATION OF HIS OWN!



THE LARAMIE KID'S IN TOWN, STRANGER!
I AIM TUH LOCK UP... AN'
LAY LOW!

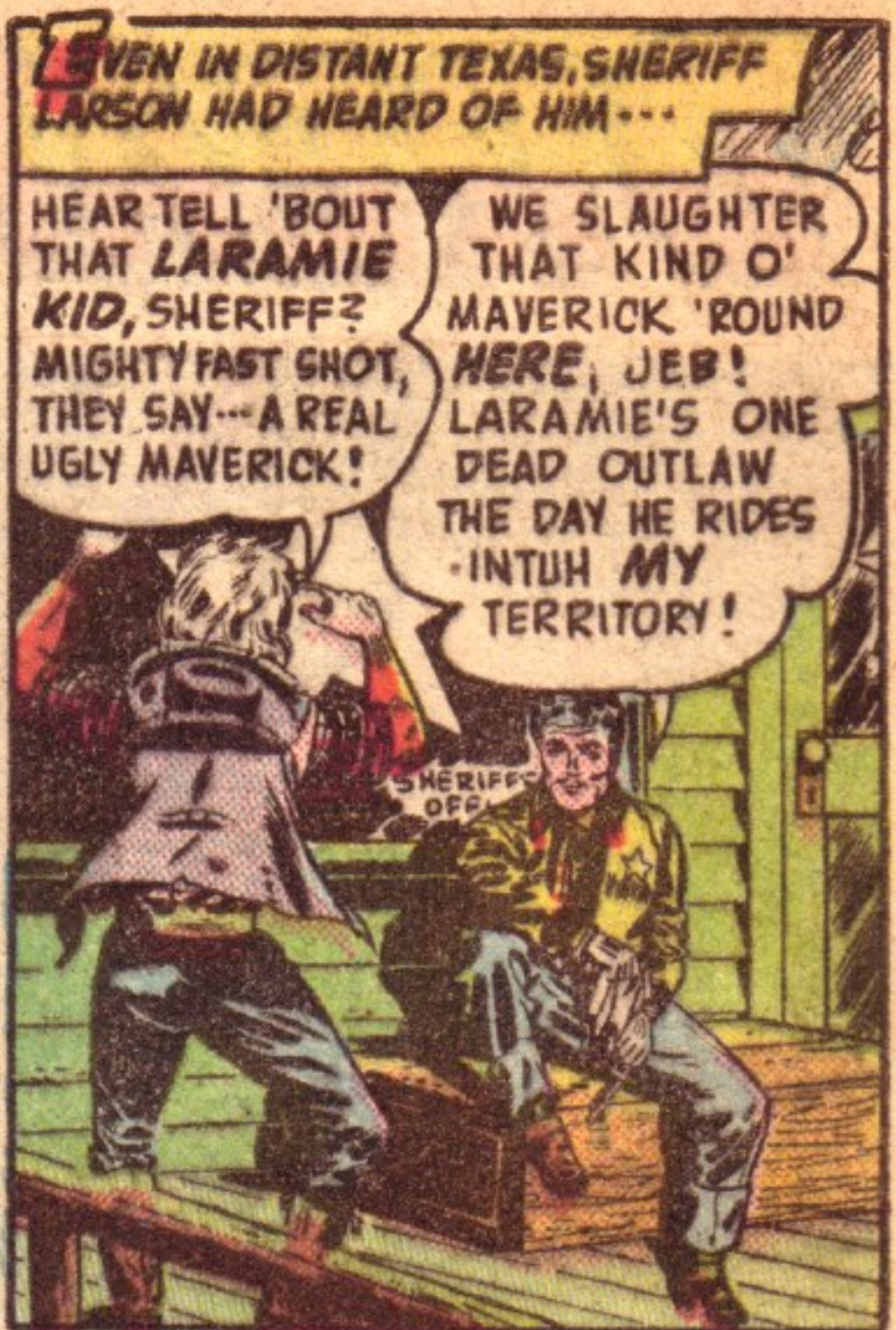
TH...THE
LARAMIE
KID!

REACH!
GIT THEM
PAWS UP...
PRONTO!

I'M TAKIN'
YUH IN, LARAMIE...
AAAAH!

GOLD DUST
BAR

CRACK!

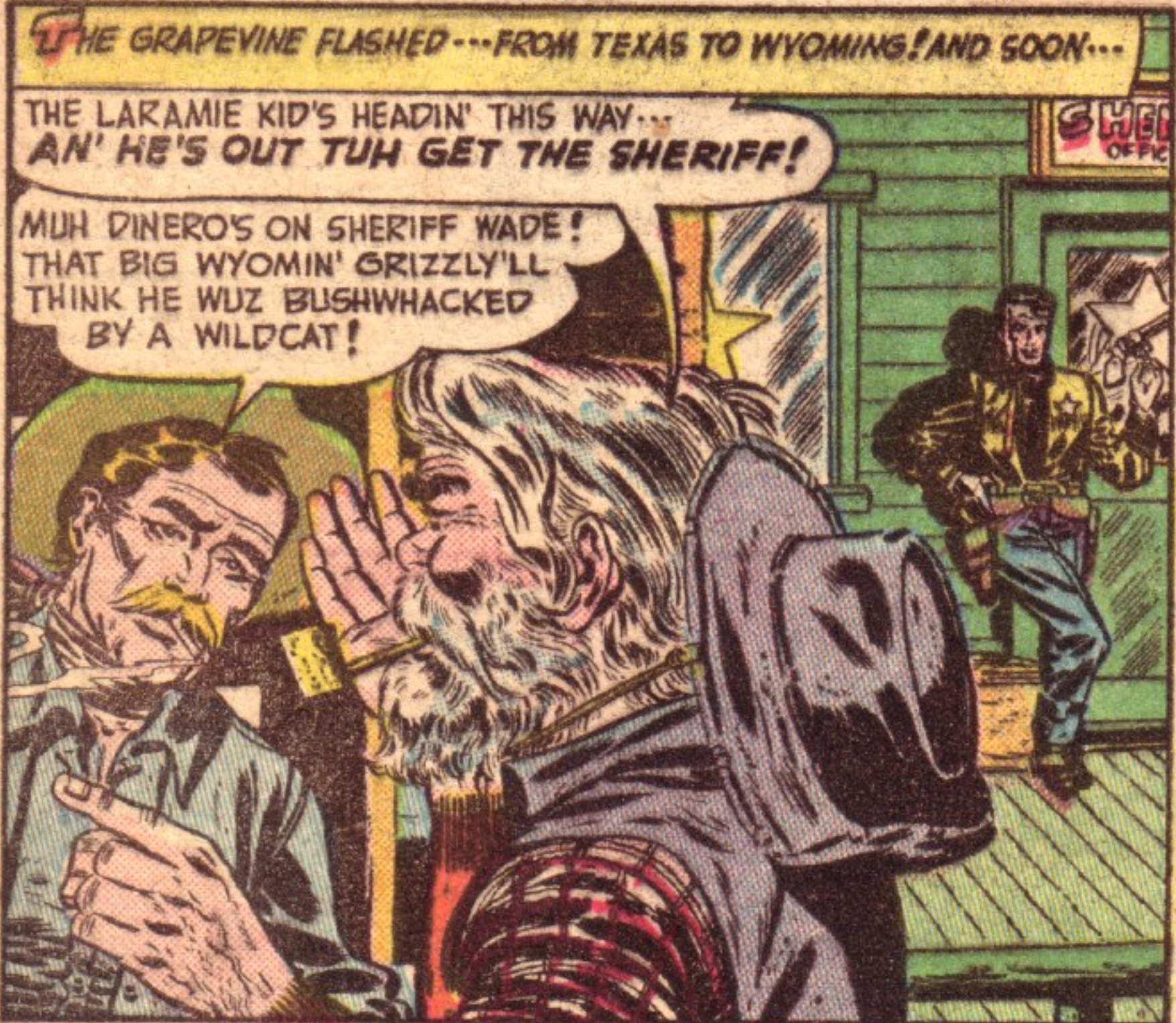


EVEN IN DISTANT TEXAS, SHERIFF LARSON HAD HEARD OF HIM...

HEAR TELL 'BOUT
THAT LARAMIE
KID, SHERIFF?
MIGHTY FAST SHOT,
THEY SAY... A REAL
UGLY MAVERICK!

WE SLAUGHTER
THAT KIND O'
MAVERICK 'ROUND
HERE, JEB!
LARAMIE'S ONE
DEAD OUTLAW
THE DAY HE RIDES
INTUH MY
TERRITORY!

SHERIFF
OFF



THE GRAPEVINE FLASHED...FROM TEXAS TO WYOMING! AND SOON...

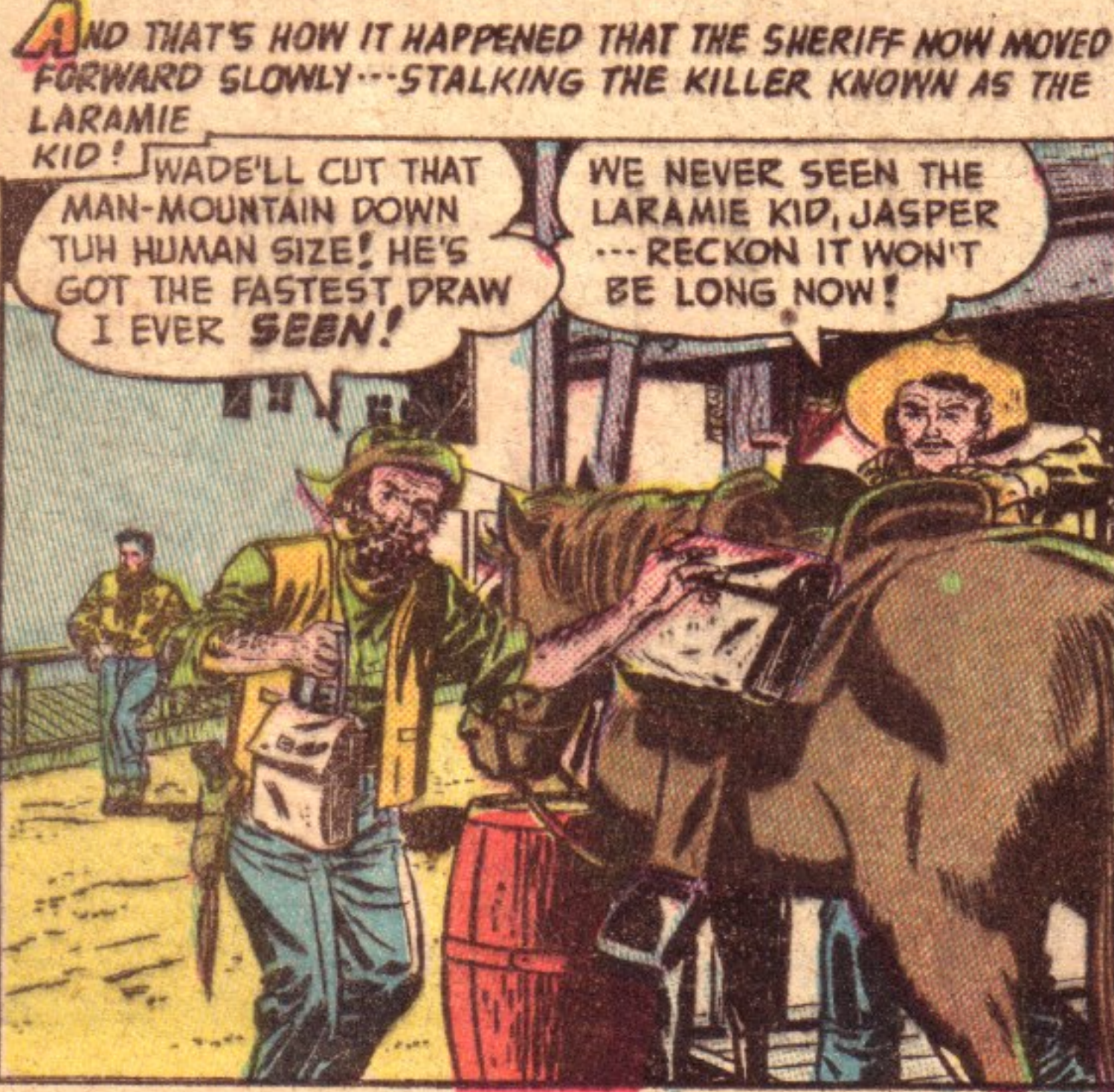
THE LARAMIE KID'S HEADIN' THIS WAY...
AN' HE'S OUT TUH GET THE SHERIFF!

MUH DINERO'S ON SHERIFF WADE!
THAT BIG WYOMIN' GRIZZLY'LL
THINK HE WUZ BUSHWHACKED
BY A WILDCAT!



THE LARAMIE KID'S
COMIN' TUH TOWN,
SHERIFF, AN' HE'S
PACKIN' PLENTY
O' LEATHER!

HE'S RIDIN' A
LONG WAYS,
PODNER, JUST
TUH EAT LEAD!



AND THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE SHERIFF NOW MOVED FORWARD SLOWLY...STALKING THE KILLER KNOWN AS THE LARAMIE KID!

WADE'LL CUT THAT
MAN-MOUNTAIN DOWN
TUH HUMAN SIZE! HE'S
GOT THE FASTEST DRAW
I EVER SEEN!

WE NEVER SEEN THE
LARAMIE KID, JASPER
... RECKON IT WON'T
BE LONG NOW!



BY THUNDER...THE
SHERIFF'S STUMBLIN'
AN' STAGGERIN' LIKE
A MAN IN A NIGHTMARE!

HE SAID... NIGHT-
MARE! HE...CAN'T
KNOW ABOUT THOSE
AWFUL NIGHTMARES
I'VE BEEN HAVIN'!

YES... NIGHTMARES! THE AWFUL DREAM VISIONS THAT HAD TORTURED THE SHERIFF DURING RECENT WEEKS! THEY ALWAYS BEGAN THE SAME WAY WITH THE SHERIFF STALK-

HERE'S ONE LAWMAN THAT'S CALLIN' YUH! DRAW, BLAST YUH... **DRAW!**

ING SOME GIANT, DEADLY OUTLAW--"



BLAZES, THE VARMINT'S GONE! I'M SHOOTIN' AT THIN AIR!

OVER HERE, SHERIFF LARSON... OVER HERE!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

IN HIS NIGHTMARE, THE SHERIFF WHIRLED---

YUH AIN'T READY TUH FIGHT A FULL GROWN HOMBRE! FIRST ---RECKON YUH KIN HANDLE **ME??**

YUH? YUH LITTLE UNDERSIZED RAT---



YUH AIN'T EVEN A RAT--- YUH'RE A FIELD MOUSE! A SQUEAKIN', MEWLIN' FIELD MOUSE--- **HAW-HAW-HAW!**

I'LL **KILL YUH** FER THAT!



NICKED ME! THE LITTLE RUNT---

I'LL DO THE LAUGHIN' NOW ---AFORE I **FINISH YUH!**



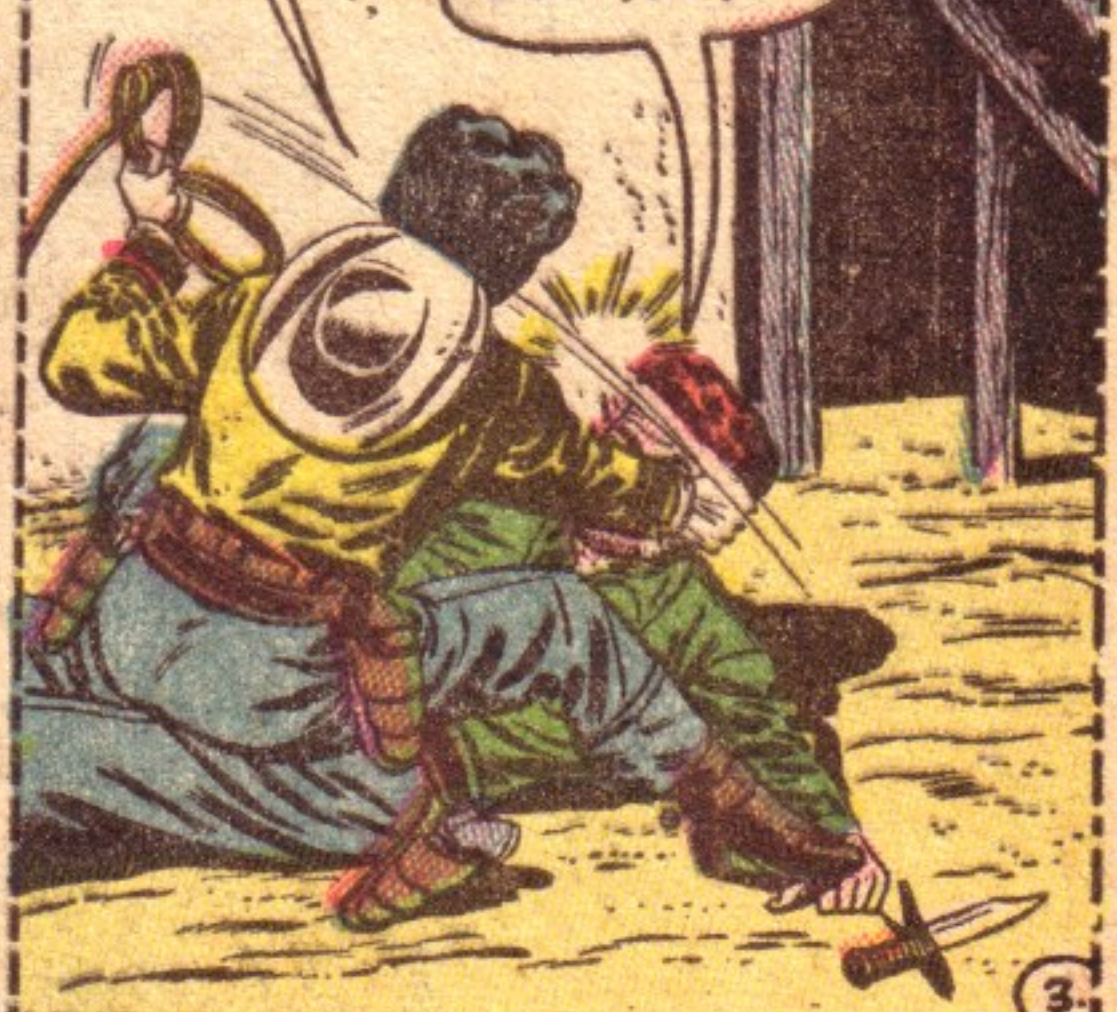
HAW-HAW-HAW!

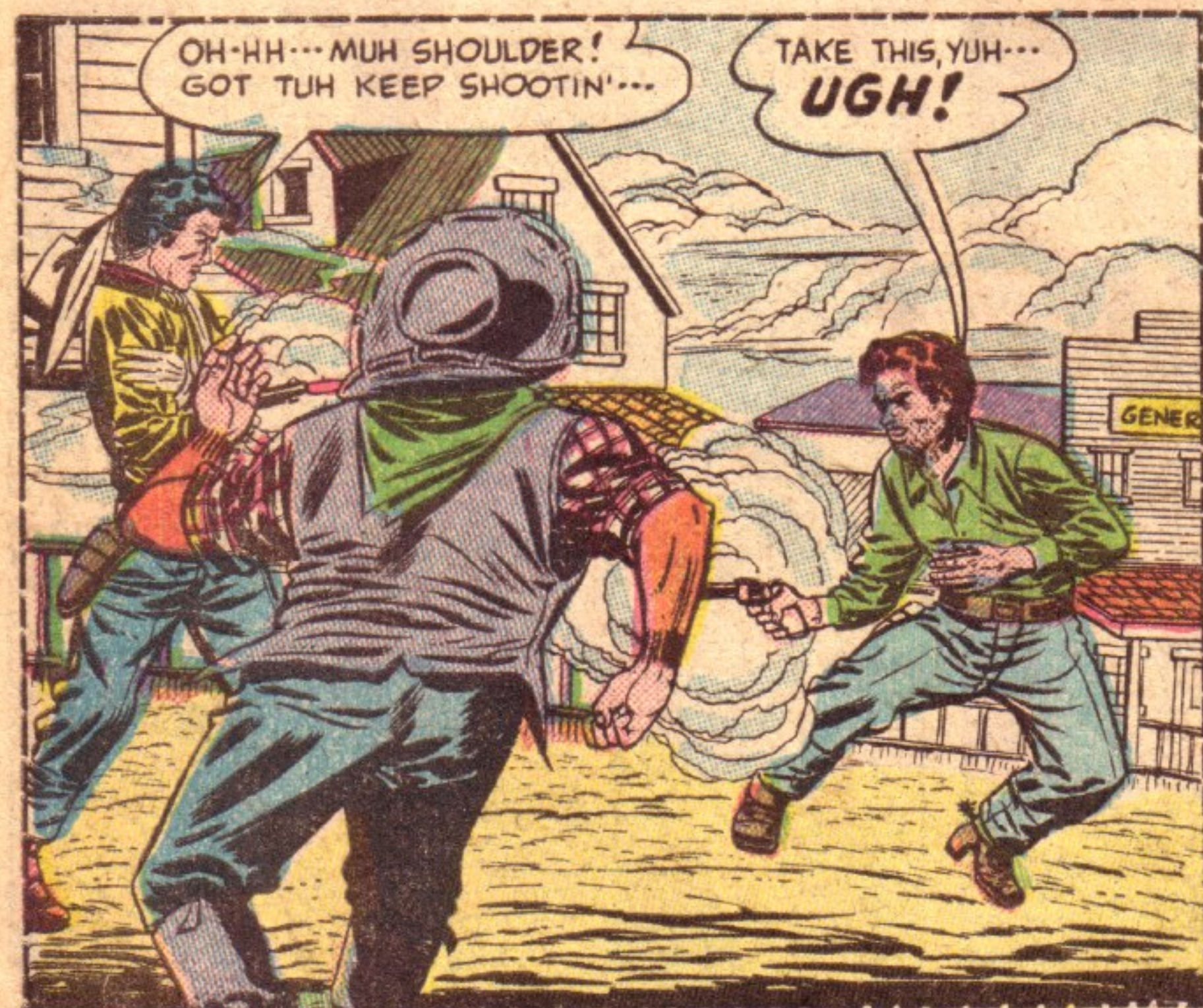
YUH AIN'T GONNA PIN **ME** AGAINST THE WALL, LITTLE MAN! YUH SLIMY SNAKE---



I OUGHTA RIP THE POISON FANGS OUTA YUH!

I'M GONNA **KILL YUH, SHERIFF!** **NOTHIN'** CAN SAVE YUH! FINISH ME, AN' I'LL COME BACK FROM MUH **GRAVE** TUH GET YUH!





FACE TO FACE WITH A SHRUNKEN, MALEVOLENT SPIRIT, SOME MEN MIGHT CURL UP IN FEAR... SURRENDER TO THE GHOSTLY NIGHTMARE! BUT SHERIFF LARSON WAS A MAN OF ACTION...

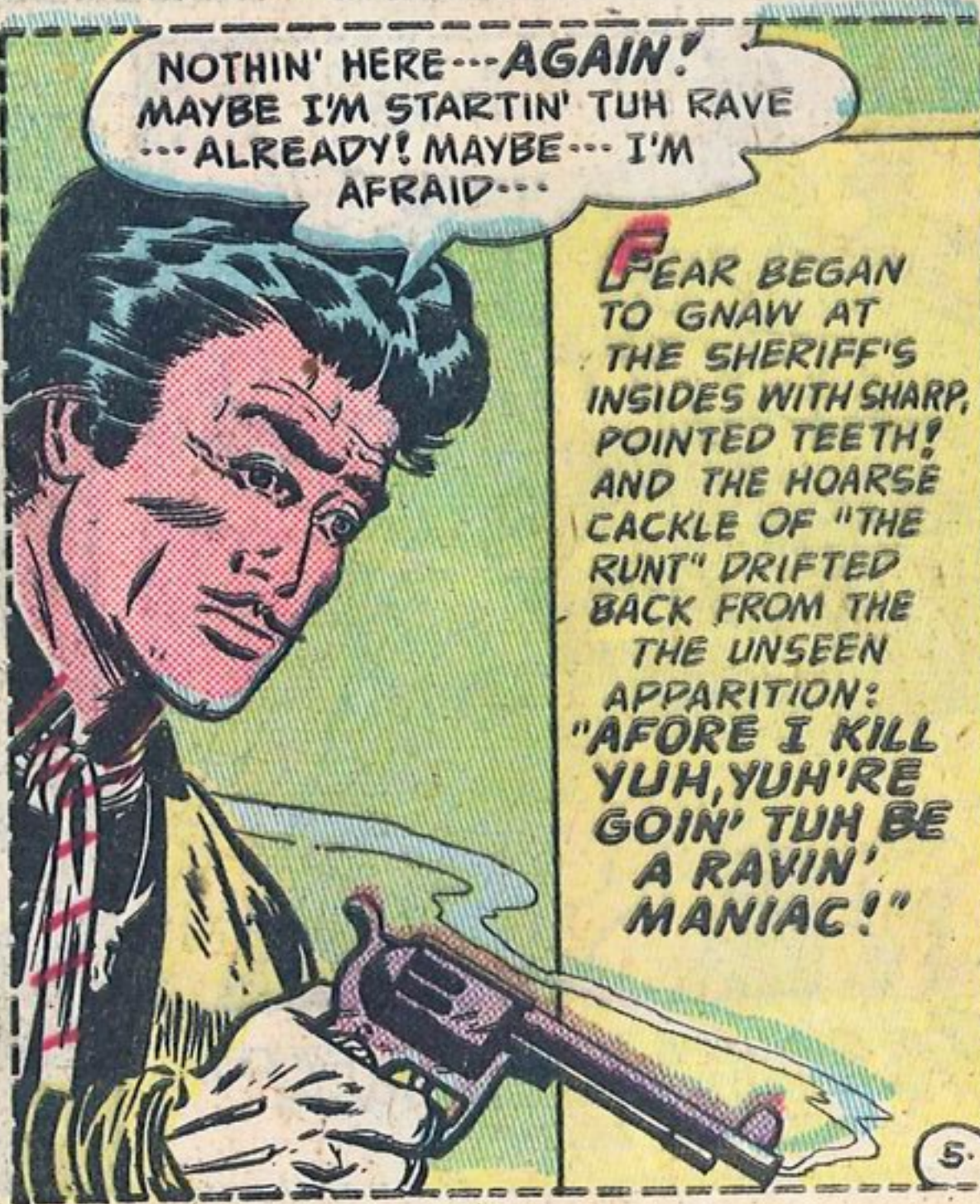


BUT HOW CAN A MAN FIGHT IT OUT WITH A FIGURE... A SHAPE... THAT DISAPPEARS INTO THIN AIR??



A SPIRIT, BOLDLY AND RUTHLESSLY SWORN TO KILL, FIRST THE SOUL, THEN THE BODY OF A MAN! BUT FIRST, THE SOUL...

WAS IT IMAGINATION... OR THE MERCILESS SPIRIT OF A THING NO LONGER HUMAN... OR NEVER HUMAN...?



THE SHERIFF WAS A BRAVE MAN, YET MORE AND MORE FEAR GRIPPED HIM! DAY AFTER DAY, EXHAUSTION TORE AT HIS WILL TO LIVE...

I CAIN'T SLEEP...CAIN'T EAT...
CAIN'T EVEN FIRE A SIX-GUN
ANYMORE! WHOA, BRONC...
HOLD IT! IT'S HIM...THE
RUNT!

HOWDY, SHERIFF
...RIDIN' MUH
WAY??



THINK YUH'RE STILL
MAN ENOUGH TUH
CATCH UP WITH
ME?

NO HOSS IN
THESE PARTS
KIN OUTRUN MUH
BRONC! IT'S
MUH CHANCE
TUH RIDE 'IM
DOWN!



PURSUING A GHOST HORSE, THE
SHERIFF RODE MADLY...GAINING
SWIFTLY AS "THE RUNT" TOOK TO
THE HILLS...A STEEP, TREACHER-
OUS MOUNTAIN TRAIL...

GOT TUH PUT A BULLET
IN HIM THIS TIME...OR
I'M DONE FER!



ROUNDING A SHARP,
ROCKY TURN...

Wahoo...HE'S CAUGHT
AGAINST DEAD END
CLIFF...UP AGAINST
THAT ROCK WALL!
HE'S CORNERED!

CORNERED,
SHERIFF?
'PEARS
LIKE YUH'RE
MIGHTY
SHORE O'
YOURSELF,
SUDDEN-LIKE...
MIGHTY
SHORE...



THAT ROCK...HE'S MOVIN'
IT...ROLLIN' IT DOWN...
ON ME!

HAW-
HAW-
HAW!



IT'S GOIN' TUH HIT
ME... HIT ME...

BAM!



THE SHERIFF'S SCREAM WAS THE CRY
OF A FRIGHTENED MORTAL FACING
CERTAIN DEATH...

...THE SHOUT OF A MAN FALLING
THROUGH SPACE TO THE ROCKS
BELOW! A MAN KILLED BY FEAR
...AND AN APPARITION!



YES...THESE WERE THE NIGHT-
MARES THAT HAD TORTURED WADE LARSON!
AND JUST AN HOUR AGO, HE HAD BEEN
AWAKENED BY...

NO! I DON'T
WANT TO DIE!
WHAT...WHERE...?
IT WAS ANOTHER
NIGHTMARE...JUST
A DREAM!

SHERIFF...IT'S
ME, CLIFF! THE
LARAMIE
KID'S IN
TOWN...GUNNIN'
FER YUH!



AND SO...BACK IN THE LIGHT OF DAY...SHERIFF WADE LARSON STALKED A KILLER DOWN A DUSTY STREET!...AND THAT WAS WHY HE STAGGERED SLIGHTLY...AS AFTER A NIGHTMARE OF HORROR...

THAT...THAT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE!...IT'S PAST! GOT TUH GUN DOWN THIS WYOMIN' GRIZZLY...THE LARAMIE KID...**NOW!** HE'LL BE A RELIEF...AFTER THAT MURDERIN' **RUNT** I BEEN DREAMIN' ABOUT!



AND THEN IT WAS AS THOUGH THE HORROR OF THE NIGHTMARE STILL GRIPPED THE SHERIFF! HE STAGGERED BACK IN AMAZEMENT...TERROR...

NO! NO! IT CAIN'T BE! NOT YUH! NOT YUH!



FROM THE SHADOWS, EMERGED THE FIGURE OF THAT FABLED "GIANT" THE LARAMIE KID...

SHORE IT'S ME...THE LARAMIE KID! YUH READY TUH DIE? DRAW, SHERIFF...**DRAW!**



DID YOU EVER SEE A NIGHTMARE BECOME A LIVING REALITY...AN APPARITION THAT HAUNTED YOUR DREAMS BECOME A SNARLING, FLESH-AND-BLOOD FIGURE? THE SHERIFF WAS A BRAVE MAN...BUT IN EVERY MAN THERE'S A BREAKING POINT! HE BACKED AWAY...

IT...IT'S THE RUNT! THE LITTLE RAT WHO MURDERED ME...IN MUH DREAM! GOT TUH VAMOOSE...PRONTO...WHILE I KIN STAY ALIVE!

HUH? THE SHERIFF'S TURNIN' TAIL...CUTTIN' AN' RUNNIN'!



HE SHOWED YELLOW IN FRONT O' THAT LITTLE RAT...I CAIN'T BELIEVE IT!

AIN'T YUH FORGOT SOMETHIN' HOMBRE? THAT'S THE LARAMIE KID!



PANIC LED THE SHERIFF A CLATTERING CHASE, AND THE LARAMIE KID PURSUED! THEY RODE FOR HIGH GROUND...ALONG A ROCKY TRAIL, WINDING UP TO THE TOP OF A CLIFF...A TRAIL SUDDENLY FAMILIAR TO THE SHERIFF!

THE BRAVE SHERIFF LARSON...MAKIN' ME CATCH 'IM AFORE I KIN KILL 'IM! **HAW-HAW-HAW!**

I'LL LOSE HIM UP IN THESE HILLS...WAIT! THIS IS THAT TRAIL...I'M GOING OVER...NO! **HELP!**



THE SHERIFF'S SCREAM WAS THE CRY OF A MAN FALLING THROUGH SPACE, STRUCK DUMB BY THE FINAL FEAR...IN HIS BRAIN, A VISION OF THE ROCKS BELOW!

HAW-HAW-HAW!



...OR...BY THE UNKNOWN...BY A TERRIBLE, TWISTED NIGHTMARE...A DREAM OF *Death!*

The ZILG SPY

THE ZILG stretched out a slimy tentacle to focus the port scanner of his spaceship, pressed the third eye of his middle head against the nucleonic lens, and gazed contemptuously down at the planet called Earth. The moment he saw the puny, one-headed, four-limb-creatures walking in the streets of the town below him, and examined the primitive buildings they lived in and the clumsy vehicles they traveled in, he knew that they would not be able to resist an invasion by the mighty Zilgs from the world of Tarv.

Through long-range telepathy, the Zilg searched the mind of one of the Earth-creatures, found that they called themselves "men"...and that they were a million years behind the Zilgs in technological science. Why, they had just stumbled on the secret of atomic energy... hadn't even tapped the vastly more powerful energies of cosmic rays and gravitic forces! Conquering them would be mere child's play!

But to make sure that these men would be suitable slaves for the Zilgs, he had to go down among them, seize a specimen of their species, and transform himself into an exact duplicate of that specimen, so that he might walk around in their world and examine them at close range. The Zilg picked out a likely-looking town...it was called Ossining, New York...and looked around for a specimen who would belong to the elite or higher class. Ah, there below him was an exclusive part of the town...it even had a wall around it, probably to keep out the rabble. The name on the wall indicated that the residents were singers...perhaps singers were honored and worshipped in this world! Yes, one of the residents, in striped clothes, was even now forcing a dark-uniformed slave to open the gates...and other slaves were falling

down prostrate in reverence as the singer waved a small flashing object at them.

The Zilg made his choice quickly...he would much rather imitate this singer than one of those slaves who grovelled in the dust. And as an elite singer, he would be safe from harm...and would be certain to return to Tarv with his report on the planet. If he *didn't* return from Earth, of course, his Zilg superiors would believe that he had perished at the hands of the Earth-beings, and that they were far more powerful than Zilgs... who would stay far away from Earth in the future.

But he was wasting time with such idle reverie. The Zilg's tentacle pressed the stud of the grappling beam, aimed it down at the singer who was now running from the walled enclosure and a moment later, the earthman in striped clothing was inside the Zilg spaceship! Dead, of course...but the Zilg didn't need a live specimen. Thrusting the creature into one half of the duplicating chamber, the Zilg then entered the other half, stepped out looking exactly like a "man"... right down to the singer's striped clothing.

Ten minutes later, the Zilg was walking down the main street of the town, smiling contemptuously at the other humans who fled in terror from him. These singers must indeed be held in great awe, the Zilg thought. Ah, here came some more of those dark-uniformed slaves... soon they would be grovelling and bowing in the dust at his feet. But first they were apparently saluting him with a strange metal object...

Rat-atat-tat!

As the bullets tore into him, the Zilg uttered a piercing scream...and the Sing-Sing guards looked on in horror as, before their eyes, the body of the escaped convict whom they had slain vanished... leaving a dead thing of horror behind.



SOMETIMES, WHEN THE WIND WAILS
AFTER THE FLEEING MOON, AND
THE NIGHT HUUDDLES DEEP IN ITS
MOURNING CLOAK, YOU'LL HEAR A
STRANGE, MEASURED TREAD IN
THE DARKNESS ---AND YOU'LL
KNOW THAT THE **UNDEAD** ARE
ABROAD ON A GRISLY QUEST!
SOMEWHERE IN THE MOONLIGHT
THERE'S A NEWLY-DUG GRAVE
---AND THERE A WHITE-CLAD
FORM WILL RISE---ITS LIFE-
LESS WILL ENSLAVED BY
**THE ZOMBIE
SUMMONS!**

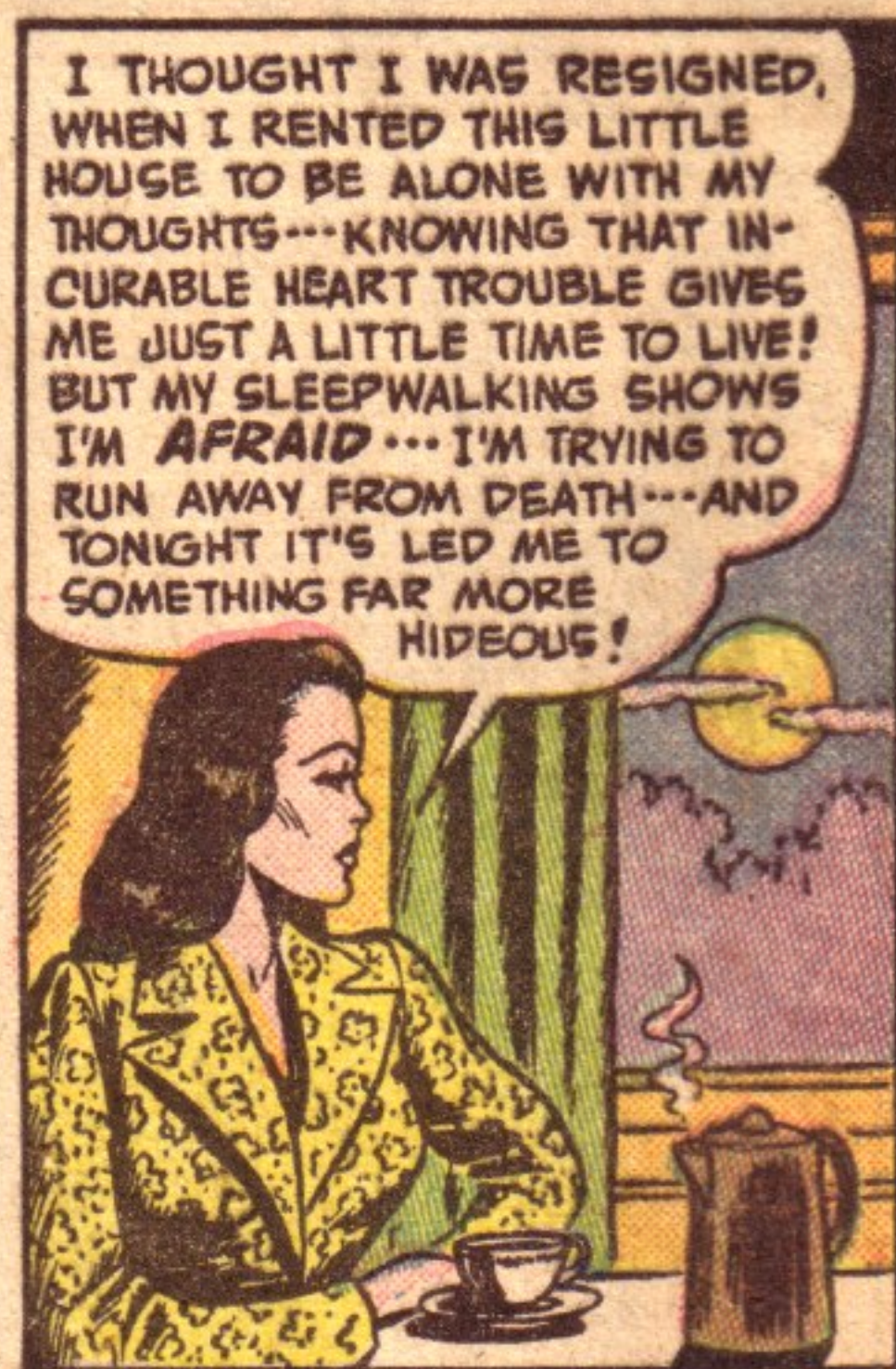


LATE ONE NIGHT---WHILE THE LIVING SLEEP, AND
THE DEAD PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF DAWN---



NOCTAM IS RIGHT---
THERE IS ONE OF
US ABROAD
TONIGHT!

THE **UNDEAD** NEVER
WALK ALONE---WE MUST
TAKE HER WITH US!



SPEAK! WHERE IS THE REST-
LESS CORPSE I SENT YOU
TO GET?

NOCTAM KNOWS
WHEN THE DEAD RISE
---NOCTAM KNOWS
WHERE THEY WALK---BUT
THIS ONE HAS YET TO
DIE!



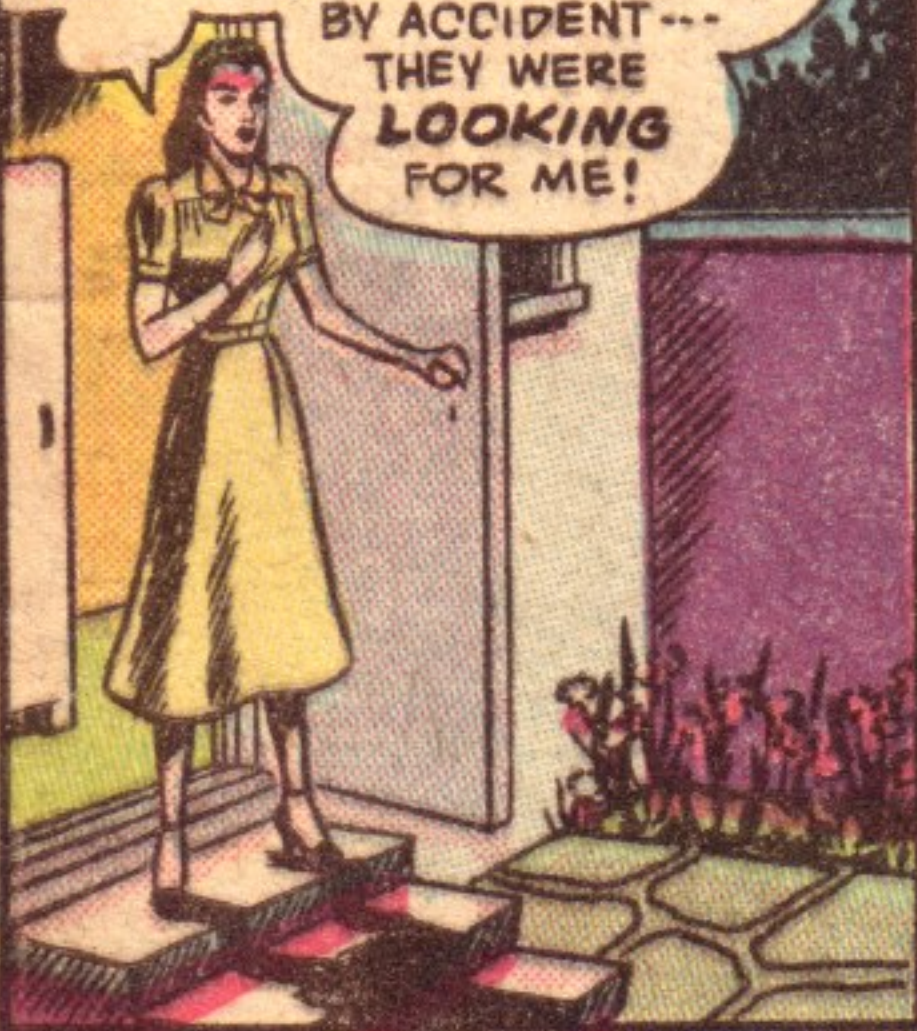
SHE IS NEAR ENOUGH TO DEATH FOR ME TO CLAIM!
YOU ARE THE ONE WHOSE SPIRIT RESISTED ME
MOST IN YOUR FINAL HOUR---AND WHO MOST
RESEMBLE THE LIVING! GO FOR HER AT THE
NEXT MOONRISE---AND I WILL DO
THE REST!

CLAIRE VAUGHAN...
SHE WILL BE
SUMMONED,
NOCTAM!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT---

IT'S A HIDEOUS FEELING---BUT
AS MUCH AS I FEAR DEATH,
I'M EVEN MORE AFRAID TO FALL
ASLEEP! I COULDN'T HAVE MET
THOSE CREATURES LAST NIGHT
BY ACCIDENT---
THEY WERE
LOOKING
FOR ME!



A MOON LIKE THAT
MEANS SOMETHING
TO MOST PEOPLE---
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER
---I'VE BEEN LONELY
ALL MY LIFE---AND I'LL
BE LONELIER THAN
EVER WHEN **DEATH**
COMES!



AS A SLOW, MEASURED PACE THUDS
FROM THE GLOOM---

HEAVENS! FOR A MOMENT, I
THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF
THOSE HIDEOUS CREATURES
---BUT IT'S JUST
A MAN AFFLICTED
LIKE MYSELF---A
SLEEPWALKER!



I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT HE
MUSTN'T BE AWAKENED ABRUPTLY!
I'LL LEAD THE POOR CHAP INSIDE
---AND GIVE HIM A
CHANCE TO GET
HIS BEARINGS!



MOMENT LATER---

THERE'S A COLD, CLAMMY FEELING ALL
AROUND ME---BUT IT CAN'T BE **HIM!**
IT'S MY HEART---I'M HAVING
ANOTHER ATTACK!





OH!



THANK GOODNESS YOU AWAKENED IN TIME TO CATCH ME! PROMISE YOU WON'T LEAVE ME FOR AWHILE! I'M AFRAID TO BE ALONE---I **NEED** YOU!



AS CLAIRE'S CONSCIOUSNESS FADES LIKE THE EBBING OF DARK WATER---

NOCTAM COMMANDED ME TO BRING HER TO HIM---AND I HAVE NEVER DISOBEYED!

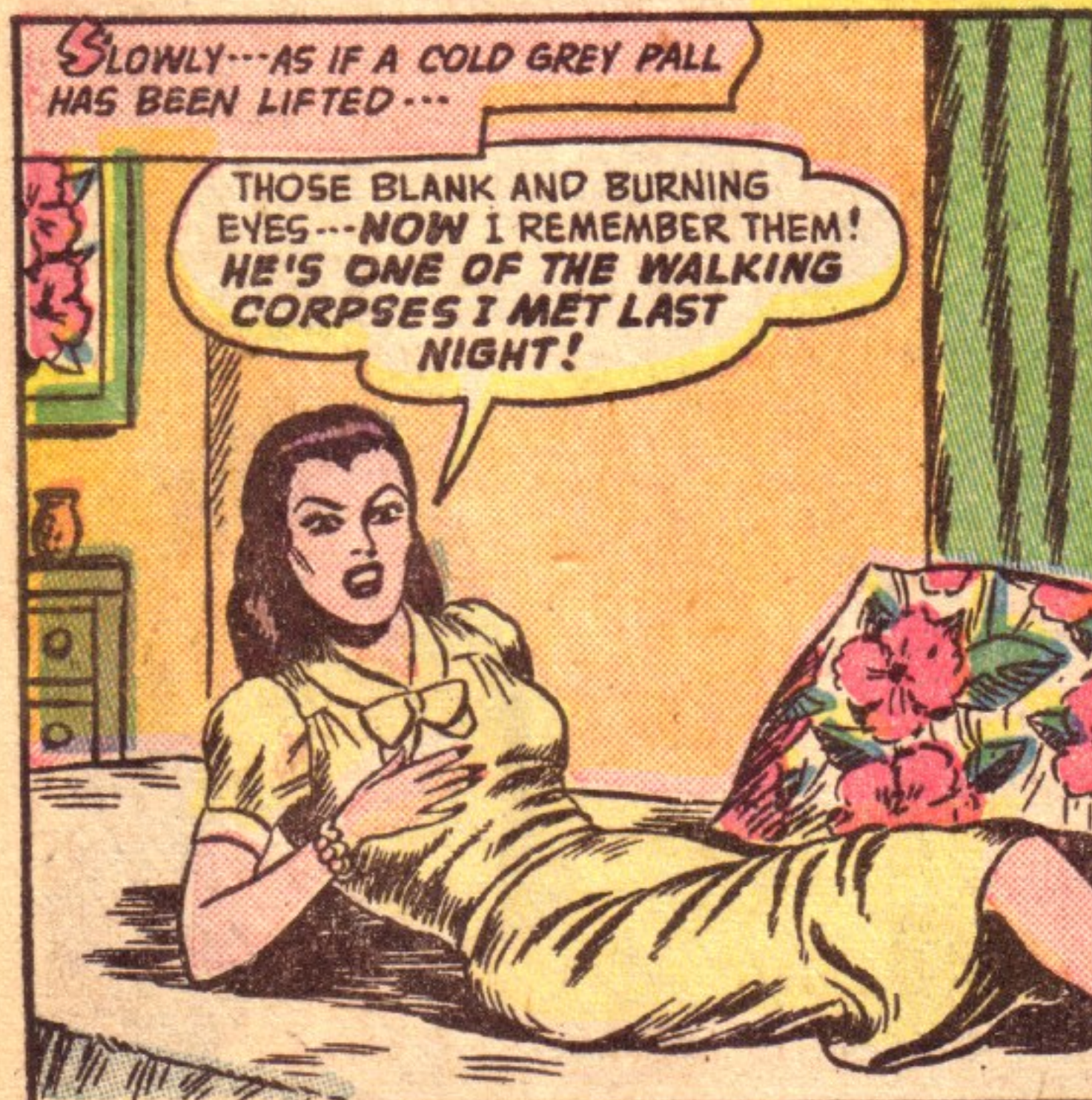


BUT **SHE** TRUSTED ME--- SHE SAID SHE **NEEDED** ME---SHE SAW ME AS I USED TO BE! NO, I CANNOT SUMMON HER TO NOCTAM---**NOT WHILE SHE LIVES!**



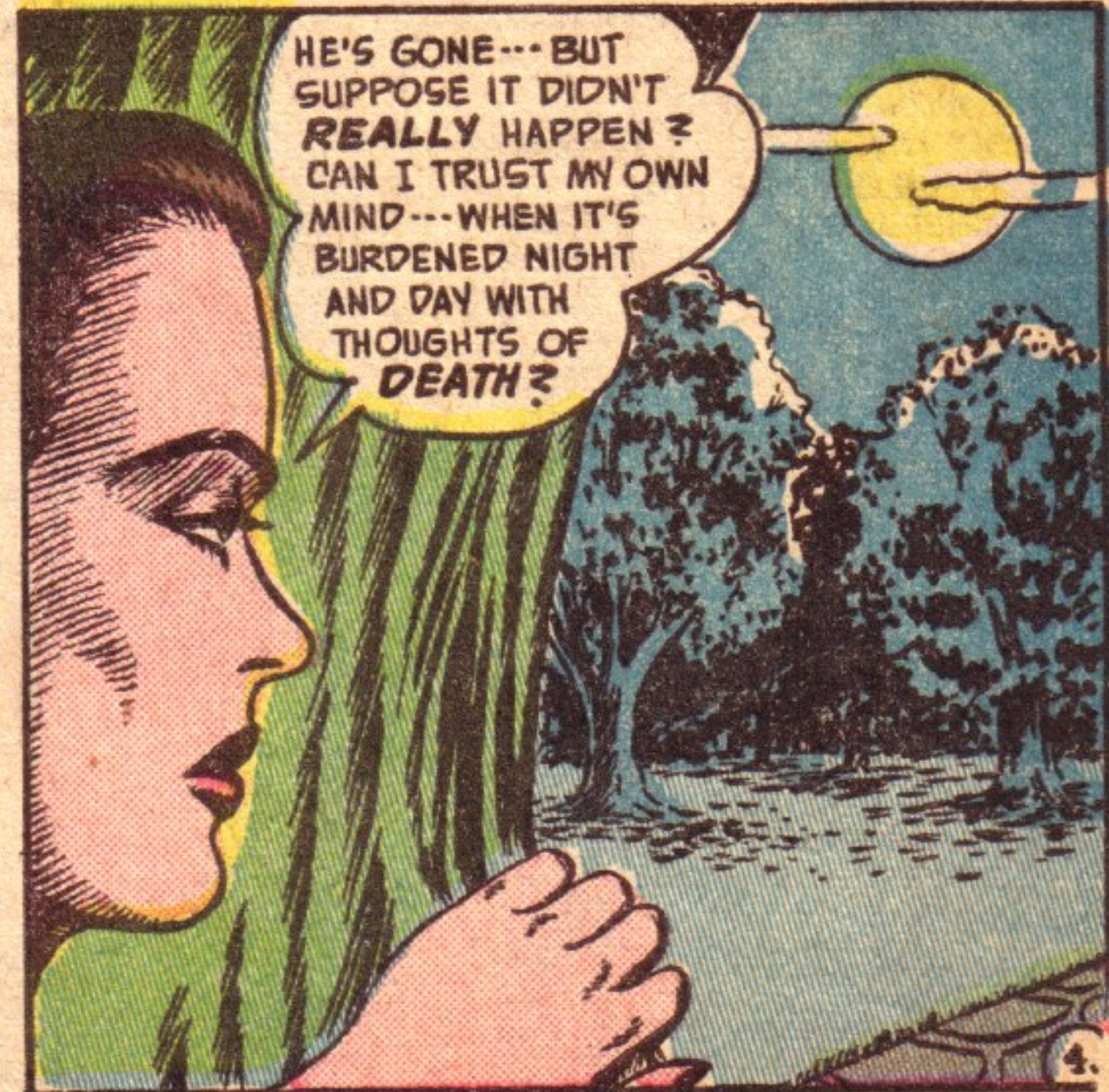
Then---TURNING TOWARD THE WELCOME GLOOM---

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WAITED FOR DEATH---AND LONGED FOR THE SIGHT OF A HUMAN SHADOW! SOON ENOUGH SHE WILL PROWL WITH THE UNDEAD FOREVER--- **BUT NOCTAM MUST WAIT!**



SLOWLY---AS IF A COLD GREY PALL HAS BEEN LIFTED---

THOSE BLANK AND BURNING EYES---**NOW** I REMEMBER THEM! HE'S ONE OF THE WALKING CORPSES I MET LAST NIGHT!



HE'S GONE--- BUT SUPPOSE IT DIDN'T **REALLY** HAPPEN? CAN I TRUST MY OWN MIND---WHEN IT'S BURDENED NIGHT AND DAY WITH THOUGHTS OF **DEATH?**



IT'S PRETTY USELESS TO SEE DR. COOPER AT THE HOSPITAL AT **THIS** STAGE...BUT IT MAY HELP TO TELL HIM ABOUT MY SLEEP-WALKING...AND THESE **HORRIBLE VISIONS OF THINGS THAT AREN'T ALIVE!**



Next day...

I REALLY CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER NIGHT BEFORE SEEING DR. COOPER! DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG THIS EMERGENCY CASE WILL TAKE?

THERE'S NO TELLING, MISS VAUGHAN...BUT IF IT'S **THAT** IMPORTANT, WHY DON'T YOU CONSULT DR. NOCTAM?



DR. NOCTAM?

YES...A NEW ADDITION TO OUR STAFF! HE'S BUSY IN ROOM 42 AT THE MOMENT...BUT SINCE I'M AFRAID THERE'S NO HOPE FOR THE PATIENT, YOU PROBABLY WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!



NOCTAM...IS THIS ANOTHER TRICK OF MY IMAGINATION...OR DID I HEAR THAT NAME IN MY SLEEP THE OTHER NIGHT...JUST BEFORE I AWAKENED AMONG THOSE WHITE-FACED CREATURES?

YOU DEMON... STOP THAT DIABOLICAL MUTTERING! LET ME DIE IN PEACE!

AH, YES...**CLAIRE VAUGHAN!** YOU'RE RIGHT...I MERELY POSE AS A DOCTOR SO THAT I CAN BE AROUND THE DYING...AND RECITE THE **ZOMBIE SUMMONS** AS THEY DRAW THEIR LAST BREATH!



As CLAIRE SLIP SILENTLY IN...

LIMBS WITHOUT LIFE...HEART WITHOUT BEAT! YOUR CORPSE WILL RISE WHEN THE **ZOMBIES** MEET!

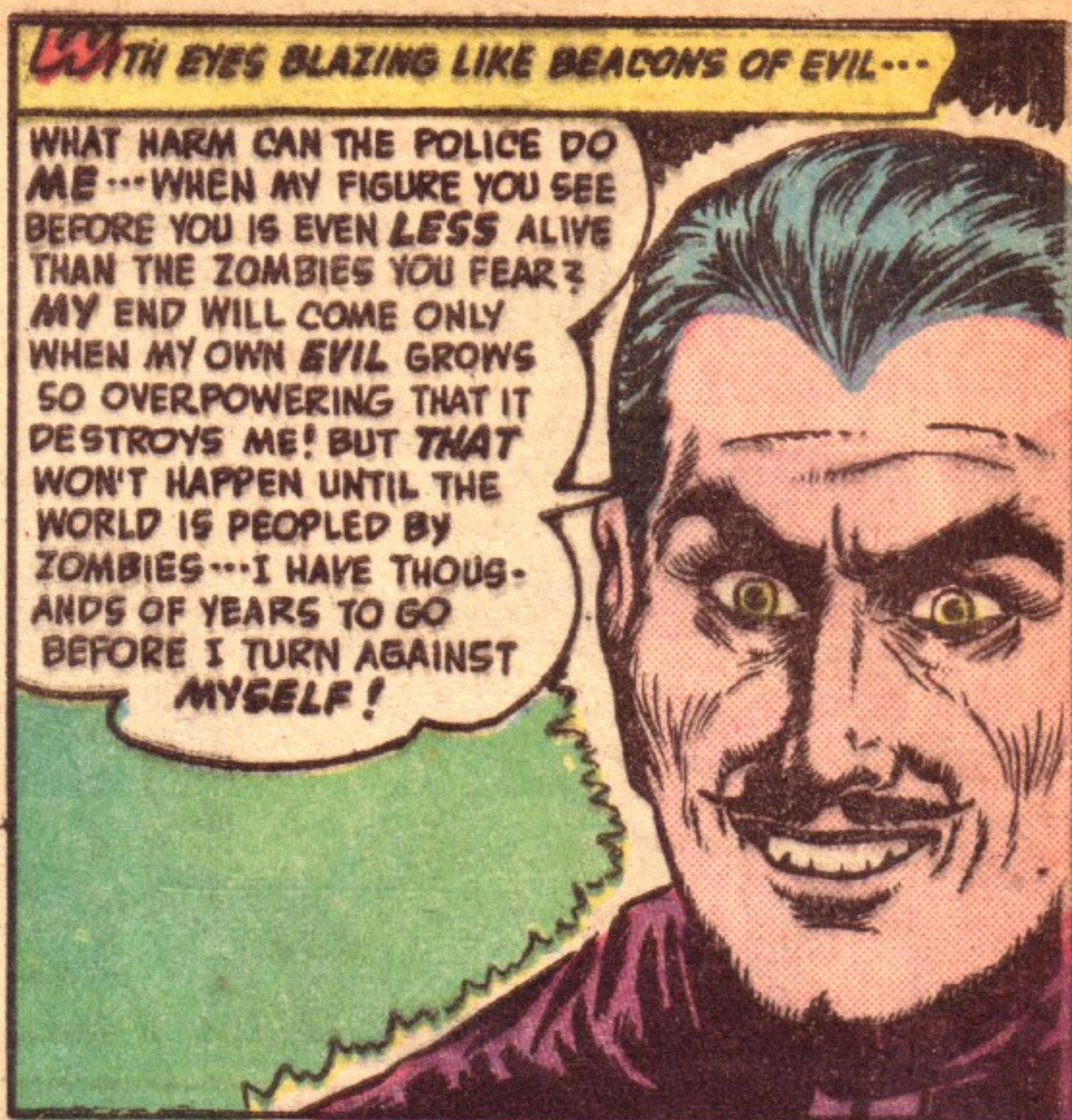
ZOMBIES!



YOU LISTENED, EH? WHO ARE YOU?

SOMEONE WITH EVERY **RIGHT** TO LISTEN! YOU'RE NO DOCTOR... YOU'RE A FIEND WHO WAITS FOR DEATH... INCLUDING **MINE!**







I WANTED TO WAIT... BUT I HAVE NO LIFE AND I HAVE NO WILL... AND NOCTAM MUST BE OBEYED!

YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN ME WITH YOU LAST NIGHT... AND DIDN'T! DOESN'T THAT PROVE YOU HAVE A WILL... THAT YOU REMEMBER ENOUGH OF LIFE TO DEFY THAT FIEND?



IT'S ALL GONE... HOPE, AND LOVE, AND COURAGE! I AM PART OF NOCTAM... NOCTAM CONTROLS ME... NOCTAM IS REAL!

IT ISN'T TRUE... AND I'LL PROVE IT! I'LL GO WITH YOU TO NOCTAM... BUT WHILE I STILL HAVE AN HOUR OF LIFE... YOU'VE GOT TO COME WITH ME!



LAST NIGHT, YOU TRUSTED ME... TONIGHT, I WILL TRUST YOU! WHERE?

FERN-CREST CEMETERY!



A HALF-HOUR LATER... AMONG THE SILENT MILESTONES OF DEATH...

YOU ARE GETTING WEAKER! WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE... WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO FIND IN THESE LAST MINUTES?

THERE... THERE! DON'T YOU SEE IT?

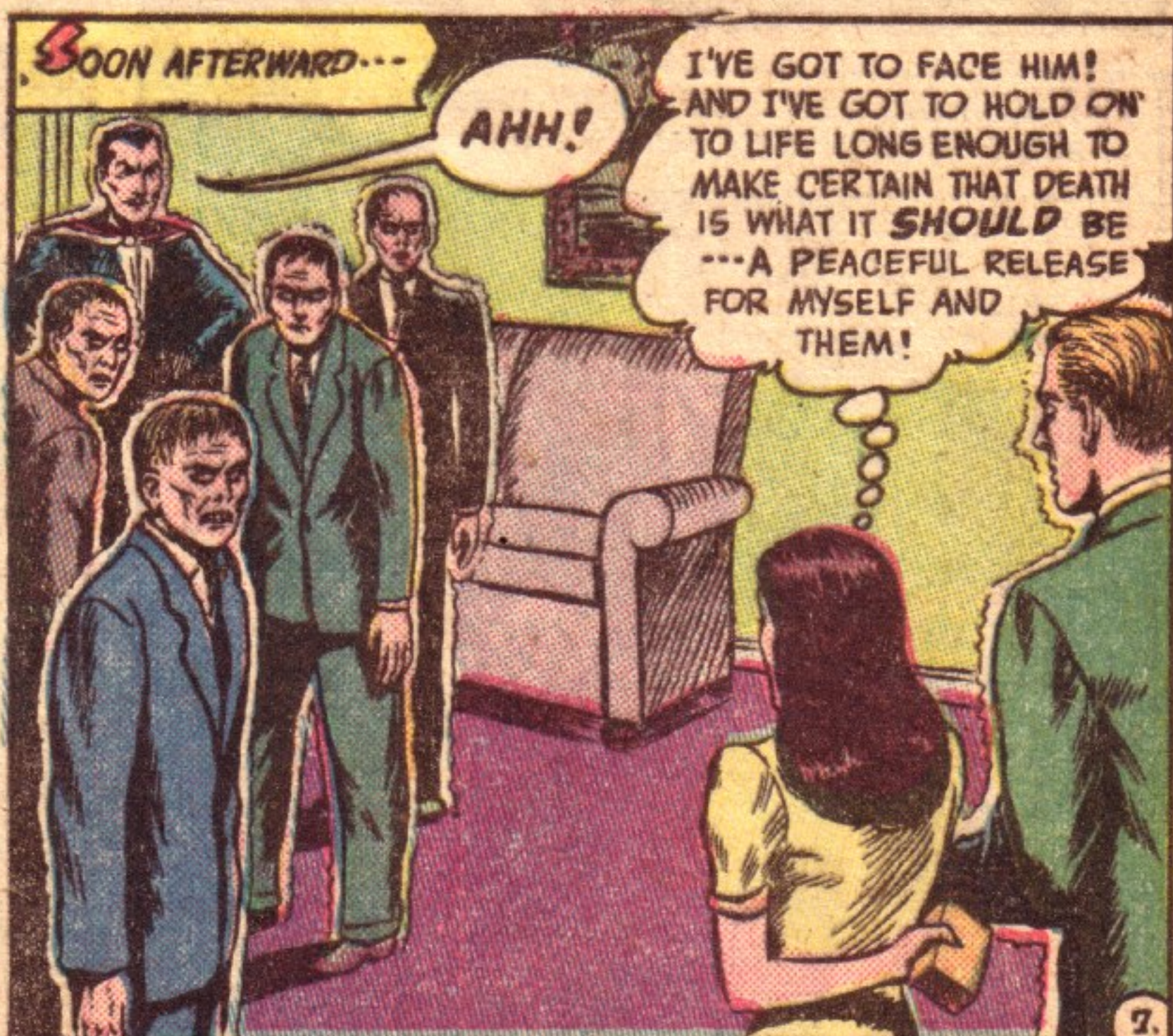


YOU DO NOT KNOW NOCTAM... OR YOU WOULD BE AFRAID!

AFRAID OF A TOMB? NO... IT HOLDS NOTHING BUT THE COLD, CURSED ASHES OF THE FIEND WE MUST DESTROY!



THEN... WITH HER OWN HAND COLD AND SHAKING IN THE DIMMING MOONLIGHT...



SOON AFTERWARD...

AHH!

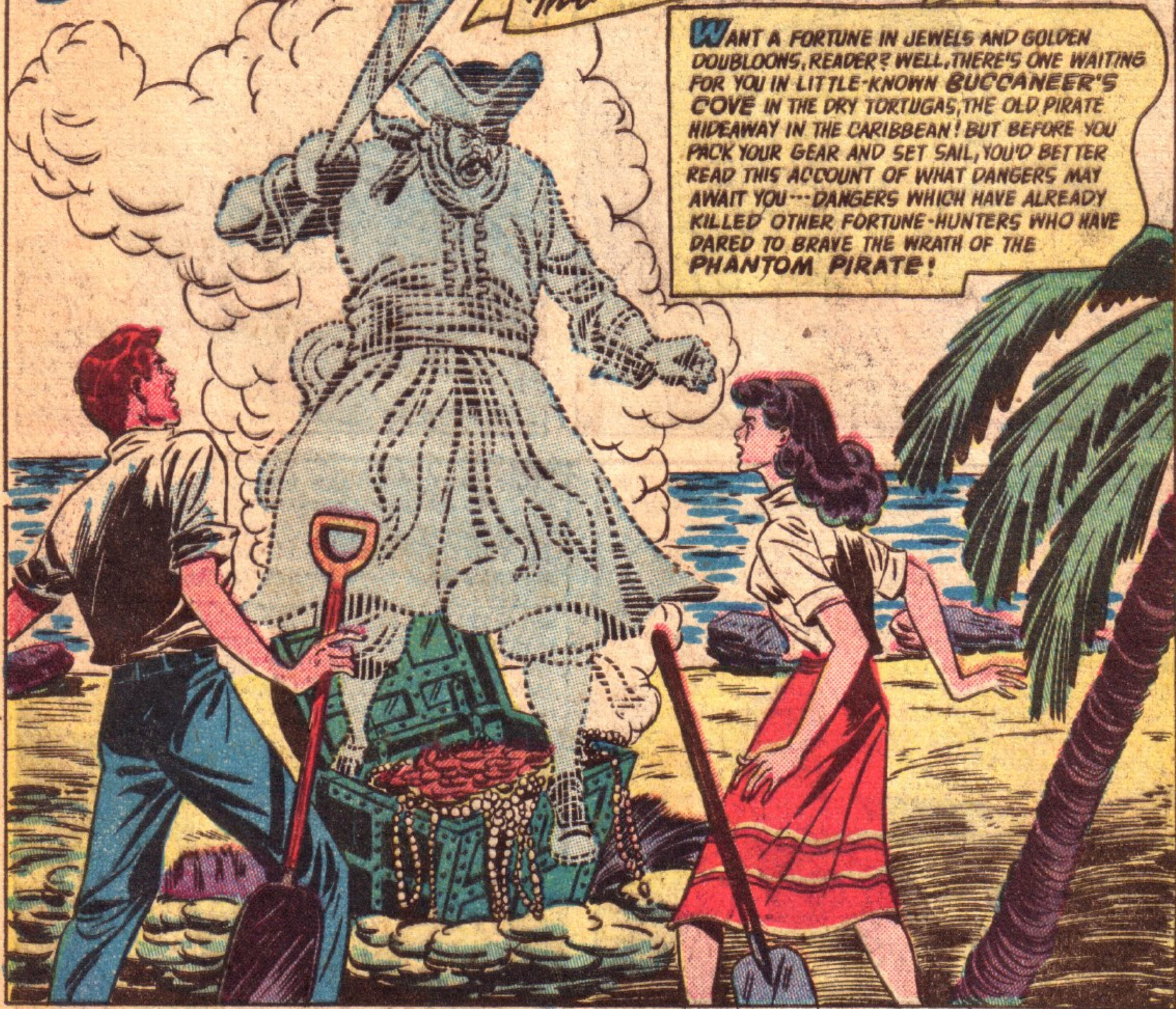
I'VE GOT TO FACE HIM! AND I'VE GOT TO HOLD ON TO LIFE LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT DEATH IS WHAT IT SHOULD BE... A PEACEFUL RELEASE FOR MYSELF AND THEM!



TELL ME A GHOST STORY

THE PHANTOM PIRATE

WANT A FORTUNE IN JEWELS AND GOLDEN DOUBLOONS, READER? WELL, THERE'S ONE WAITING FOR YOU IN LITTLE-KNOWN BUCCANEER'S COVE IN THE DRY TORTUGAS, THE OLD PIRATE HIDEAWAY IN THE CARIBBEAN! BUT BEFORE YOU PACK YOUR GEAR AND SET SAIL, YOU'D BETTER READ THIS ACCOUNT OF WHAT DANGERS MAY AWAIT YOU... DANGERS WHICH HAVE ALREADY KILLED OTHER FORTUNE-HUNTERS WHO HAVE DARED TO BRAVE THE WRATH OF THE PHANTOM PIRATE!



IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE FAMOUS ONE-EYED PIRATE, CAPTAIN JACK BALLEYS, SACKED A SPANISH GALLEON AND DECIDED TO BURY THE LOOT WITH THE HELP OF HIS TRUSTED MATE, ALONZO GORDAY, ON THE BEACH OF BUCCANEER'S COVE!

ONLY YOU AND I, ALONZO, WILL KNOW THE HIDING PLACE OF THE TREASURE! COME... LET'S BURY THE CHEST!

THE CHEST ISN'T THE ONLY THING I'LL BE BURYIN', CAP'N!



ARGH!



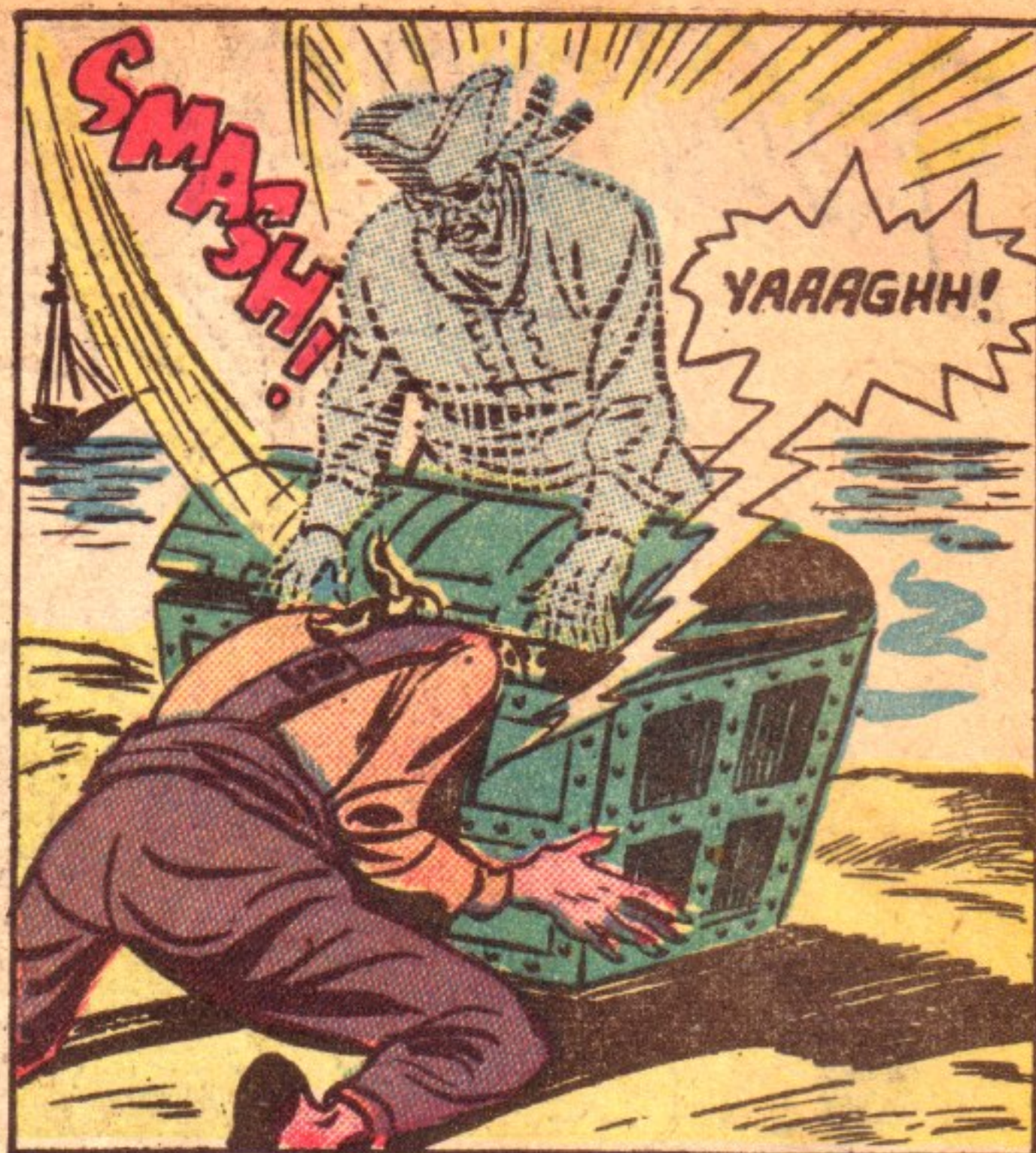
GORDAY... YOU'LL NEVER... POSSESS THAT TREASURE... **NOBODY** WILL! WITH MY... DYING BREATH... I PLACE A **CURSE**... ON THAT CHEST! FROM OUT OF... THE GRAVE... I'LL STRIKE DOWN... THE MAN WHO TRIES... TO STEAL IT...!

HAN... CURSE ALL YE WANT... A DEAD MAN CAN'T HURT ME!





IT'S MINE NOW--
ALL MINE...A
KING'S RANSOM
IN GOLD AND
GEMS!



YAAAGHH!



WHEN THE SAILORS FINALLY CAME ASHORE TO
FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEIR CAPTAIN AND
MATE---

BURY THIS CHEST
HERE---OR I'LL SMITE
DOWN EVERY MAN JACK O'
YE! THEN SET SAIL FROM THESE
ISLANDS, NEVER TO RETURN!
AND WHEREVER YE GO, TELL ALL
MEN TO **KEEP AWAY FROM
THE TREASURE O'
CAPTAIN JACK
BALLEYRE!**

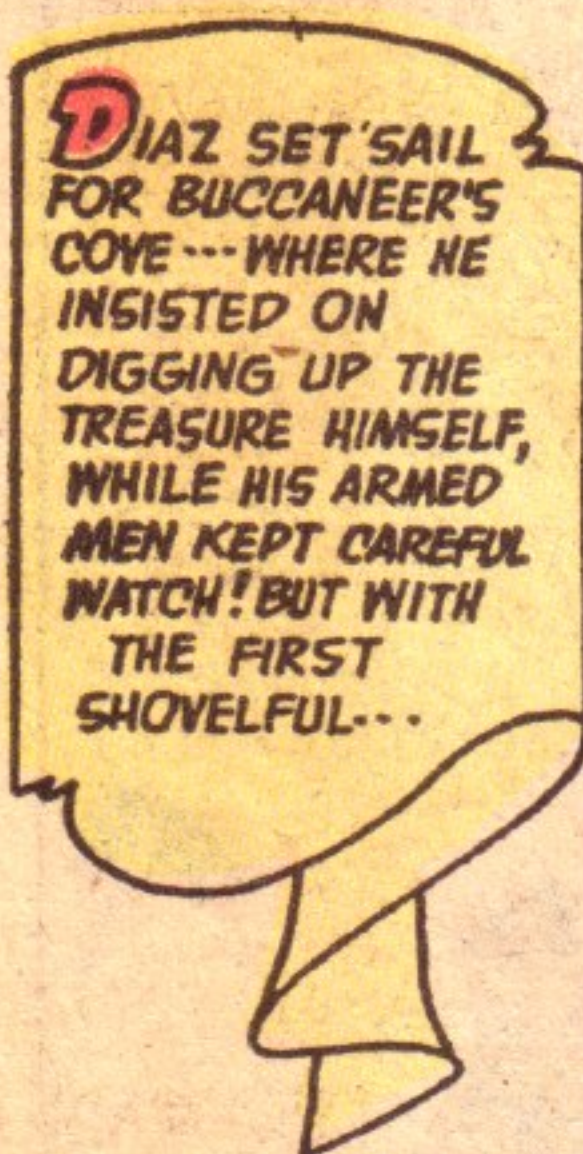
CAP'N---WE---
WE'LL DO AS
YE SAY!



THE TALE SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGH THE
ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN! THOSE WHO KNEW
THE POWER OF A DYING MAN'S CURSE BELIEVED
THE STORY! BUT AMONG THE DOUBTERS WAS ONE
MANUEL DIAZ, A SPANISH NAVAL CAPTAIN---

BUT I TELL YE, I SAW IT
WITH ME OWN EYES! IT
WAS THE GHOST OF CAP'N
JACK BALLEYRE, SURE
AS I'M SITTIN' HERE!

BAH...EES NO
SUCH THEENG AS
GHOST! I SHALL
DEEG UP THAT
PIRATE TREASURE!



DIAZ SET SAIL
FOR BUCCANEER'S
COVE---WHERE HE
INSISTED ON
DIGGING UP THE
TREASURE HIMSELF,
WHILE HIS ARMED
MEN KEPT CAREFUL
WATCH! BUT WITH
THE FIRST
SHOVELFUL---



POR DIOS
---A SWORD!



AYE...
MY
SWORD!

EEYOW!

FLEE...
TO THE
SHIP!

IT WAS MORE THAN A CENTURY LATER BEFORE ANYONE DARED RISK THE PHANTOM PIRATE'S WRATH AGAIN! BUT FINALLY, IN AUGUST, 1897, A PRUSSIAN FORTUNE-HUNTER BY THE NAME OF VON STURMHARDT GOT WIND OF THE TREASURE ...AND THIS TIME, IT SEEMED THAT THE CURSE WASN'T WORKING!

CARRY DER TREASURE CAREFULLY TO DER BOAT ...VE VILL ALL BE RICH!



BUT OFFSHORE...

LOOK...A ...A HAND!

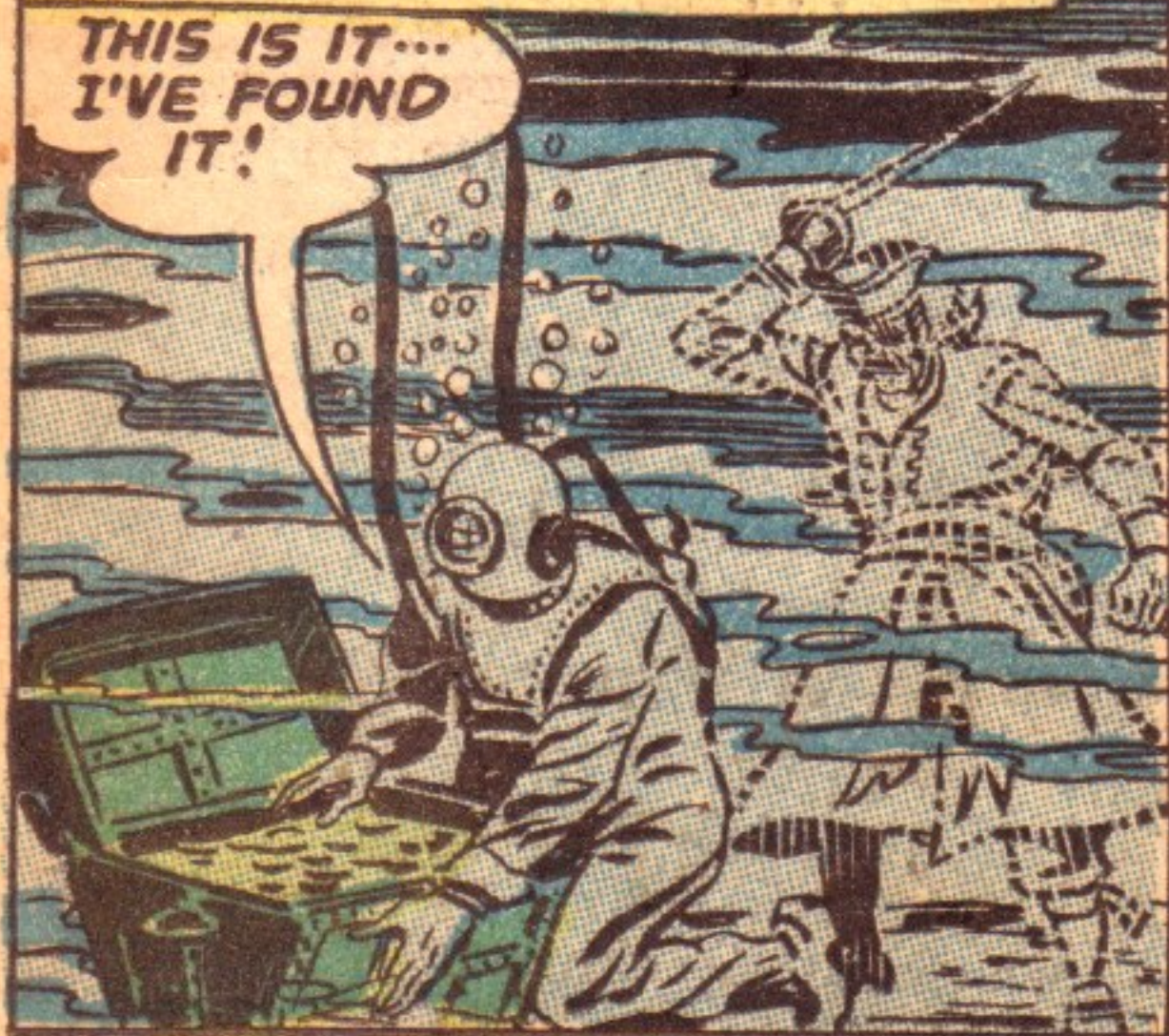


The CHEST SANK...THE SAILORS SWAM IN TERROR TO THEIR SHIP ...BUT VON STURMHARDT MET HIS END!



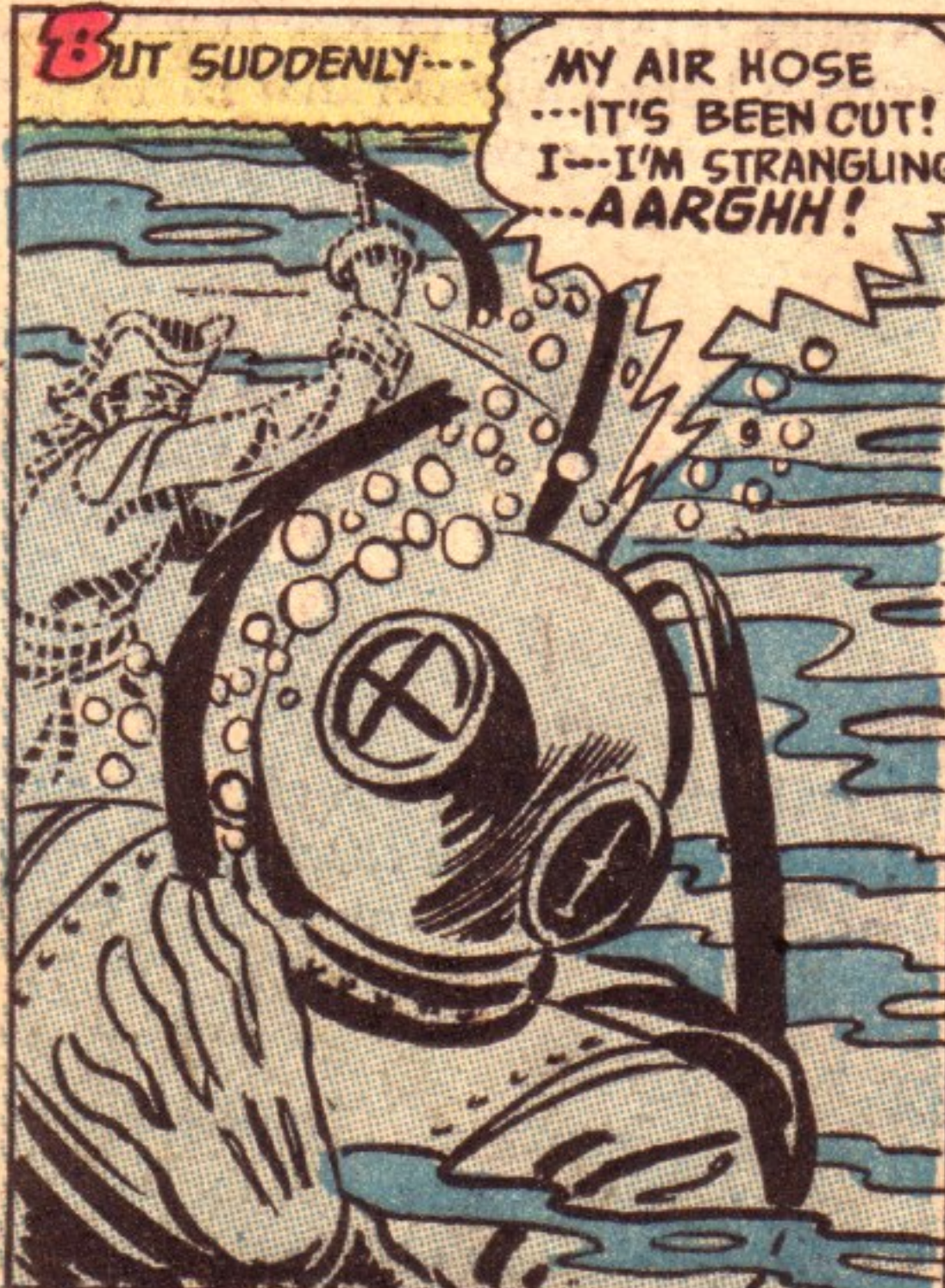
IN THE 1900'S, COUNTLESS DIVERS DESCENDED TO SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE OFF BUCCANEER'S COVE! BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL 1937 THAT AN ENTERPRISING NAVY DIVER BY THE NAME OF HUGH WILCOX FINALLY HIT THE JACK-POT...AND JACK BALLEYRE!

THIS IS IT... I'VE FOUND IT!



BUT SUDDENLY...

MY AIR HOSE ...IT'S BEEN CUT! I---I'M STRANGLING ...AARGHH!



YES, THERE IT STILL LIES, READER...ON THE OCEAN FLOOR OFF BUCCANEER'S COVE! BUT EVEN THE NATIVES OF THE REGION WOULD BE TOO TERRIFIED TO TELL YOU WHERE THE COVE IS, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO HUNT IT OUT ALL ON YOUR OWN! AND IF YOU DO FIND THE TREASURE-CHEST, WATCH OUT FOR THE PHANTOM PIRATE!





HELLO AGAIN, all you "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" fans! We've missed you since last month, and could hardly wait for another of those friendly, straight-from-the-shoulder discussions we've gotten to look forward to so much. There's something about kindred interests which draw folks together...and in this case, it's a mutual interest in the weird, the unexplained, the *supernatural*, which brings us into close communion in the pages of this, your magazine!

We've been hard at work since last we talked things over. And we think our work's paid off, too...in one of the most challenging and captivating issues we've ever published. Heading it is "*The Halls of Horror*"...a chillingly fantastic feature destined to live long in your memory. Then there's "*The Undying Brain*"...something new...something dif-

ferent! "*Dream of Death*" should bring plenty of reader reaction, and many a gasp. "*The Zombie Summons*" packs a truly supernatural punch...and "*Spookbuster's Doom*" pits phony mediums against true delvers into the *Unknown*...with staggering results! Add these to our customary special features...and the result spells spectral fireworks!

Please, readers...won't you let us know what you think of our efforts? Moreover, we want your opinion on "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" since we heeded your overwhelming demand to turn it into a monthly magazine. Remember, it's only through your letters that we can determine what you like...and what you don't like! And now it's time for us to step aside for a moment, and give the stage over to a few of our fans, who'll make themselves heard through the letters *they've* sent in. Here goes!

"Dear Editor:-

Since the first time I picked up a copy of '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' at my local newsstand, I've never failed to buy every issue you've published. It's tops with me and all of my friends! We all think it's *wonderful*! My cousin just read it today and liked it better than any other on the stands, and everybody agrees. We found '*The Boy Who Cried Wolf*' a very interesting story, and '*Vampire's Castle*' was wonderful. Ditto for '*Spirit of Frankenstein*', '*Civic Spirit*' and quite a few others. I've never been more interested in *any* magazine, and yours is too good to be true! I could sure write a book on how much I like your wonderful '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'. A steady reader and always will be...

...Rosalie Sutton, Cairo, N.Y."

"Dear Editor:-

'*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is one of my favorites. I like stories of vampires and werewolves, and hope you will have many stories about them in the future. A story about Frankenstein's Monster would be one I'd like, too. Meanwhile, keep up the good work!

...Joe Melochick, Wilkes-Barre, Pa."

"Dear Editor:-

I'd like to tell you I think your magazine is *swell*! I don't like gory or sensational stories, but those in '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' aren't in that class. They're thrilling, but sensible...as if they could really happen.

...Barbara Ross, Morton Grove, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read all the issues of '*Adventures Into The Unknown*', and think they are splendid. I enjoy them to the fullest extent, and have brothers and friends who also read them and think they're swell. Thank you for a great magazine!

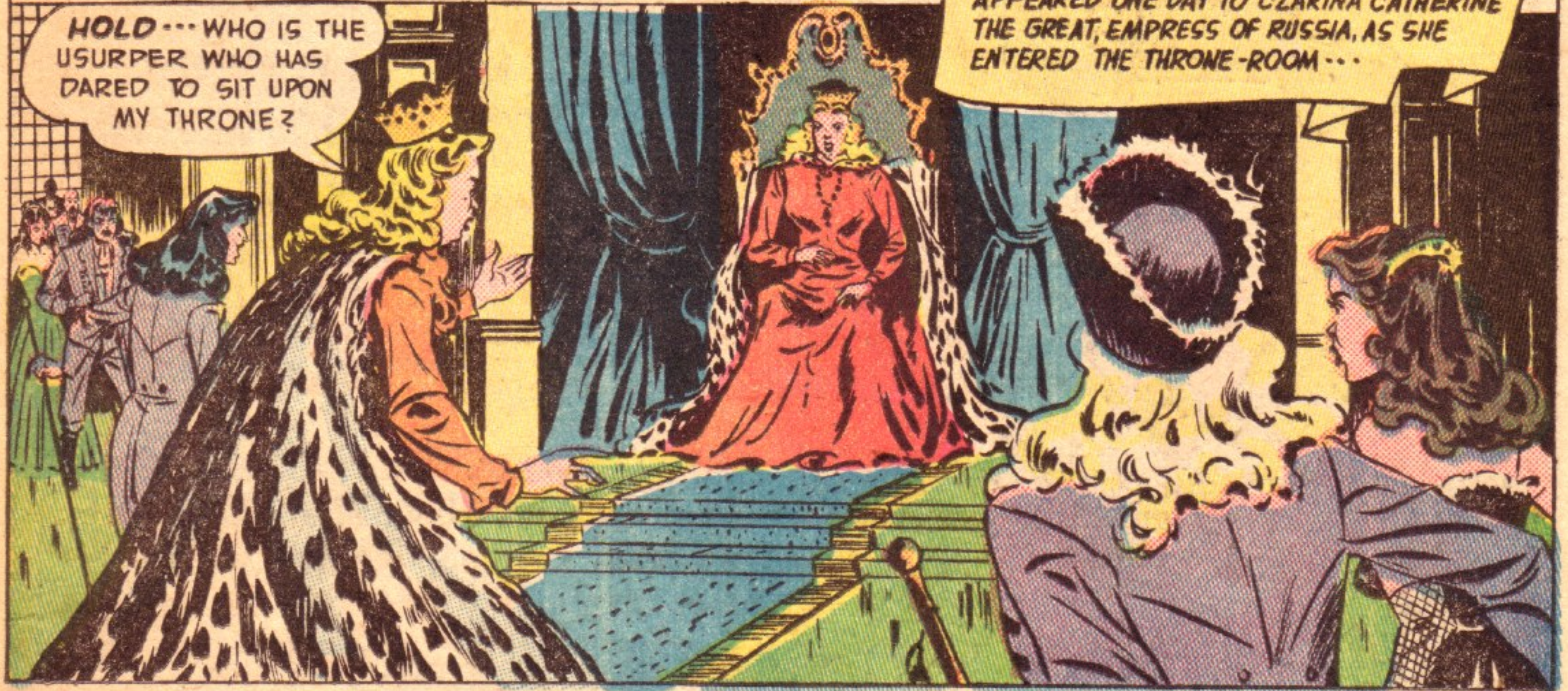
...Mrs. R. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo."

UNCANNY MYSTERIES

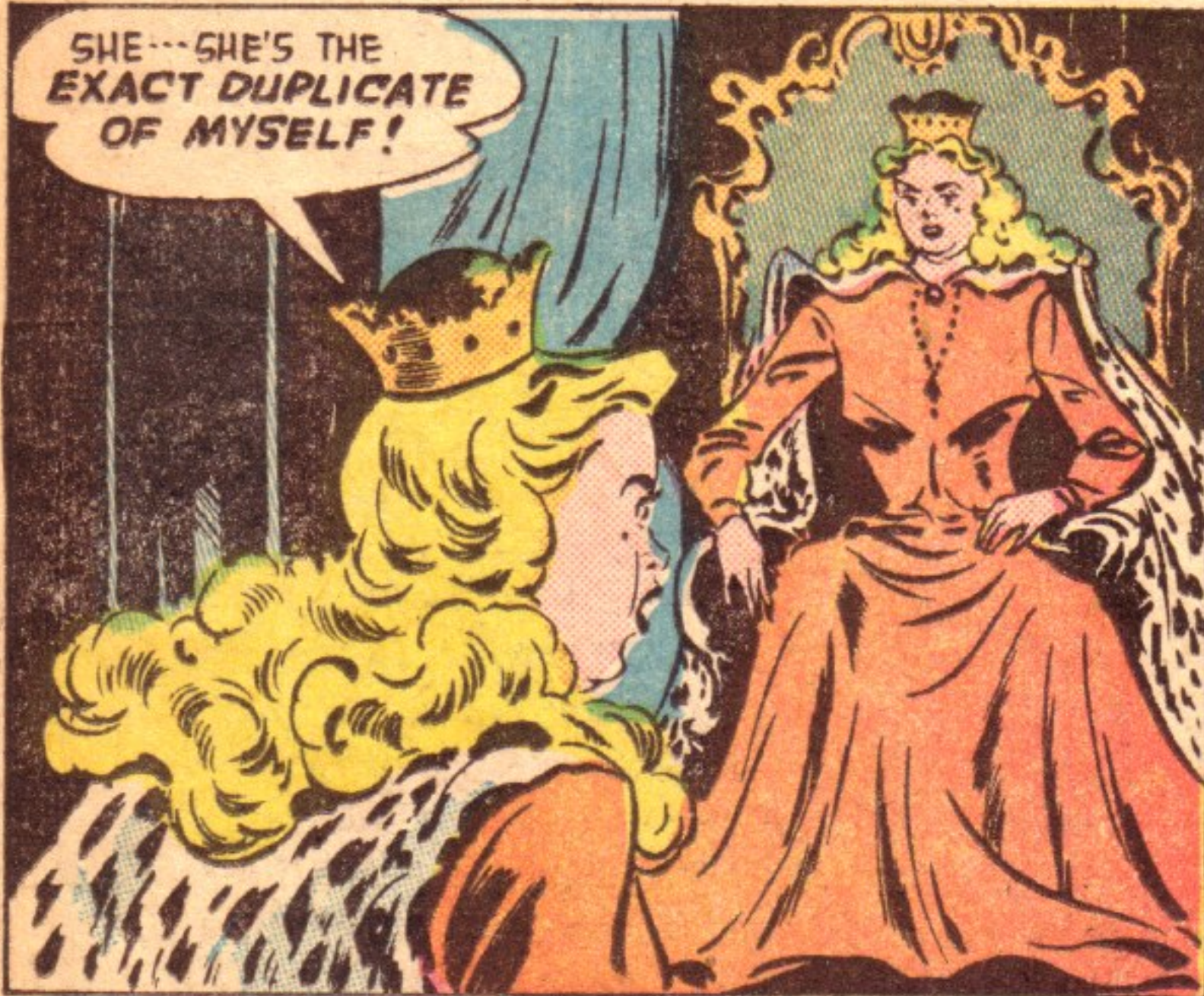
"THE ROYAL WRAITH"

HOLD... WHO IS THE USURPER WHO HAS DARED TO SIT UPON MY THRONE?

THE MOST UNCANNY WRAITH OF HISTORY APPEARED ONE DAY TO CZARINA CATHERINE THE GREAT, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, AS SHE ENTERED THE THRONE-ROOM...



SHE... SHE'S THE EXACT DUPLICATE OF MYSELF!



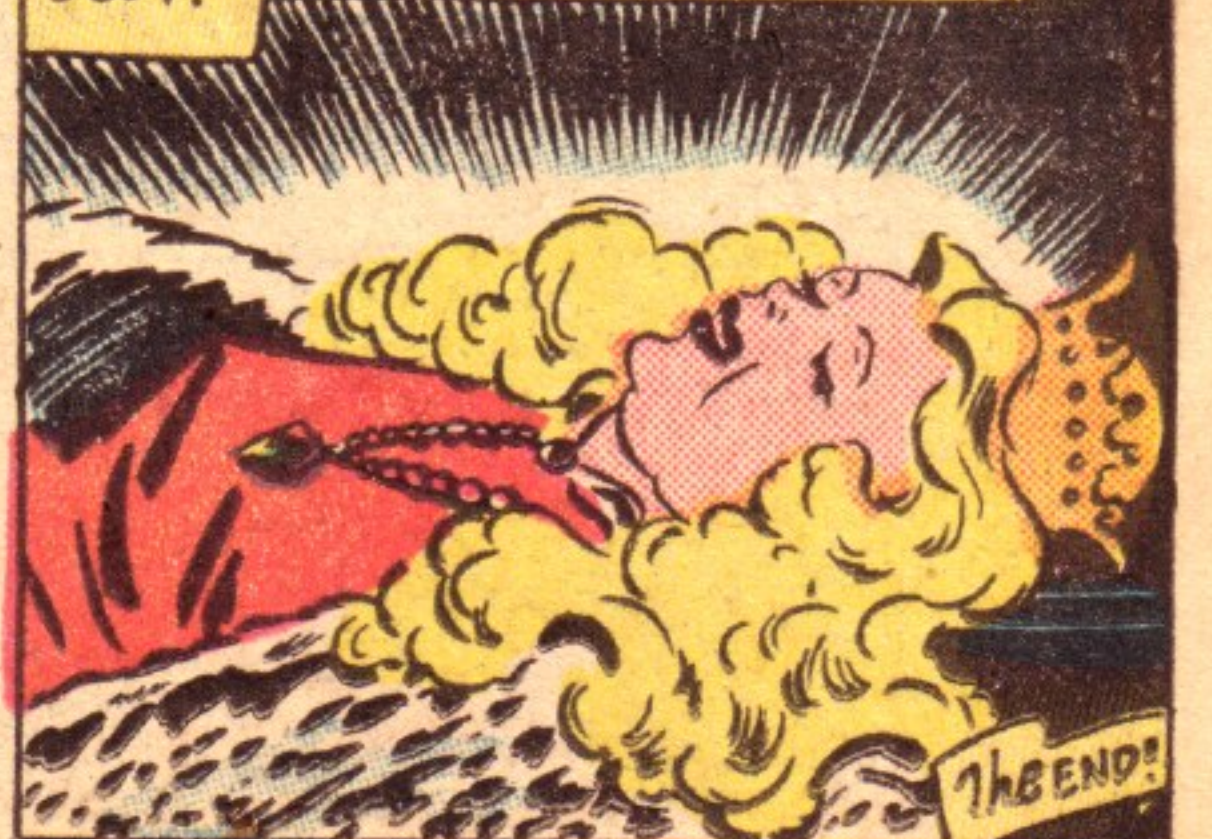
BUT IT CANNOT BE... IT MUST BE SOMEONE WHO HAS DARED TO DISGUISE HERSELF AS ME! GUARDS... ADVANCE AND FIRE ON THE IMPOSTOR!



LOOK... IT... IT DISAPPEARS!



YES, THE ROYAL WRAITH HAD DISAPPEARED... BUT THE NEXT DAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1796, CATHERINE THE GREAT WAS DEAD OF A STROKE... AND HER ROYAL PHYSICIANS TRIED TO HUSH UP THE FACT THAT THEY HAD FOUND STRANGE MARKS, RESEMBLING THE SCARS OF A RIFLE VOLLEY, ON HER BODY!



THE END!

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a
ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!

BLAZING WEST

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



You'll GASP AT FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a western like this... it's an action-packed killer-diller! So...

don't miss

BLAZING WEST!



10¢ ON ALL STANDS

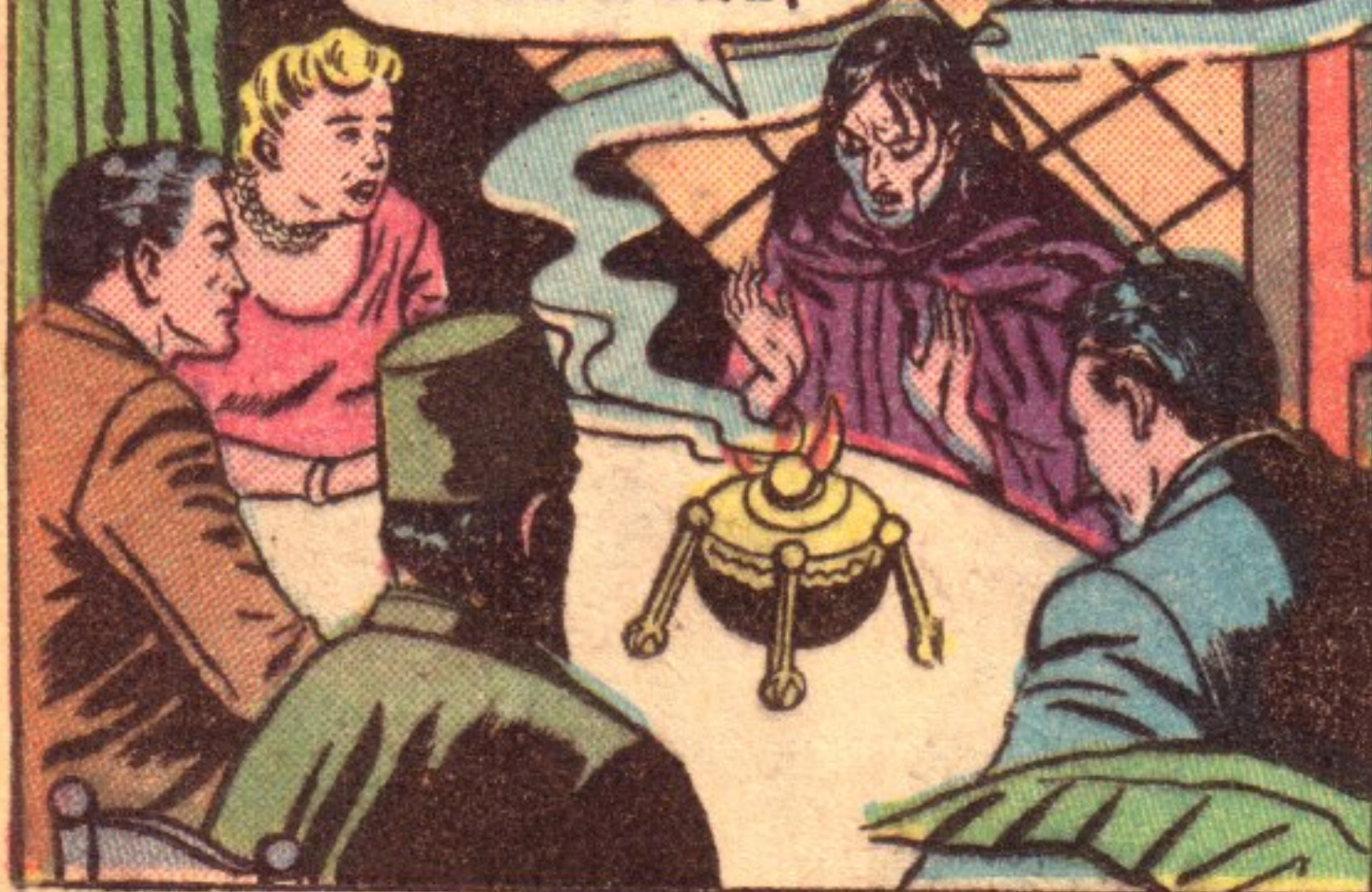
SPOOK-BUSTER'S DOOM

TAKE A GHOST-BREAKER WHO REVELS IN EXPOSING SPOOKS AND EXPLODING SUPERNATURAL MYTHS... ADD A GORGEOUS GREEK SORCERESS AND A MIGHTY MYTHOLOGICAL BEAST... AND YOU'VE GOT A STORY THAT'S TOPS IN EERIE CHILLS! HERE IT IS... **SPOOK-BUSTER'S DOOM!**



IN A MURKY, INCENSE-FILLED ROOM IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF CAIRO, EGYPT...

MAHARUL NEM SHALUUR! COME, O SPIRIT OF THE NETHERWORLD... APPEAR AND WALK THE EARTH ONCE MORE!

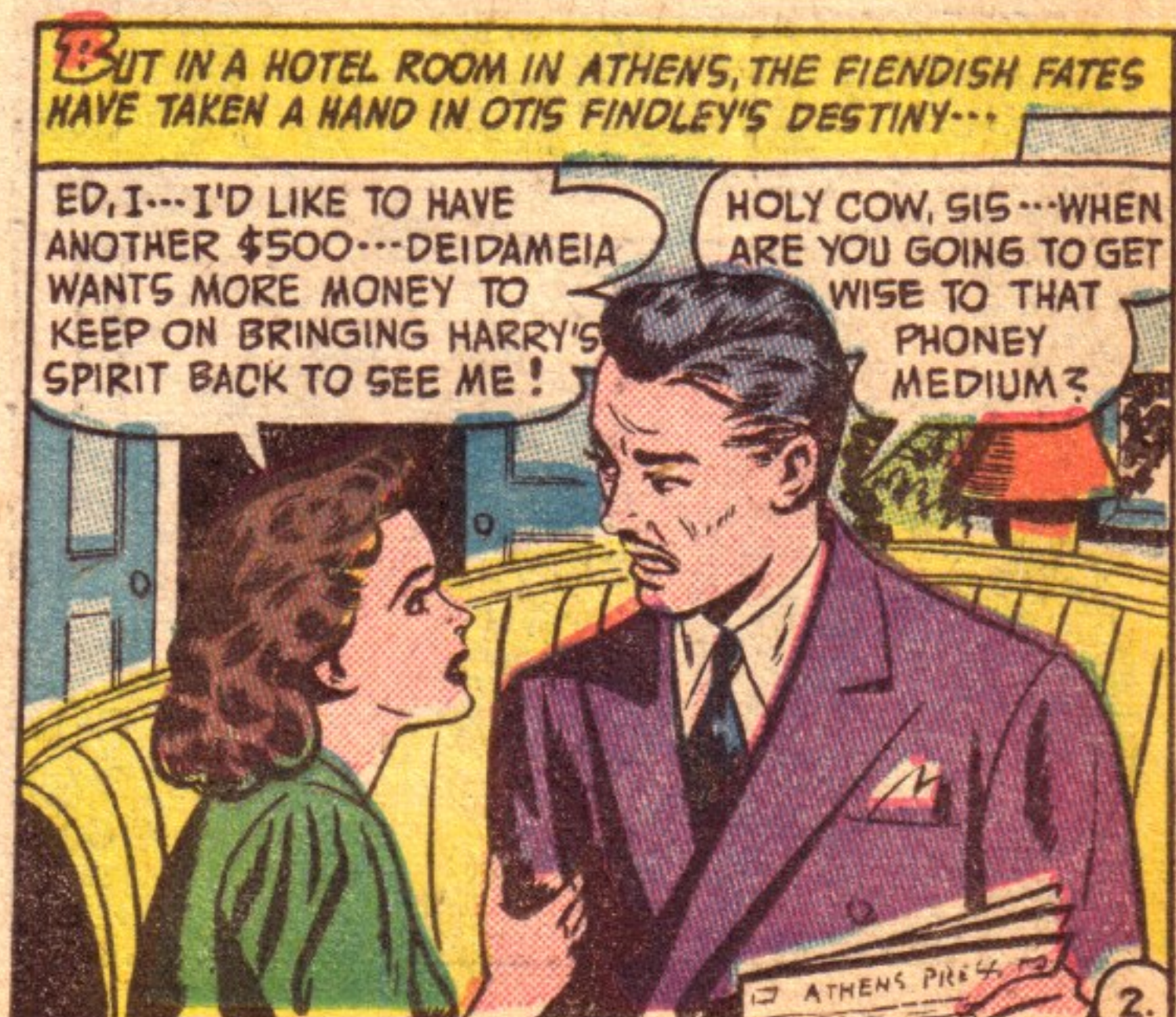


SUDDENLY...

BEHOLD, MRS. COURTNEY... BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF YOUR LONG-LOST DAUGHTER, WHOM I HAVE SUMMONED UP FROM THE DEAD!

MARCIA... MARCIA, DARLING!





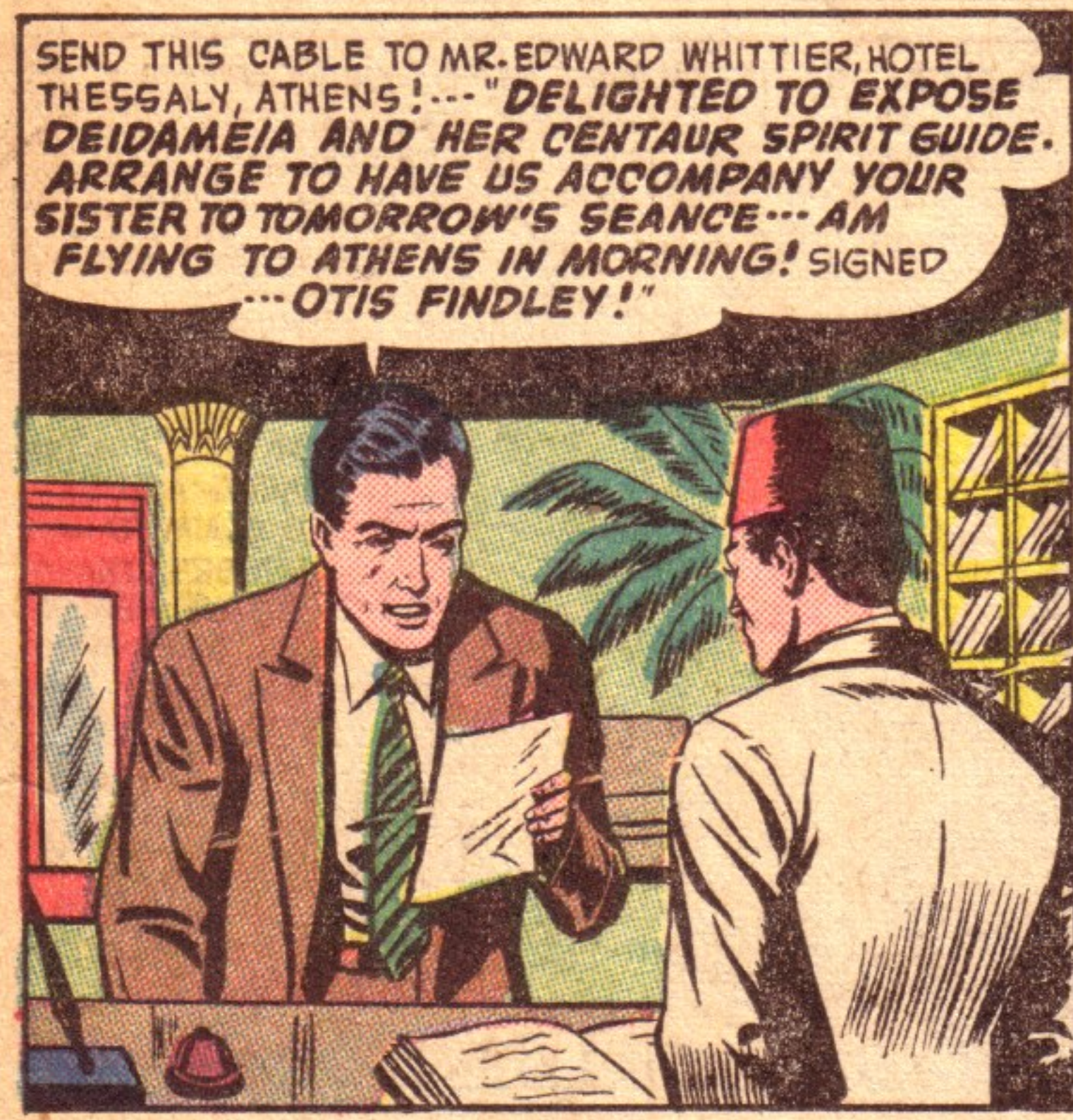


PLEASE, ED...SHE *ISN'T* A PHONEY! WHY, I ACTUALLY *SEE* HARRY'S SPIRIT! DEIDAMEIA SENDS HER CENTAUR SPIRIT GUIDE TO BRING HARRY'S SPIRIT INTO HER SEANCE-CHAMBER ---AND THE CENTAUR *DOES*! IT---IT'S ALL I HAVE NOW---I'VE *GOT* TO SEE HIM EVERY DAY ---I'VE *GOT* TO!

ALL RIGHT, BESS ---I'LL WRITE OUT ANOTHER CHECK!



LATER... THERE'S THE SOLUTION TO MY PROBLEM! I'LL SEND AN URGENT WIRE TO FINDLEY ---HE'S KNOWN TO TAKE ON *ANY* SPIRIT-BUSTING CASE!



SEND THIS CABLE TO MR. EDWARD WHITTIER, HOTEL THESSALY, ATHENS!...**"DELIGHTED TO EXPOSE DEIDAMEIA AND HER CENTAUR SPIRIT GUIDE. ARRANGE TO HAVE US ACCOMPANY YOUR SISTER TO TOMORROW'S SEANCE---AM FLYING TO ATHENS IN MORNING!"** SIGNED ---OTIS FINDLEY!"



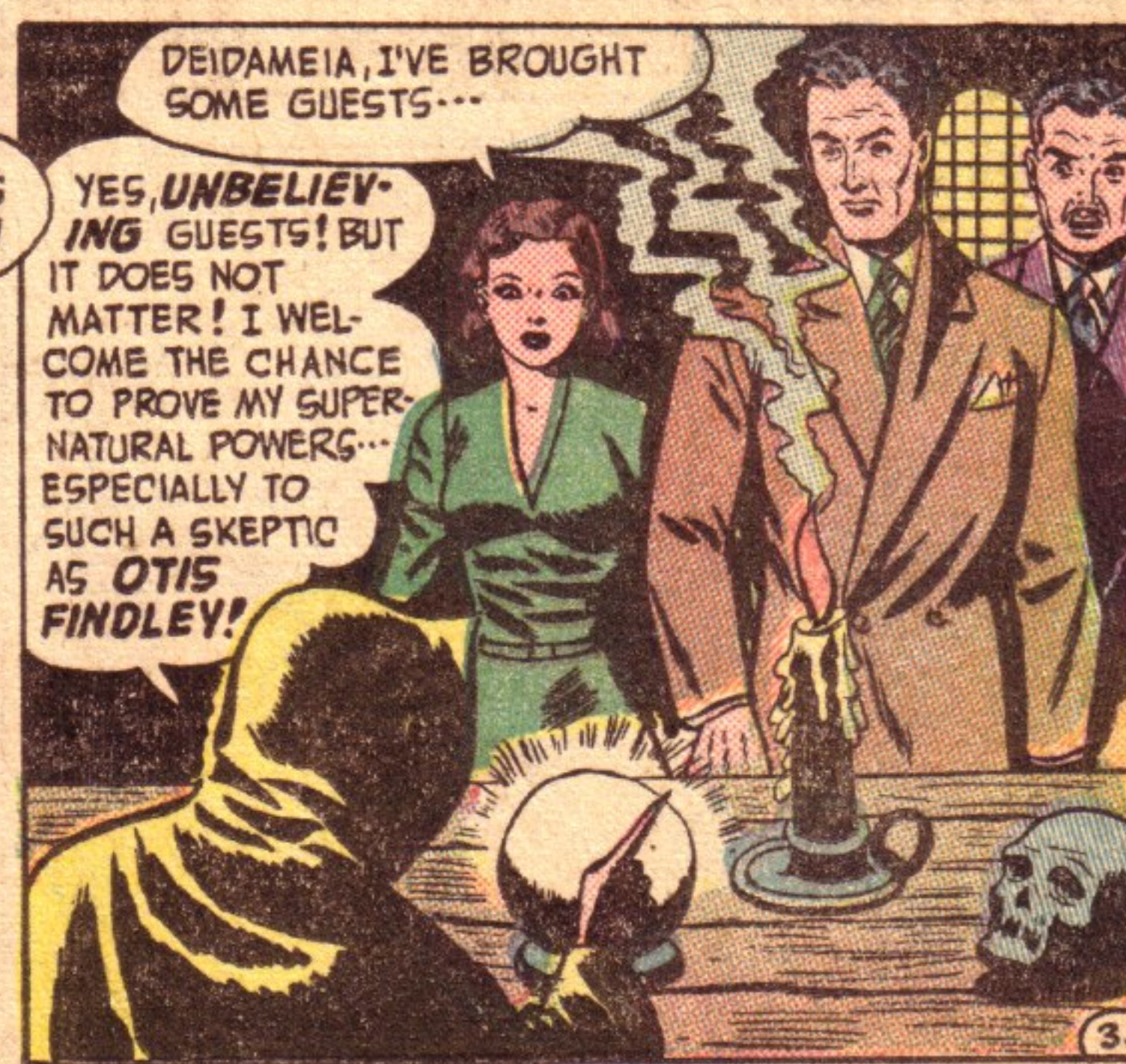
NEXT DAY... THIS CASE REALLY *INTERESTS* ME! DEIDAMEIA, YOU KNOW, IS THE NAME OF THE MYTHOLOGICAL GREEK NYMPH WHO WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE CENTAURS---THOSE LEGENDARY BEASTS WHO WERE HALF HORSE, HALF MAN! THIS PHONEY MEDIUM IS APPARENTLY USING THAT LEGEND TO GIVE HERSELF A MYSTICAL AIR---AND I'M GOING TO *ENJOY* EXPOSING HER!

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU DECIDED TO HELP ME, MR. FINDLEY... DEIDAMEIA HAS WHITTLED MY BANKROLL DOWN TO A THOUSAND BUCKS!



AND SO... I DON'T KNOW HOW DEIDAMEIA IS GOING TO LIKE MY BRINGING YOU TWO MEN TO TODAY'S SEANCE! I WAS AFRAID TO TELL HER...

JUST TELL HER I'M A FRIEND WHO'S A BELIEVER IN THE SPIRIT WORLD---AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES IS SHE TO KNOW MY *REAL* NAME!



DEIDAMEIA, I'VE BROUGHT SOME GUESTS...

YES, *UNBELIEVING* GUESTS! BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER! I WELCOME THE CHANCE TO PROVE MY SUPER-NATURAL POWERS... ESPECIALLY TO SUCH A SKEPTIC AS OTIS FINDLEY!



COME...
PREPARE
FOR THE
SEANCE!

HOW DID SHE
KNOW YOUR NAME?
MAYBE SHE **DOES**
HAVE SUPERNATURAL
POWERS!

NONSENSE...SHE
PROBABLY RECOGNIZED
ME FROM PUBLISHED
PICTURES!

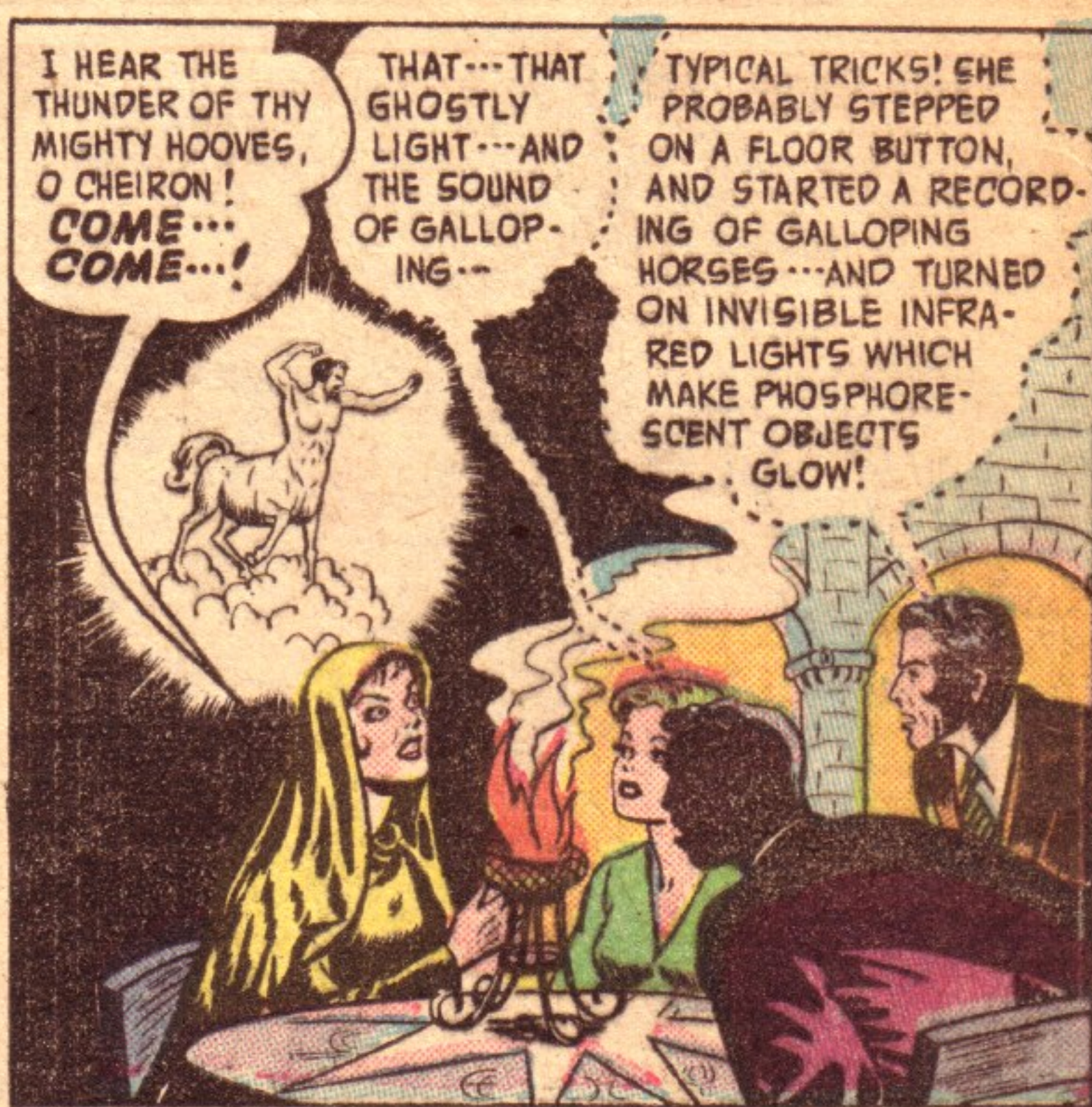


LINK HANDS...AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES
MOLEST THE SPIRITS I SUMMON UP! THAT
WAY LIES **DEADLY PERIL**!

HAH...I KNOW
THE **REAL** REASON
WHY SHE DOESN'T
WANT HER FAKE
SPIRITS MOLESTED!



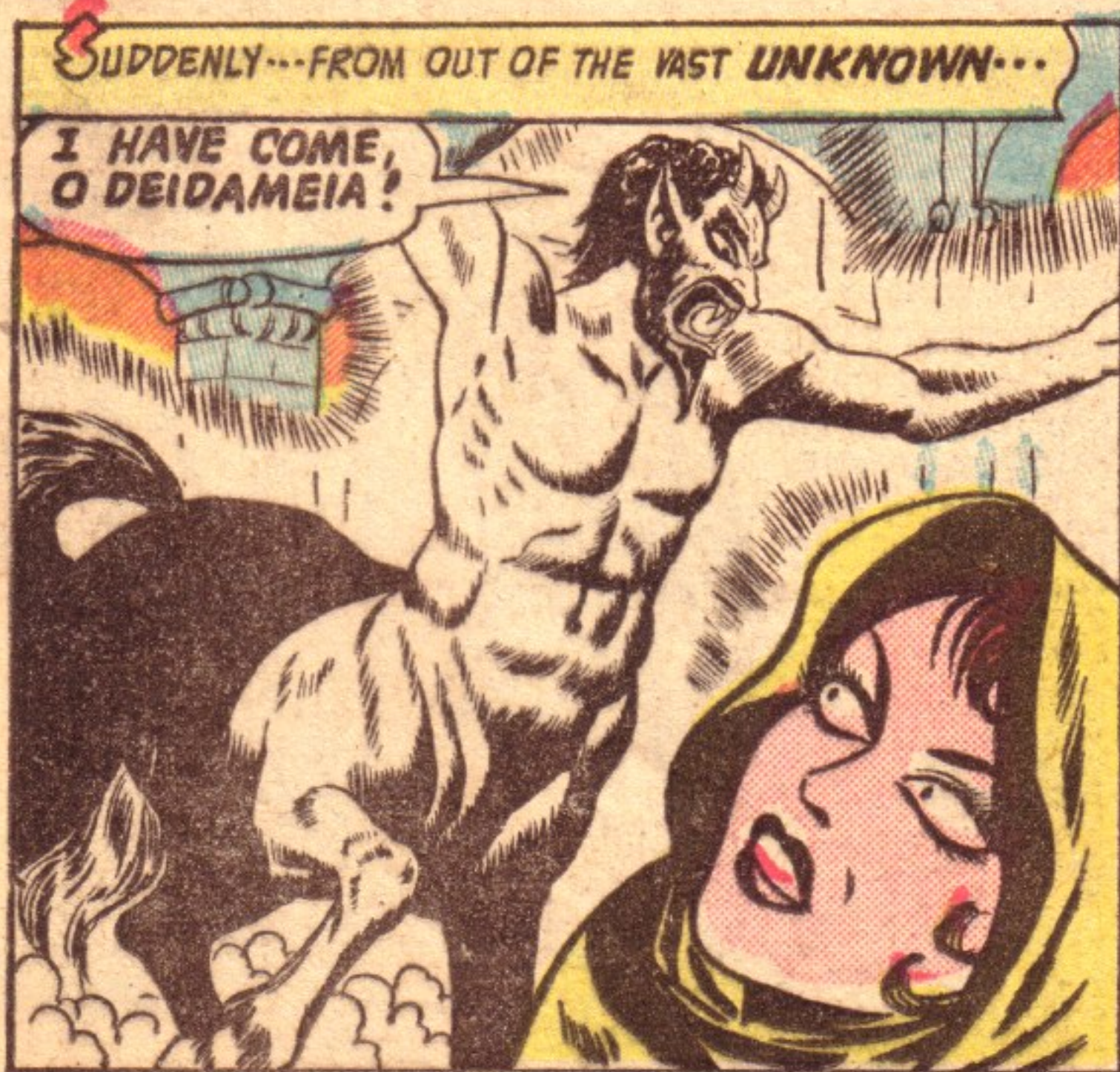
**COME, O MIGHTY CHEIRON! COME, O CENTAUR
SPIRIT-GUIDE WHO KNOWEST ALL THE SPIRITS THAT
DWELL IN THE NETHERWORLD! OBEY THE VOICE OF
DEIDAMEIA!**



I HEAR THE
THUNDER OF THY
MIGHTY HOOVES,
O CHEIRON!
**COME...
COME...**

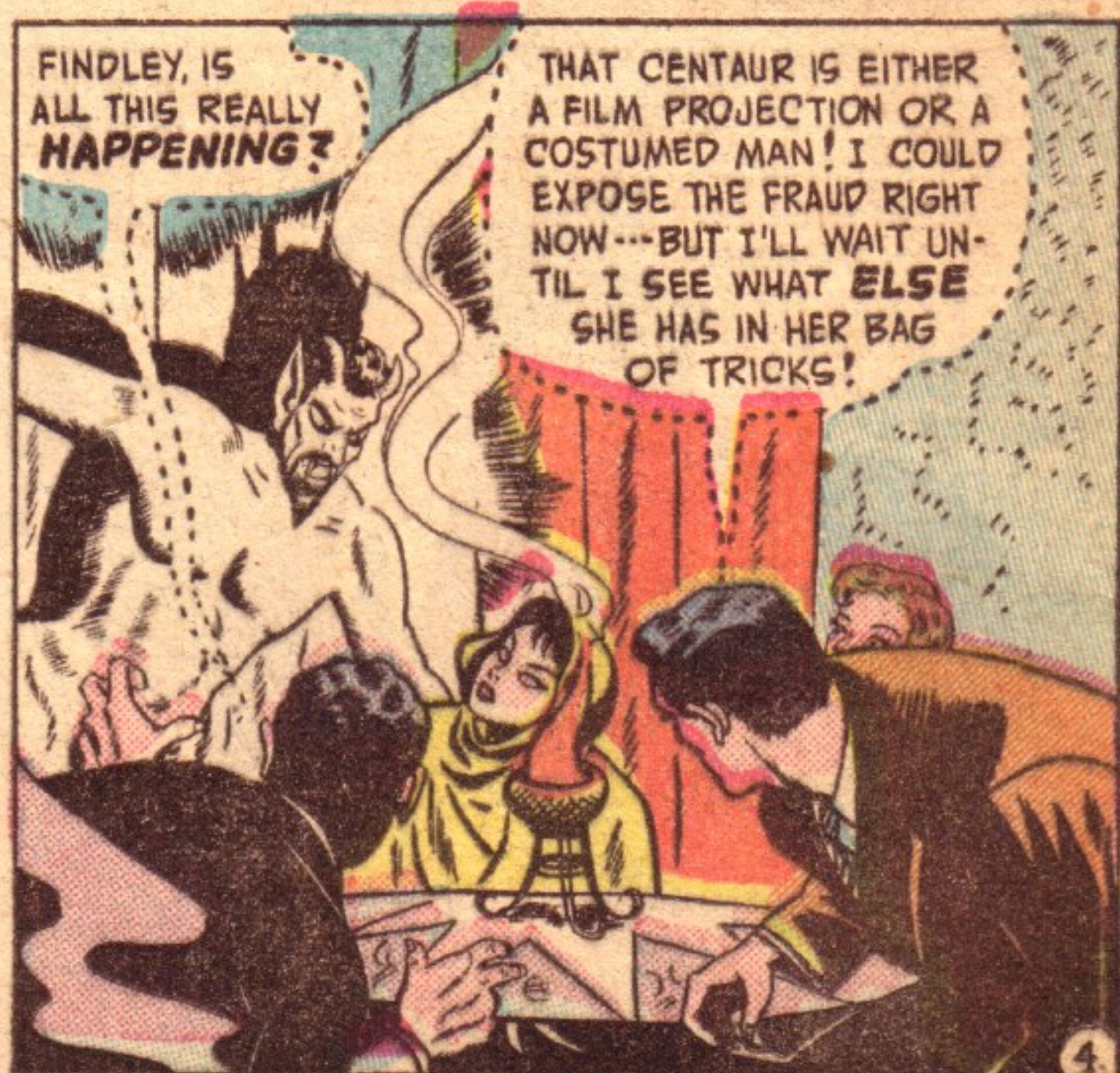
THAT...THAT
GHOSTLY
LIGHT...AND
THE SOUND
OF GALLOP-
ING--

TYPICAL TRICKS! SHE
PROBABLY STEPPED
ON A FLOOR BUTTON,
AND STARTED A RECORD-
ING OF GALLOPING
HORSES...AND TURNED
ON INVISIBLE INFRA-
RED LIGHTS WHICH
MAKE PHOSPHORE-
SCENT OBJECTS
GLOW!



SUDDENLY...FROM OUT OF THE VAST **UNKNOWN**...

**I HAVE COME,
O DEIDAMEIA!**



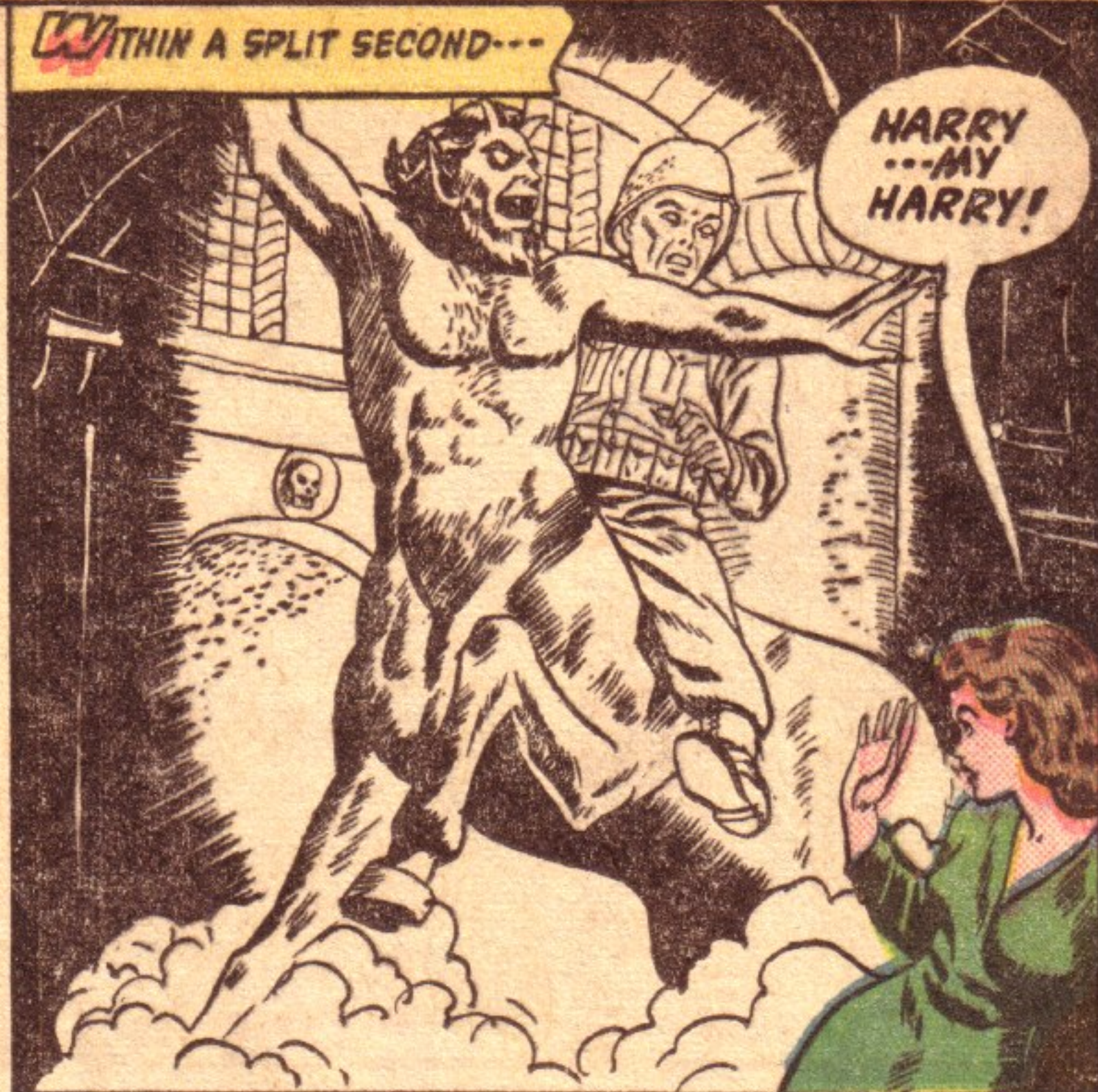
FINDLEY, IS
ALL THIS REALLY
HAPPENING?

THAT CENTAUR IS EITHER
A FILM PROJECTION OR A
COSTUMED MAN! I COULD
EXPOSE THE FRAUD RIGHT
NOW...BUT I'LL WAIT UN-
TIL I SEE WHAT **ELSE**
SHE HAS IN HER BAG
OF TRICKS!



JOURNEY TO THE SPIRIT WORLD, O ALL-POWERFUL CHEIRON, AND RETURN WITH THE SPIRIT OF HARRY TOWNSEND--- HUSBAND OF HER WHO SITS BESIDE ME!

MANY TIMES HAVE I BROUGHT HIM HERE! BUT THY BIDDING SHALL BE DONE!



WITHIN A SPLIT SECOND---

HARRY ...MY HARRY!



THAT---THAT LOOKS LIKE HARRY--- MAYBE ALL THIS IS GENUINE!

DON'T BE CHILDISH--- DEIDAMEIA PROBABLY PERSUADED YOUR SISTER TO GIVE HER HARRY'S PICTURE---AND A GOOD MAKE-UP ARTIST DID ALL THE REST! I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU --- I THINK IT'S TIME I WENT INTO ACTION!



HALT! THERE IS EVIL IN THIS ROOM---EVIL AND DISBELIEF! KEEP BACK, MORTAL---IT IS FORBIDDEN TO MOLEST VISITORS FROM THE NETHER- WORLD!

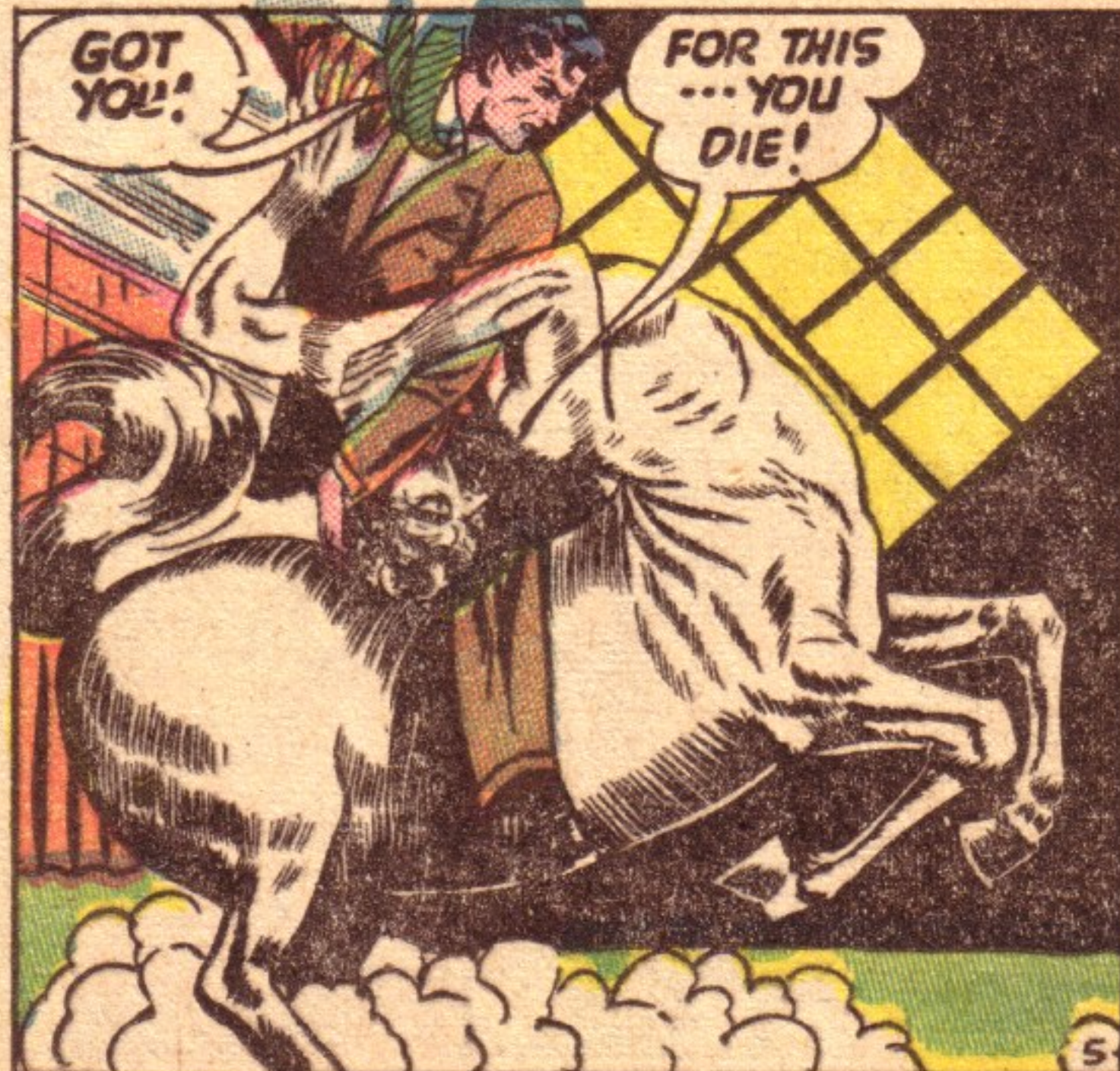
VISITORS FROM THE NETHERWORLD, MY FOOT! I AIM TO END THIS LITTLE MASQUERADE PARTY!



BACK, MORTAL --- BACK! IF YOU INSIST ON SUCH FOLLY, WE MUST RETURN TO THE SPIRIT WORLD!

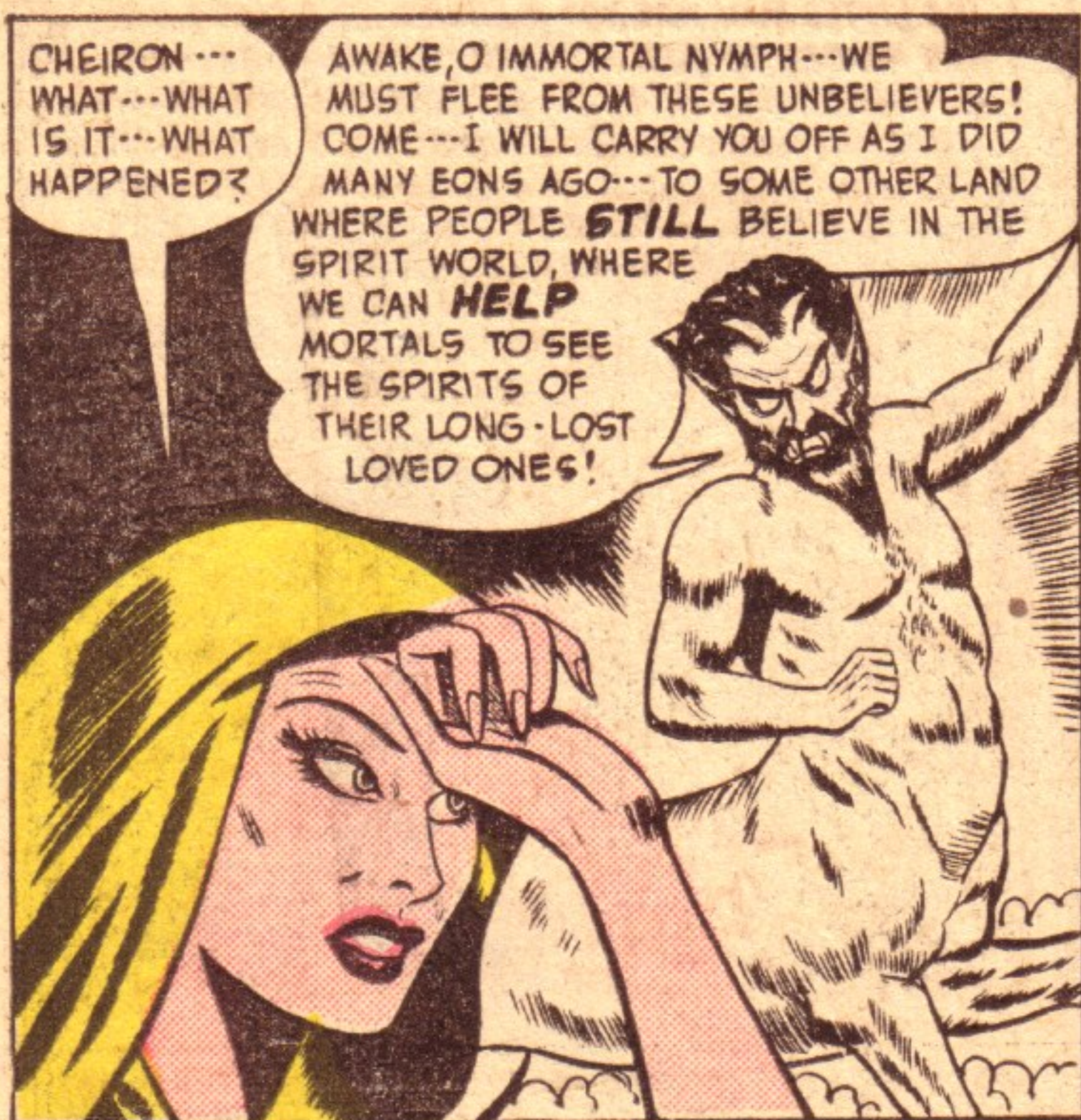
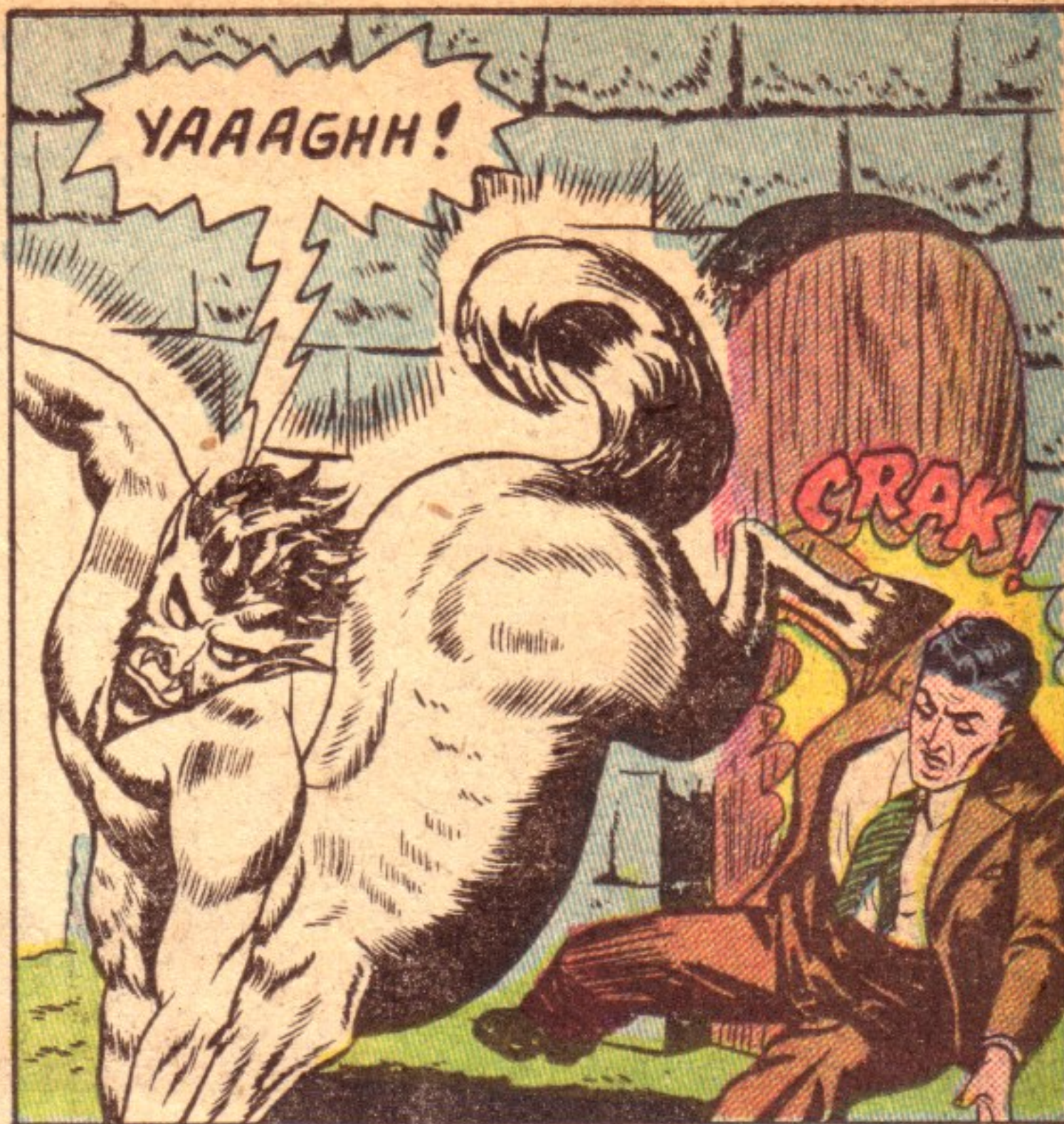
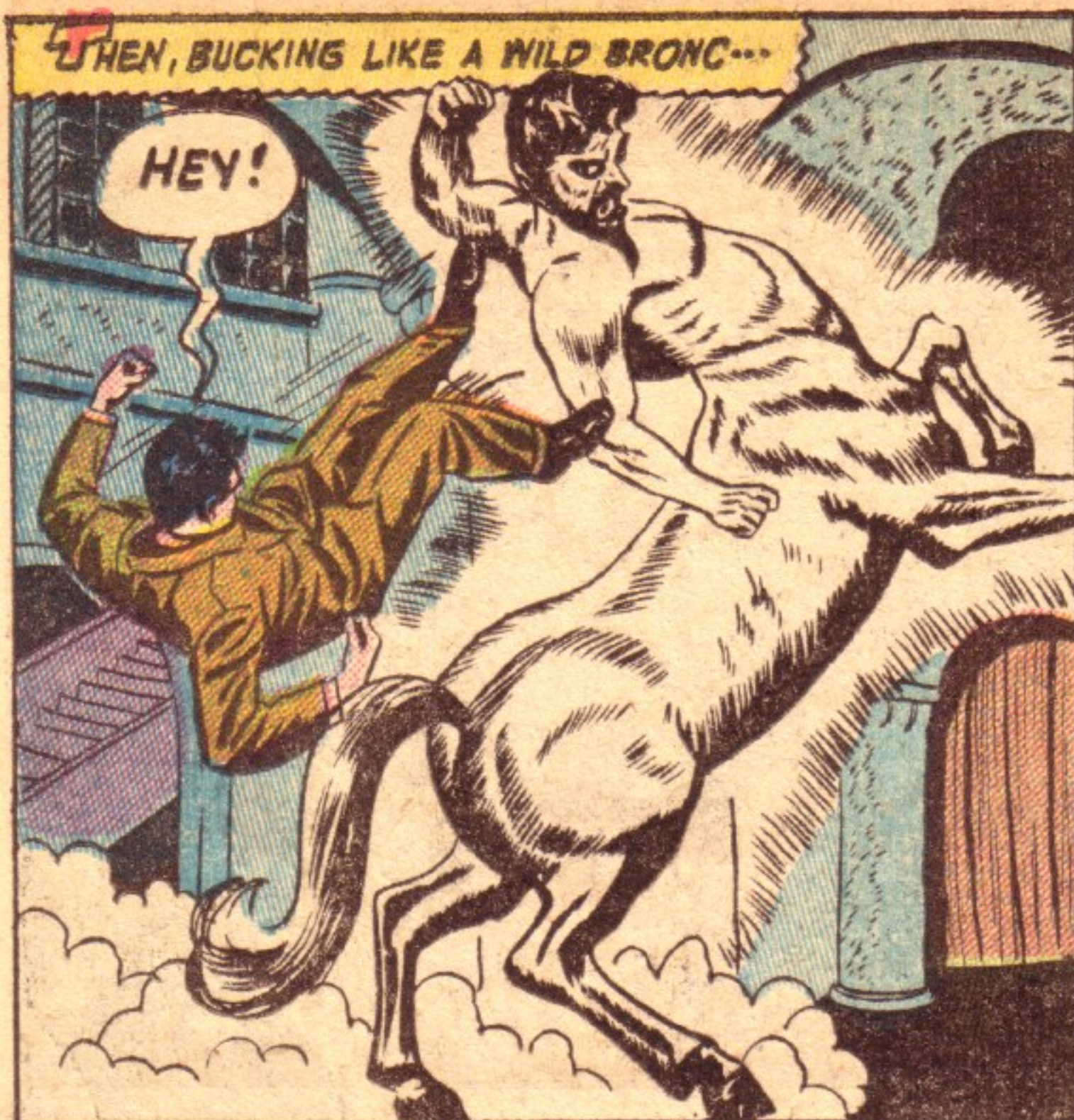
OH--HARRY IS VANISHING!

YEAH, I'D BETTER TACKLE THAT CENTAUR BEFORE HE PULLS A FAST DISAPPEARING ACT, TOO!



GOT YOU!

FOR THIS ---YOU DIE!



UNCANNY MYSTERIES

The CURSE of JACKSONBORO

JACKSONBORO, GEORGIA, USED TO BE A THRIVING, BUSTLING COUNTY SEAT, ONE OF THE ROUGHEST AND MOST BOISTEROUS TOWNS IN THE SOUTH...UNTIL AN UNCANNY, REVENGEFUL CURSE TURNED IT INTO A GHOST TOWN! IT ALL STARTED BACK IN 1830, WHEN A LITTLE HUNCHBACKED, ITINERANT EVANGELIST NAMED LORENZO DOW DRIFTED INTO JACKSONBORO, AND WAS APPALLED AT THE GREED AND EVIL HE FOUND THERE...



REPENT, YE SINNERS
...HALT YOUR EVIL
WAYS AND REPENT!

HAW-HAW-HAW!
C'MON...LET'S CHASE
THE LOONEY OUT O'
TOWN!

THE LITTLE MAN WAS NOT ALLOWED TO PREACH, BUT
WAS FORCED TO FLEE FROM HIS TORMENTORS...AND
HE FOUND NO REST UNTIL A GOOD MAN, SEABORN
GOODALL, GAVE HIM SANCTUARY IN HIS HOME!

PSST...PREACHER
...COME IN HERE,
QUICKLY!

BUT FIRED BY HIS BURNING, SELF-APPOINTED MISSION TO REFORM THE CITIZENS OF JACKSONBORO, THE EVANGELIST STRODE FORTH TO MEET HIS TORMENTORS ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING...AND THIS TIME, WAS FORCED TO FLEE FOR HIS LIFE!

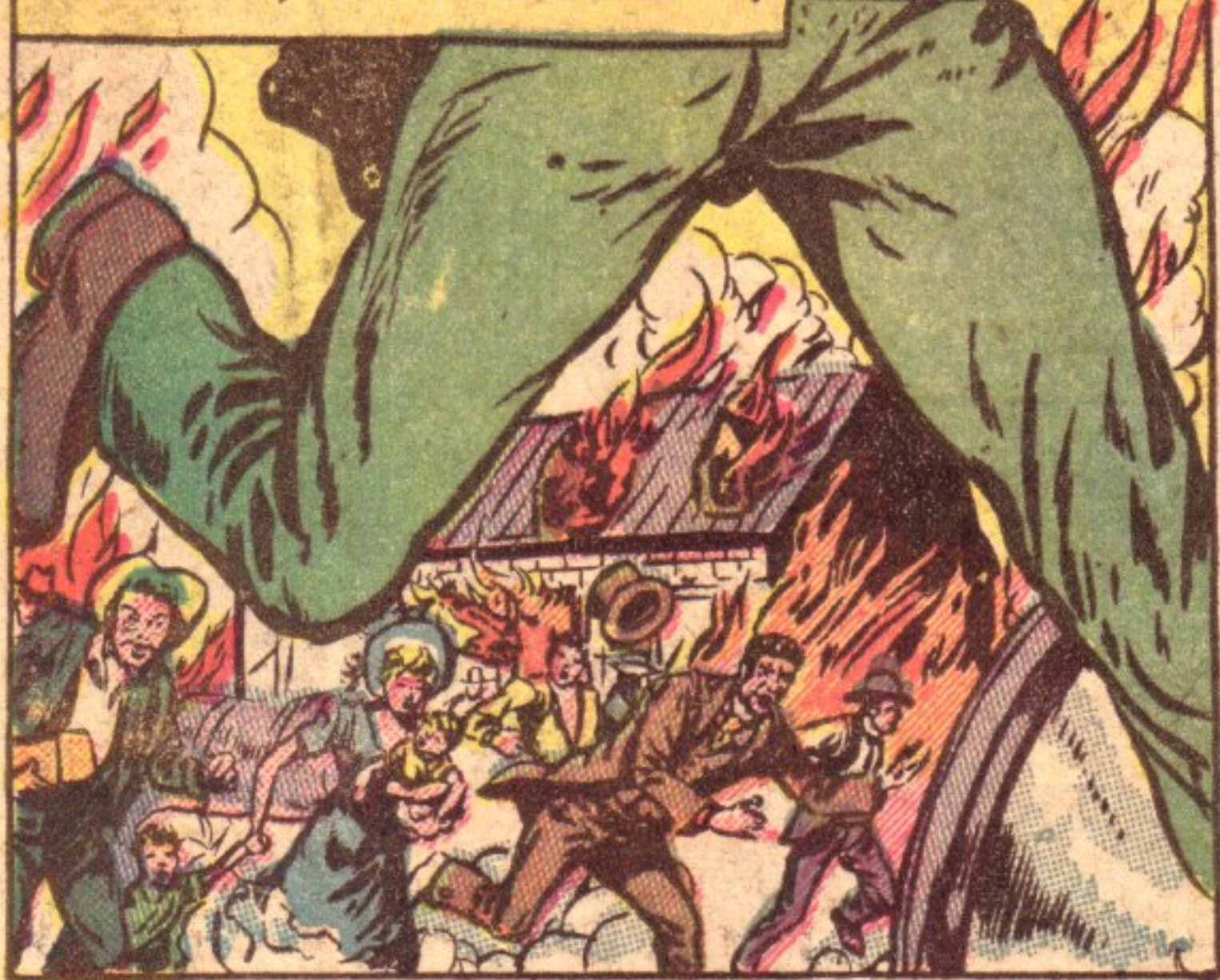
THE MOB HALTED AT RUSTIC BRIDGE, WHICH WAS BEYOND THE TOWN LIMITS...AND THERE, SCORNFUL OF THEIR THREATS, DOW SYMBOLICALLY SHOOK THE EVIL DUST OF JACKSONBORO FROM HIS FEET!

SLOWLY, EYES BLAZING WITH SOME STRANGE, INNER FIRE, THE MYSTICAL PREACHER TURNED TO FACE THE MOB...

HEAR ME, YE RABBLE...LISTEN TO MY CURSE! A GREATER POWER THAN YE KNOW WILL SOON BRING SWIFT VENGEANCE AND STRIKE YE DOWN WITH FIRE AND FLOOD...AND YOUR EVIL TOWN WILL BE VISITED BY THE SAME FATE THAT ONCE OVERTOOK SODOM...GOMORRAH-AND BURNT THEM TO THE GROUND!

IF YUH EVER COME
BACK ACROSS
RUSTIC BRIDGE
...WE'LL KILL
YUH!

HOOTS OF LAUGHTER AND JEERS OF DERISION FOLLOWED LORENZO DOW OUT OF JACKSONBORO --- BUT THE JEERS SOON TURNED TO FEAR WHEN SUDDENLY, FOR NO TANGIBLE REASON, FIRES BROKE OUT AND SWEEPED THROUGH THE TOWN!



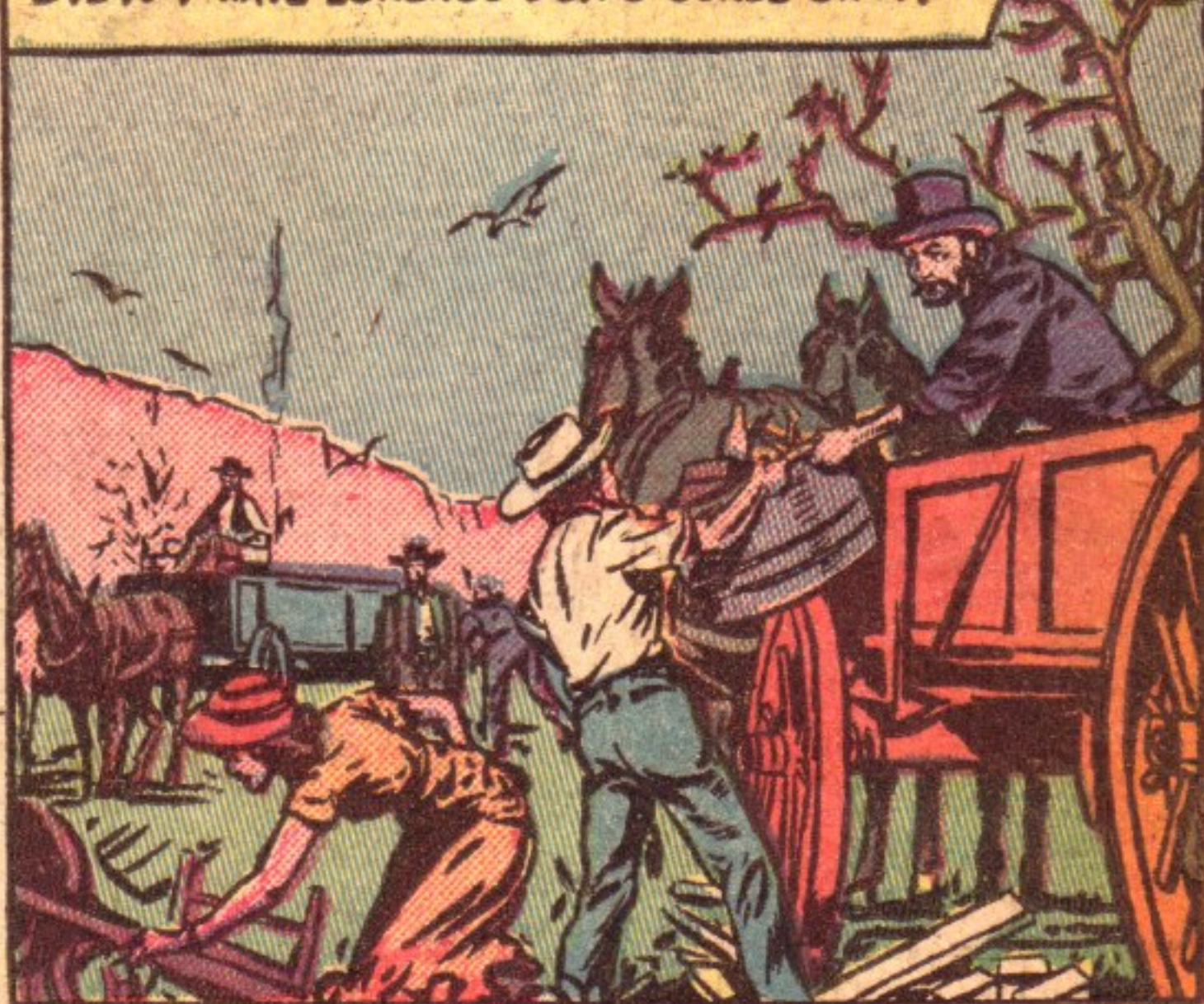
WHEN, MYSTERIOUS WINDSTORMS SPRANG UP AND TORE THE ROOFS OFF THE FEW REMAINING HOUSES IN TOWN!



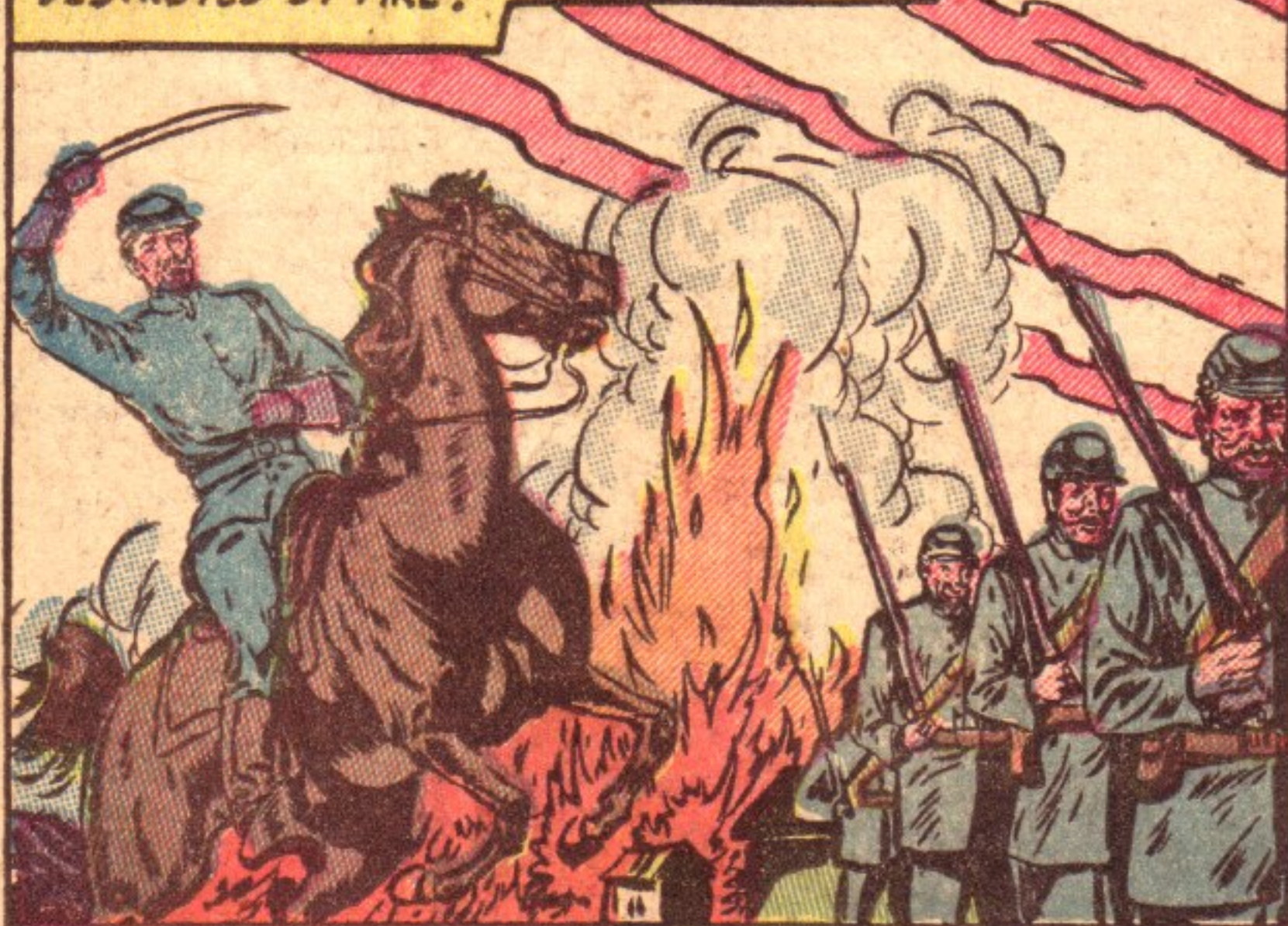
EVEN THE PLACID CREEK THAT SNAKED THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE TOWN SUDDENLY BECAME WILD AND UNRULY --- AND SWEEPED AWAY HOMES AND POSSESSIONS IN AN UNACCOUNTABLE FLASH FLOOD!



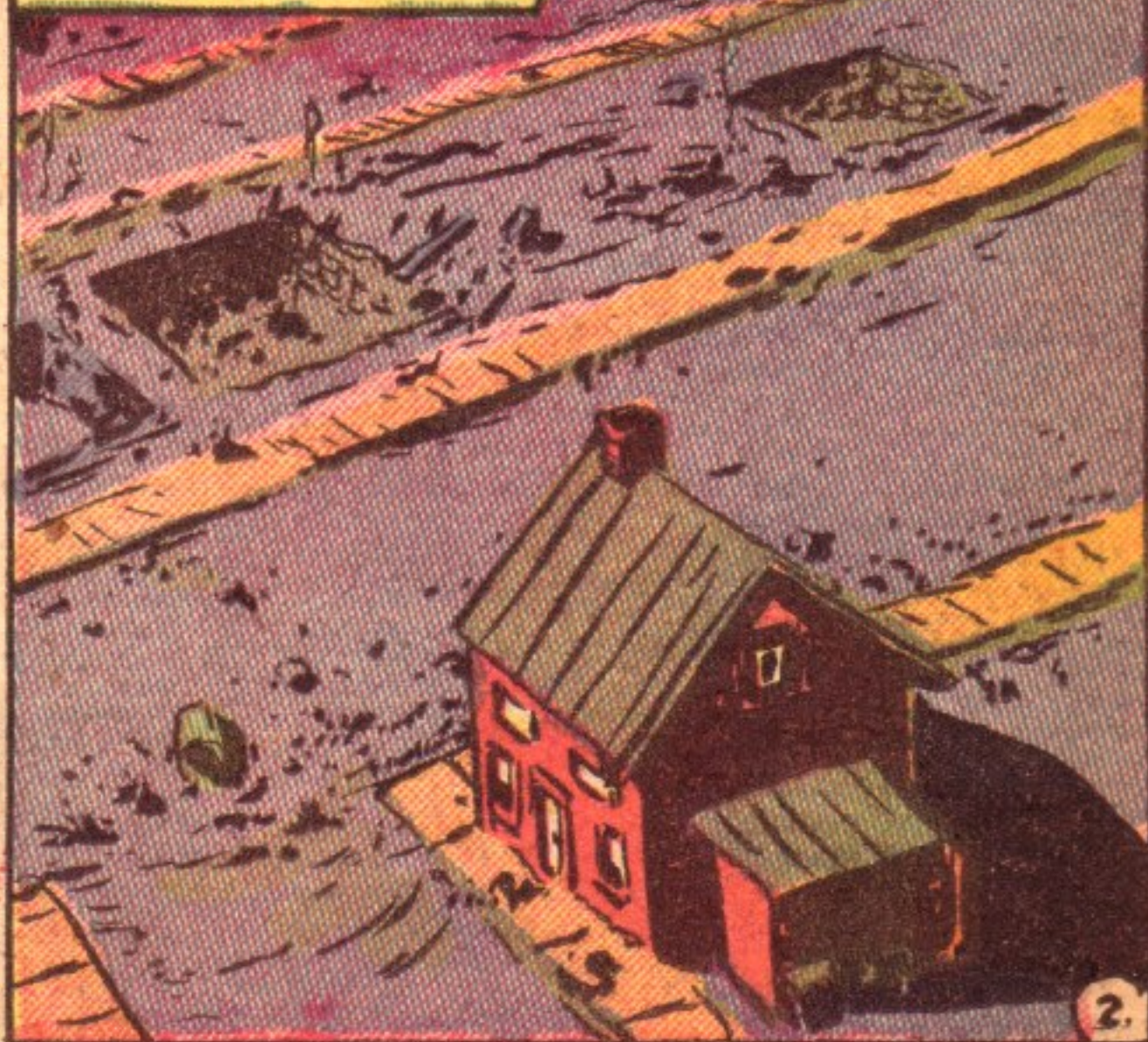
THE FLOOD WAS THE LAST STRAW, AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE WHO HAD STUBBORNLY REMAINED FINALLY GAVE UP AND MOVED THEIR COUNTY SEAT TO SYLVANIA --- WHICH DIDN'T HAVE LORENZO DOW'S CURSE ON IT!



FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS, JACKSONBORO REMAINED A DESERTED GHOST TOWN --- AND THEN, WHEN GENERAL SHERMAN PASSED THROUGH IN HIS FAMOUS MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA, THE TOWN WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY FIRE!



ENTIRELY, THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR ONE HOUSE --- THE HOME OF SEABORN GOODALL, THE MAN WHO ONCE BEFRIENDED A BURNING-EYED LITTLE EVANGELIST!



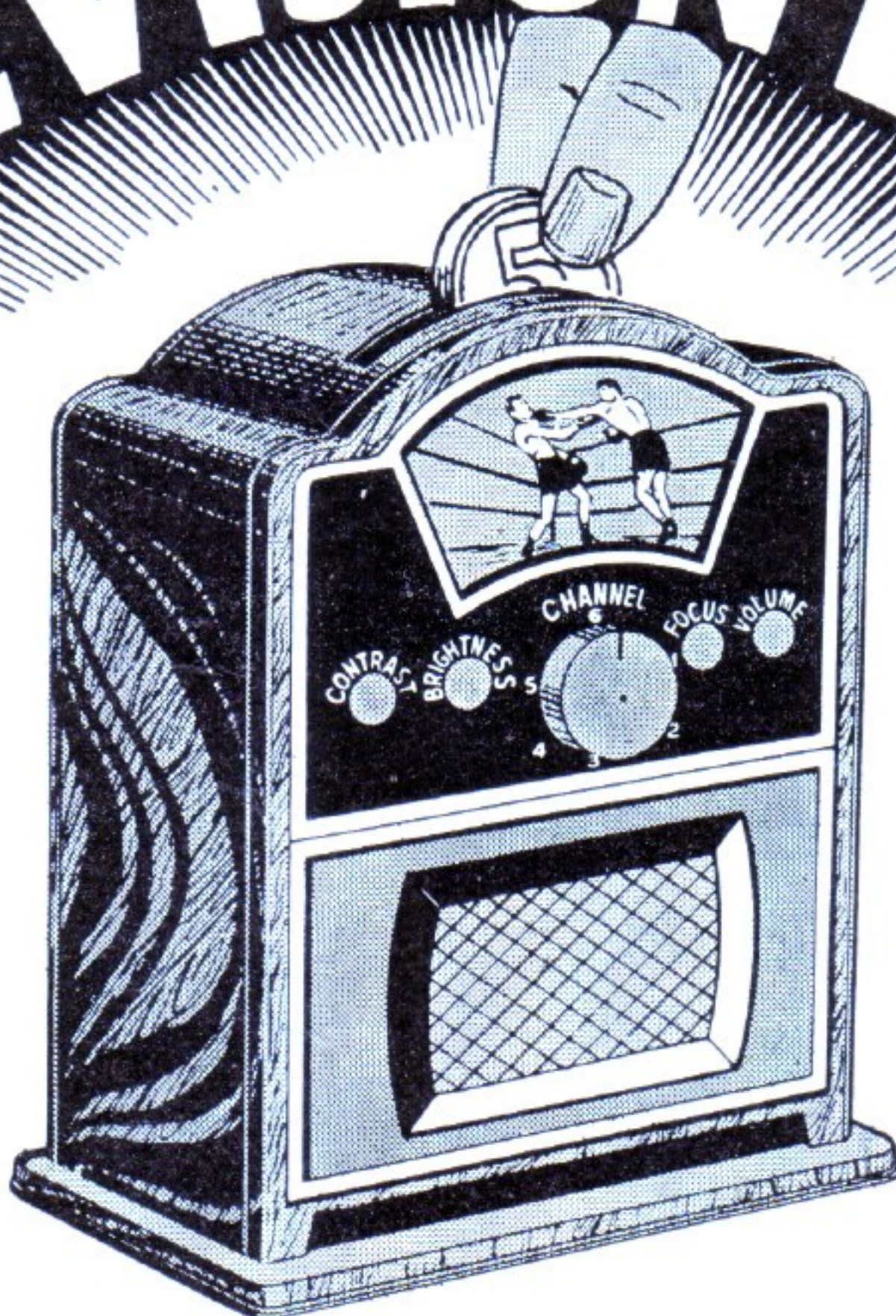
THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY! NEW TELEVISION BANK!**

SEAGEE CO., Dept. 3IBC
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

- ☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

- ☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 3IBC New York 2, N. Y.

FUN ORDER TODAY! FOR ALL!

Jimmy Durante
PUNCHING

HONK-O-BAG

- Punch his nose and hear him honk!
- Made of sturdy vinylite plastic!
- Stands over 2 feet tall!

America's most beloved comedian comes to life for you—Jimmy Durante inflates to over 2 feet of joy—Punch his "shnoz" and he honks! What fun for you and all the gang! An ideal tackling dummy, sparring partner. Perfect as an exerciser—indoors or out. Jimmy rolls around, bounces up and down, bringing joy and making people laugh wherever he goes! Once you blow him up—he just doesn't go down! Send for yours now!

SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order, we pay postage. C.O.D. plus postage. Money Back in 5 days if not completely satisfied.

"EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET IN THE ACT"



only **\$2.98**

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 pcs.
NURS-A-DOLLY COMPLETE NURSING SET

- She drinks; She wets!
- Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
- 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!



Imagine Only **\$3.98** Complete

To thrill the heart of every little mother—this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper... comes with complete feeding equipment—21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

NU-BORN TWINS



ONLY **\$3.98** EACH

WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU!

- OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
- AMAZINGLY lifelike new-born twin dolls to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat them, spank them, cuddle them—they coo—they cry. Hours and hours of play thrills. Over 18 inches high, with almost human washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Baby-soft pink skin, bright blue eyes—closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightie and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in wooly bunting with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "carriage parade." SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D., you pay postage, — Remit with order, we pay postage.)
- CRIES—COOS!
- REMOVABLE LAYETTE!



BE A WOW WITH THE CROWD!
WILLIE WOLF GLASSES!

- They light up and shine!
- They're real sun glasses!

Imagine only **\$1.98** COMPLETE

Young and old alike will have great fun with the WILLIE WOLF GLASSES—real sun glasses that light up when you press the concealed long-life battery! Every girl will notice you when you're wearing the WILLIE WOLF GLASSES!

Don't whistle any more to show your appreciation of the fair damsels—just wear your WILLIE WOLF GLASSES—press the hidden battery—and the light flickers on and off! You'll amaze and mystify your friends!

SEND NO MONEY! Remit with order, we pay postage C.O.D. Plus Postage. Money back in 5 days if not completely satisfied!

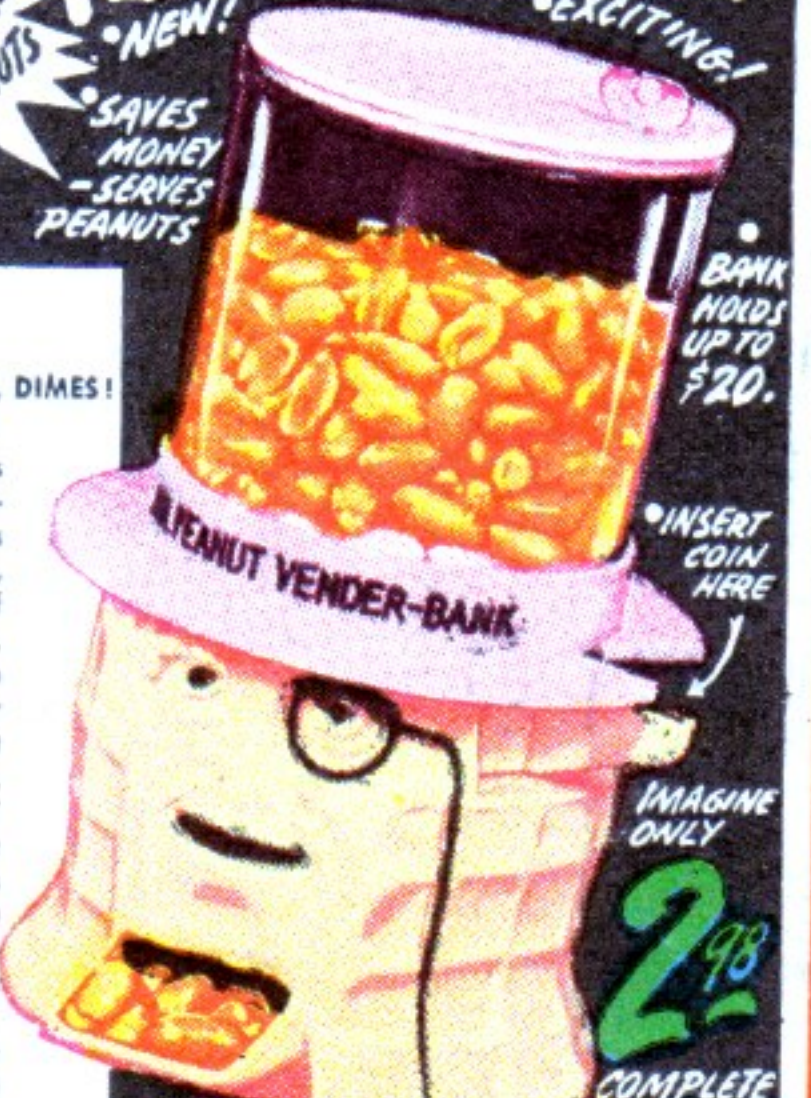


FREE! WITH EVERY BANK
NANTERS
Cocktail
PEANUTS

NEW!
PEANUT BANK
EXCITING!

- 7 1/2" HIGH!
- HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
- DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing monicle, a 1/2 pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear—out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic, MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of \$20 in coins.) Wonderful for parties, entertaining, family fun. Easy to refill. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



BANK HOLDS UP TO \$20.

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SEND COUPON!

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59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check on M. O. ☐ C. O. D. plus postage.

- | | |
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